Saturday Review

September 19, 1964 25¢

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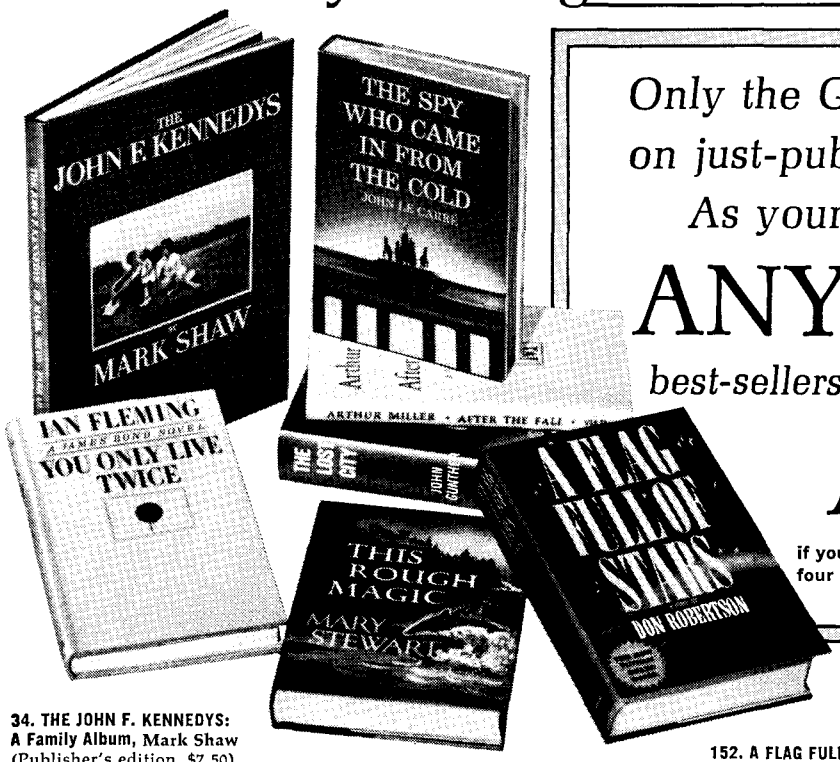

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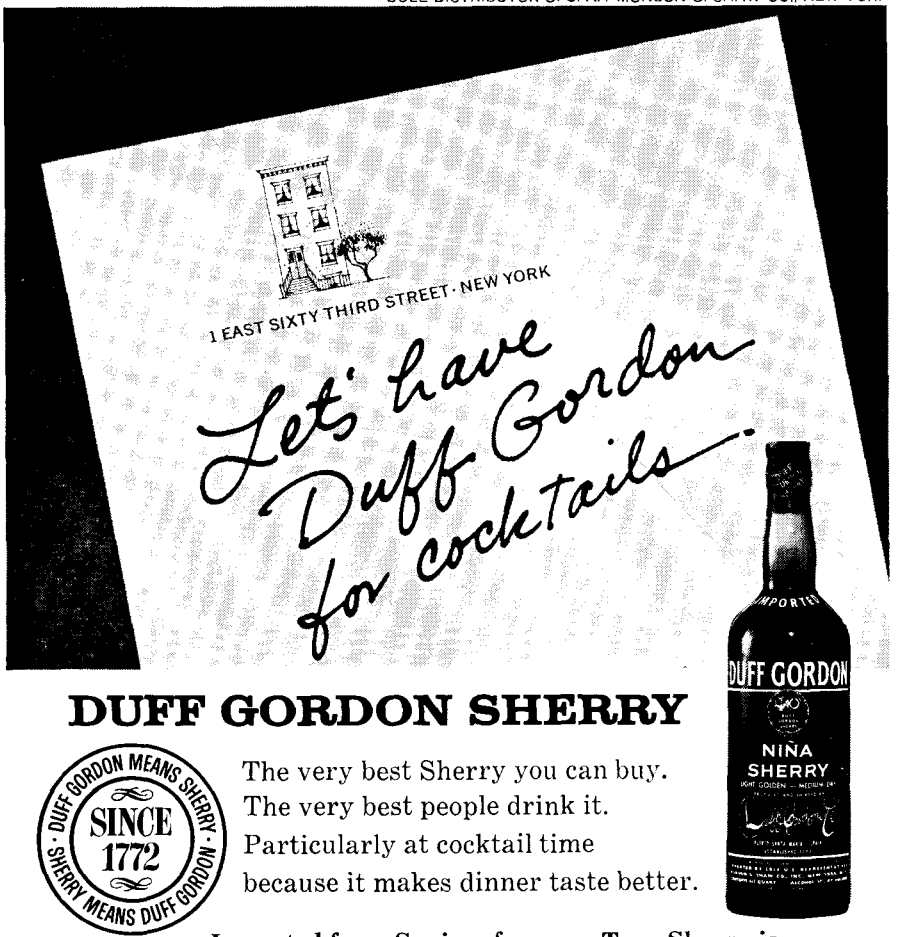

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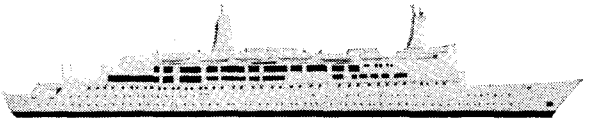

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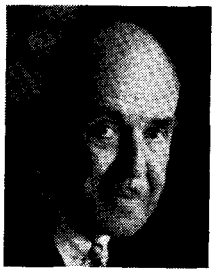

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SHAKESPEARE

HABANA

Ex Libris Libertas

Edited by Martin Levin

Number 34.7DY. Mea Culpa!

I AM a prisoner of a book club. My number is 34.7DY. Mine is a life sentence. I am convinced of this. It is now nine, pitiful, futile years since I first tried to cancel my membership. It is hopeless. Nothing will free me. No one can release me from my bondage. There is no reprieve. There is no way out, no escape, no rescue, no exit. I am forever fated to receive a card every thirty days saying THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS WILL BE SENT TO YOU. Somewhere in the automated maze of a building at 231 East 19th Street, New York 16, is The Machine that presses mysterious holes into a master form marked 34.7DY.

I penitently confess my original sin of joining the Mid-Classic Book Club. I plead guilty. I was wrong. Mea culpa! Mea culpa! But that was a long time ago, and I was young and thoughtless. Have I not suffered enough? Is there no one at the Mid-Classic Book Club who will heed my plea for cancellation? Is there no one willing to forgive my one youthful trespass?

Do not scoff. The Mid-Classic Book Club is as implacable as death and as merciless. Some days after the card arrives, a package of books is delivered. Flecks of foam on my lips, ranting uncontrollably, my fingers trembling, I hastily circle the magical words reading RETURN TO SENDER IF UNDELIVERABLE and rush to the post office. Days pass. Slowly, I return to normal. I cease taking barbiturates. I am at peace. I have triumphed over The Machine. Once again I am a human being, not number 34.7DY. I have escaped. But I am wrong, horribly and devastatingly wrong. There is no peace, no triumph, no escape. 34.7DY still exists. A letter appears with a bill for the books I have returned. I write my tormentors telling them I owe them nothing; I enclose copies of all my previous missives; I plead piteously for them to accept my resignation. No answer. Silence. Three weeks pass as in a ghastly dream. Then another card: THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS ARE BEING SENT TO YOU. Another set of books, another bill, and the relentless process begins again.

I have done everything possible during these years of torment to be released. I have written fourteen separate letters. I have sent nine telegrams. I have made five long-distance phone calls and been shunted each time from the Subscription Department to the Selection Department to the Membership Department to the Invoice Department to the Selection Department, et cetera. But never, never have I reached the Cancellation Department. Does it exist? Is there such a division in the Mid-Classic Book Club? I have exhorted, commanded, pleaded, beseeched, implored, entreated, petitioned, flattered, fawned, groveled, derided, demanded, requested, insisted, excoriated, blasphemed, insulted, wheedled, cajoled, and begged for Somebody Up There at 231 East 19th Street, New York 16, to cancel my subscription. But The Machine continues to grind out its single harrowing sentence: THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS ARE BEING SENT TO YOU.

By now I have abandoned all hope for deliverance. I am beyond despair, beyond endurance. There is no recourse from those mysterious Somebodies at 231 East 19th Street, New York 16, who have reduced me to a shattered pulp of a human being, a sorry imitation of a man who cowers and whimpers when the postman appears with the familiar card. There is no surcease, no forgiveness, no pity. I am fated to be a recipient of books I do not want.

Is this to be my destiny? Is it to be forever so? I am without shame. I am making this final public appeal. I am on my knees; my head is bowed. Please, Mid-Classic Book Club, stop The Machine long enough to remove the card numbered 34.7DY. Please have mercy on me. Please accept my resignation. Please! —WILLIAM FADIMAN.

I Never Made It

ONE of the truly great tragedies of my childhood in Old Russia was my disgustingly robust health. My cheeks were rosy, my appetite enormous, my figure corpulent. It made my mother very happy but left me utterly miserable.

From a very early age I wanted to become a famous writer—a famous Russian writer, that is. I knew that in order to become a famous Russian writer mere talent (which I had no doubt I possessed) did not suffice. I also had to be afflicted with tuberculosis or an inordinate attachment to alcoholic drink, or both. In my dreams of glory I sometimes pictured myself as stricken simultaneously with the last stages of TB and delirium tremens. I was always sur-

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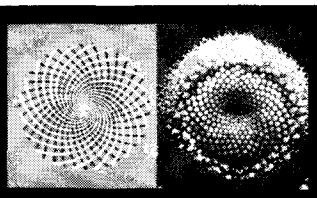
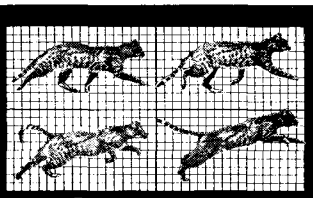


FROM THE MYSTERIOUS GEOMETRY OF NATURE...

The daisy head bears curious relationship with the mathematical Fibonacci series, produced by starting with 1 and adding the last two numbers to arrive at the next: 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc. Daisy head has 21 clockwise spirals, 34 counter-clockwise!



...TO THE CALCULUS IN A STARTLED CAT...

Just as a movie film consists of repeated still pictures of a moving object, so does Calculus break motion down into an infinite number of "instants." Thus mathematicians can calculate an object's speed and acceleration at a specific instant.

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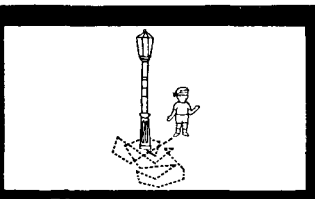

...TO THE "RANDOM WALK" PRINCIPLE, MODERN PHYSICS

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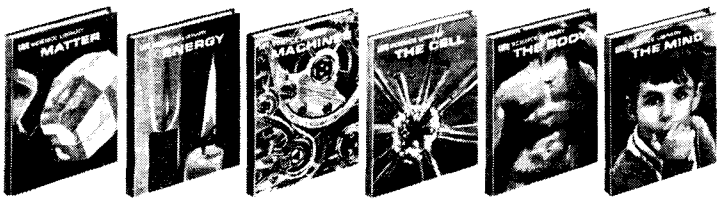

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rounded by throngs of ecstatic admirers. Everyone was trying to shake my shaking hand and tell me how marvelous I was and what a scintillating story about a Russian apple orchard I had written. And there I was, coughing blood by the gallon, gulping vodka by the barrel, shouting with boisterous abandon: "Fill another glass! Call another gypsy! Let's fill the air with merry sobs!"

Personally, however, I preferred to be tubercular rather than alcoholic. I really did not see any necessity to be both, although some very well-known Russian writers died at the age of twenty-seven from excessive drinking and coughing. I also wanted to die at the age of twenty-seven but only from excessive coughing. I did not relish the idea of becoming famous on vodka unless absolutely necessary. Some truly great writers, such as Gorky and Chekhov, were content with having TB only, and did quite well.

There was a short period in my life when I toyed with the idea of becoming an epileptic like Dostoevsky, but I soon discarded the notion; writhing in agony on some St. Petersburg pavement was too strenuous.

Tuberculosis was different. Every Russian family had at least one member who had tuberculosis and who was or should have been or could have been a writer. One of my Mother's cousins had TB, and we spoke about him in an awed whisper: "Cousin Nikolai's days are numbered . . . he has *"chakhotka."* *Chakhotka* is Russian for tuberculosis.

I was not allowed to go near Cousin Nikolai when he visited us, for tuberculosis was contagious. It did not deter me, though. I was determined to become a famous writer, and I would steal over to Cousin Nikolai and try to inhale his breath. Nikolai was a superb specimen of a *chakhotochnik*. He always carried with him a little box. It looked like a snuff box but it was actually a receptacle, padded with cotton. Whenever Cousin Nikolai was seized with a paroxysm of coughing he discreetly turned to the little box. How I envied him!

I placed high hopes on the inhalation of Cousin Nikolai's breath but, unfortunately, nothing ever came of it. From time to time I would go to the mirror to see if my cheeks gave in. They did not. I had read somewhere that in the last stages of tuberculosis a person acquires a pinkish complexion. My rosy cheeks gave me occasional faint hope, but not for long: they were still too fat. I had also read that Gorky's tuberculosis was a result of his tramping through Russia as a destitute, hungry outcast. Though I was not an outcast, I could try to go hungry; but that, too, did not work out. The appetite of a growing boy proved to be stronger than his urge to become a great writer.

—M. K. Argus.

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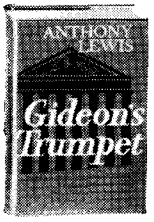

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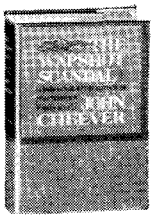

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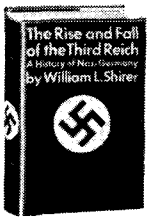

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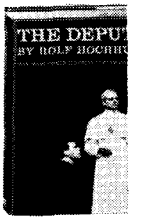

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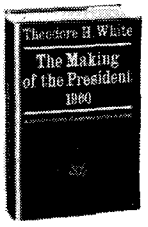

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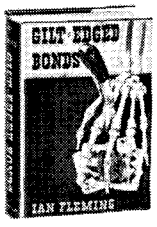

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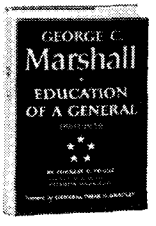

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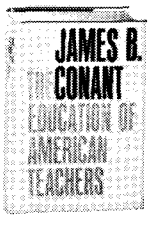

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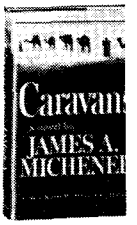

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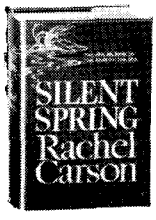

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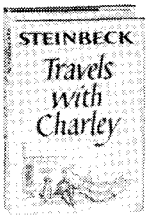

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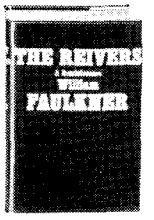

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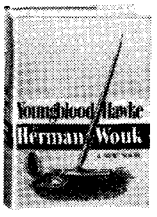

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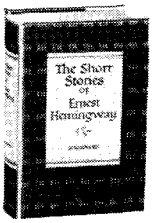

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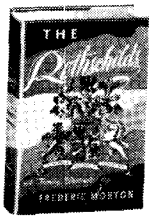

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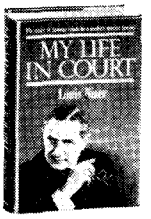

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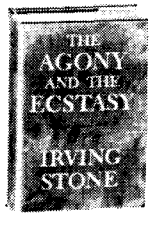

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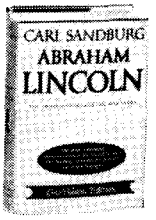

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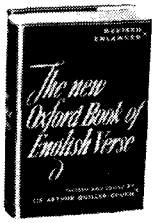

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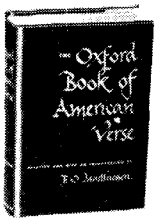

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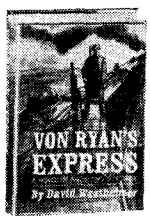

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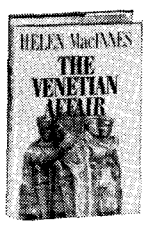

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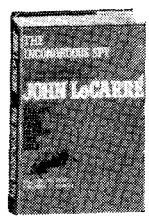

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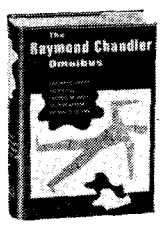

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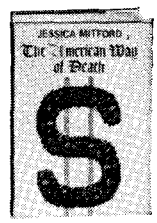

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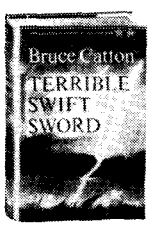

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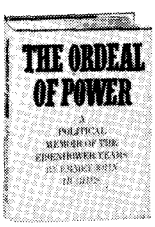

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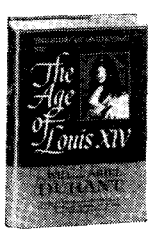

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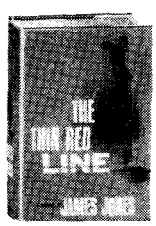

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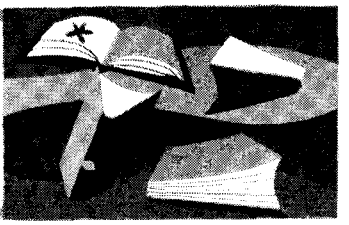
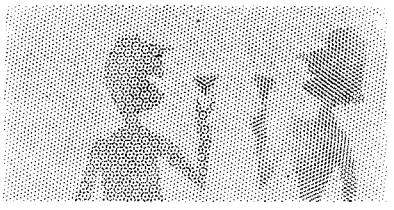


Last year at about this time we were happy to report the goings-on of the literary cluster that seems to gravitate automatically to the island known as Martha's Vineyard, which sits gently off the shores of Cape Cod in a whirl of beach plums, dry martinis, thistles, scratching pencils, rolling dunes, and more than occasional fogs. In fact, the mists rolling across the moors this season have been so frequent that one harassed hostess remarked: "When you say 'from soup to nuts' up here, you're talking about the fog and the mental condition of your guests."

But other, kinder things have been said about the island. One writer sent



a letter home to a friend that said: "I have to keep reminding myself that Martha's Vineyard is only a Grade B heaven." Another commented: "If I could live more than one life, I'd live one of them completely on the Vineyard."

Somerset Maugham once set himself here for several summers and summed up the whole experience by saying: "I've never encountered a place with so little to do and so little time to do it in." He found the Vineyard much to his liking, comparing the village of Tisbury to Devonshire, in his native England.

The fishing, they tell us, has been good this season. One quipster noted that he was catching a lot of Gershwin fish. Pressed for an answer, he said that he had filled his boat with a mess of porgy and bass.

On one lazy, late-summer day, we made it a point to phone several of the literati on the island to see if we could get them to tell us, at the risk of some embarrassment, exactly what they were doing at the precise moment the phone rang.

Among the first to confess was Lillian Hellman, who flatly admitted that she was cutting her toenails. "They've simply gotten out of hand," she said. Last year, when she answered our challenge about what she was doing, she explained that she was in the middle of knitting a mustard-colored cardigan sweater. "It turned out horribly," she said. "Just awful. It doesn't fit."

Beyond cutting her toenails and bemoaning the sweater, she is completing a screenplay for Sam Speigel based on Horton Foote's novel *The Chase.*

Vance Packard, when the phone rang, was a little disappointed that we were not the plumber. "I've got two bathroom sinks half apart, and I'm damned if I know how to get them back together again—to say nothing of repairing them. Wish I could get a crisis like this into every chapter I write."

Mr. Packard was also completing a memo to his publishers regarding his next book, which will be built on the same framework as his previous best-sellers, but with a brand-new theme.

"It will be about the new kinds of pressures generated by a violently changing world," he said.

Approximately four hundred yards from Mr. Packard, John Tebbel answered the phone long enough to say he was doing a ticklish job. "I'm in the middle of correcting a speech I wrote on censorship," he said, "and I have to censor it because it's being given in a church."

His last book, *From Rags to Riches,* on Horatio Alger, Jr., is doing nicely, and he has two new nonfiction books in process.

Henry Beetle Hough, who successfully combines novel-writing with editing the world-famous local paper, the *Vineyard Gazette,* had just walked in the door with his sheepdog, Lochinvar. He was preparing to sit down at his roll-top desk to go over his morning mail and to get out the next edition of his salty periodical.

Novelist Bill Styron, on another part of the island, wasn't at his typewriter when we phoned, but we learned he has been spending his summer working on a book. "It's a gray day," he explained almost apologetically, "or I'd probably be out sailing on my sailfish. Sorry to be so uninteresting. Actually, I'm only making notes. This has been a good summer for work, with all this fog. There's nothing that makes you feel worse than working on a good day."

We later dropped in to see author Dorothy Straight, whose first book, *How the World Began,* will be published September 28 by Pantheon. Miss Straight was playing in her sandpile when we called, and she promptly took us to see her new tent and several new dolls propped beside it so as to enjoy a view of Menemsha Pond. "I like my new tent," she told us, "and maybe Mommy will let me sleep in it soon."

And just in case you think a girl four and a half years old can't write and illustrate a charming and engaging book, we recommend you take a look at *How the World Began* at your nearest bookstore. The author's father is author-editor Michael Whitney Straight.

As the phone rang in the house of James Feibleman, his wife Shirley Ann Grau, author of *Keepers of the House,* was putting a week's supply of groceries on the kitchen table. "I'm loaded down with cakes and bread and things for the young monsters," she told us. "And aside from that, I've been lazy all summer."

It didn't sound that way, though. She has just finished a major article on the South for *Cosmopolitan* and has blocked out a few short stories.

Her husband dropped the Sunday *Times* long enough to tell us that he

was writing a book on ethics, a long-term project not exactly encouraged by the seductive air of the island.

"But I've got another idea," he told us. "I'm thinking of starting a bookstore which will only sell clean books, under the counter, for mature adults. They'll have to show identification of course, to prove they're over sixteen."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1588)

F. M. Brodie:

NO MAN KNOWS MY HISTORY

(Suggested by Mrs. John T. King)

Latter-day Saints had long believed that Independence, Mo., was the original site of the Garden of Eden. Now Joseph Smith told them that Adam-ondi-Ahman was where Adam dwelt after his expulsion and that far West was probably the exact spot where Cain killed Abel.

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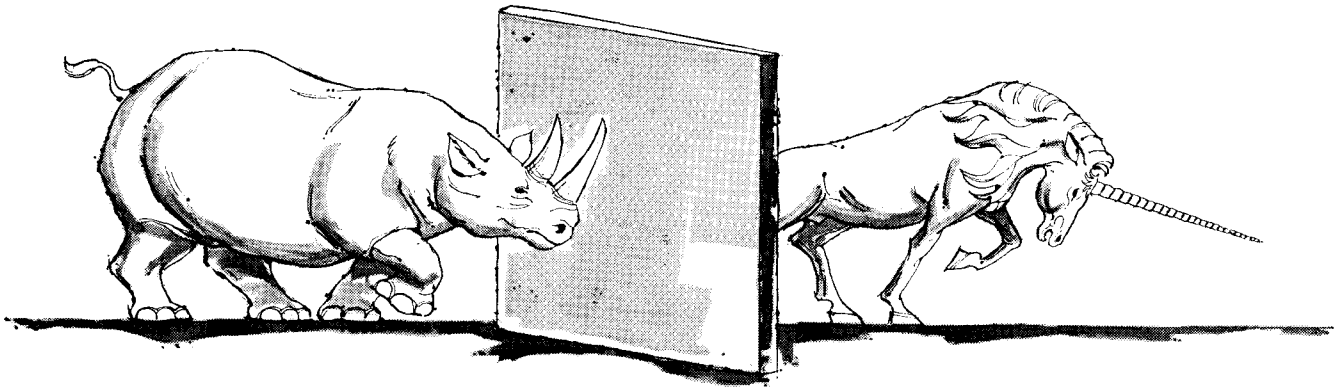

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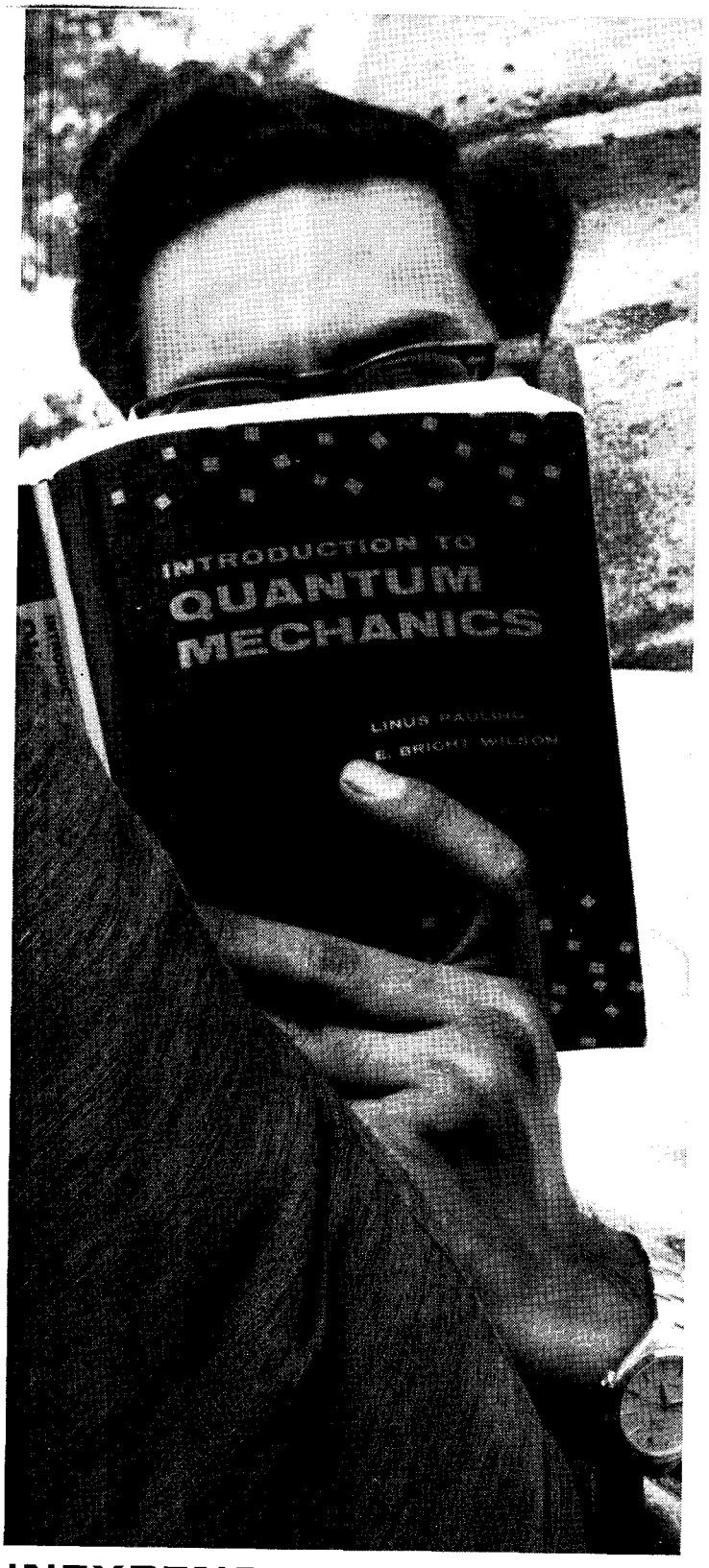

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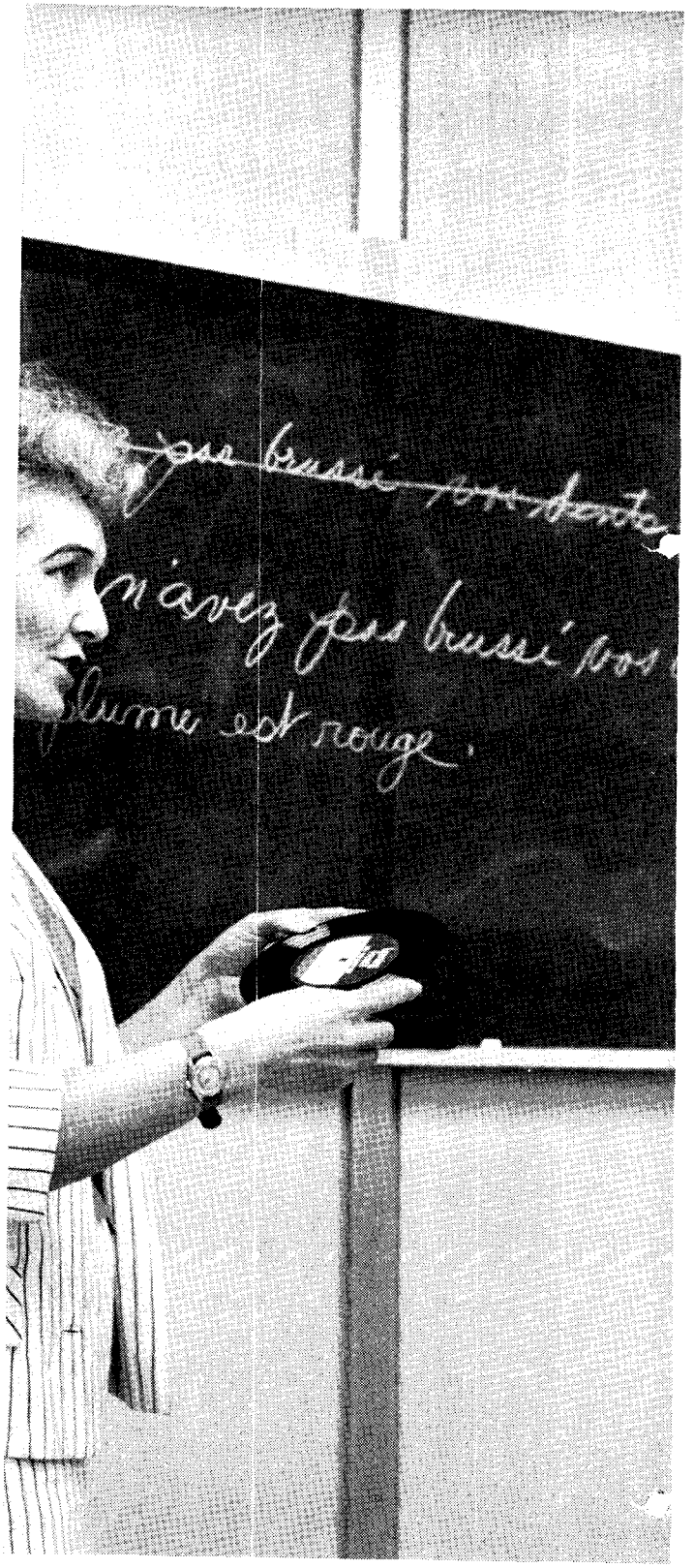

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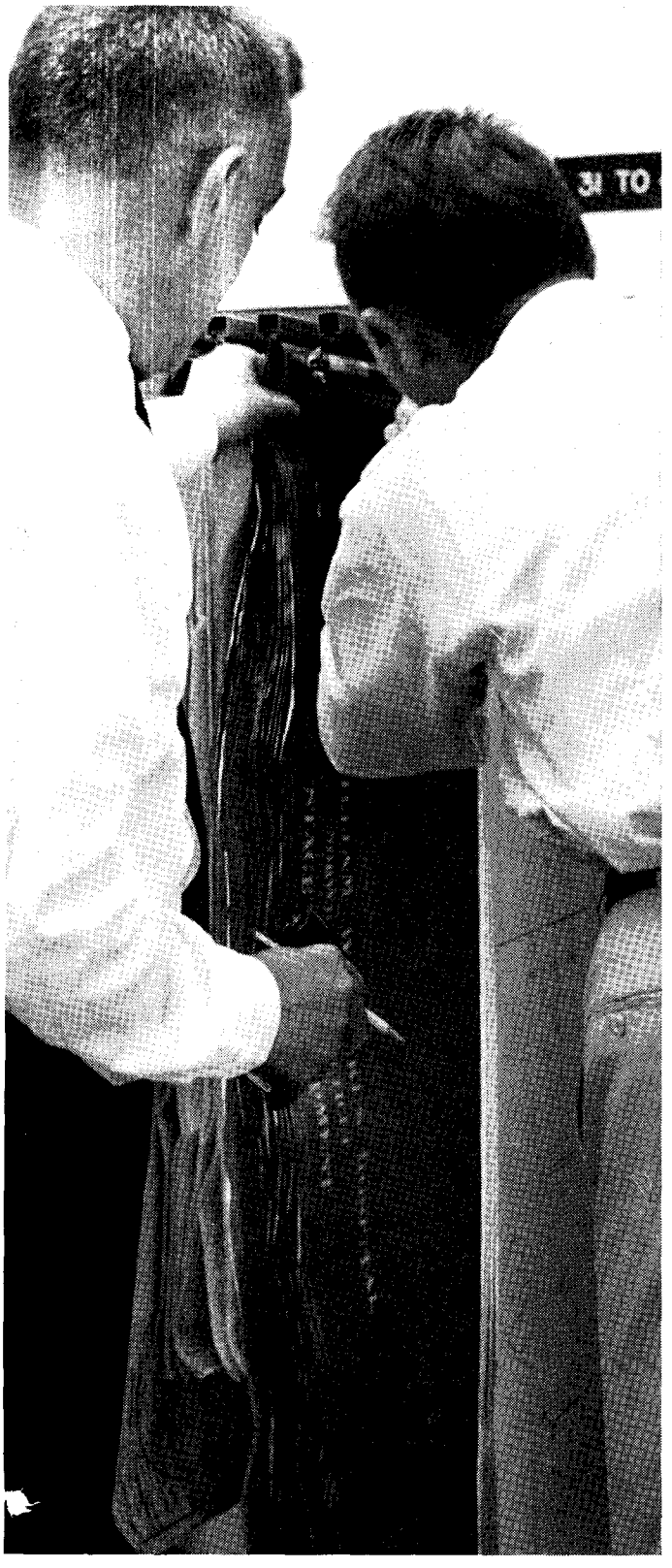

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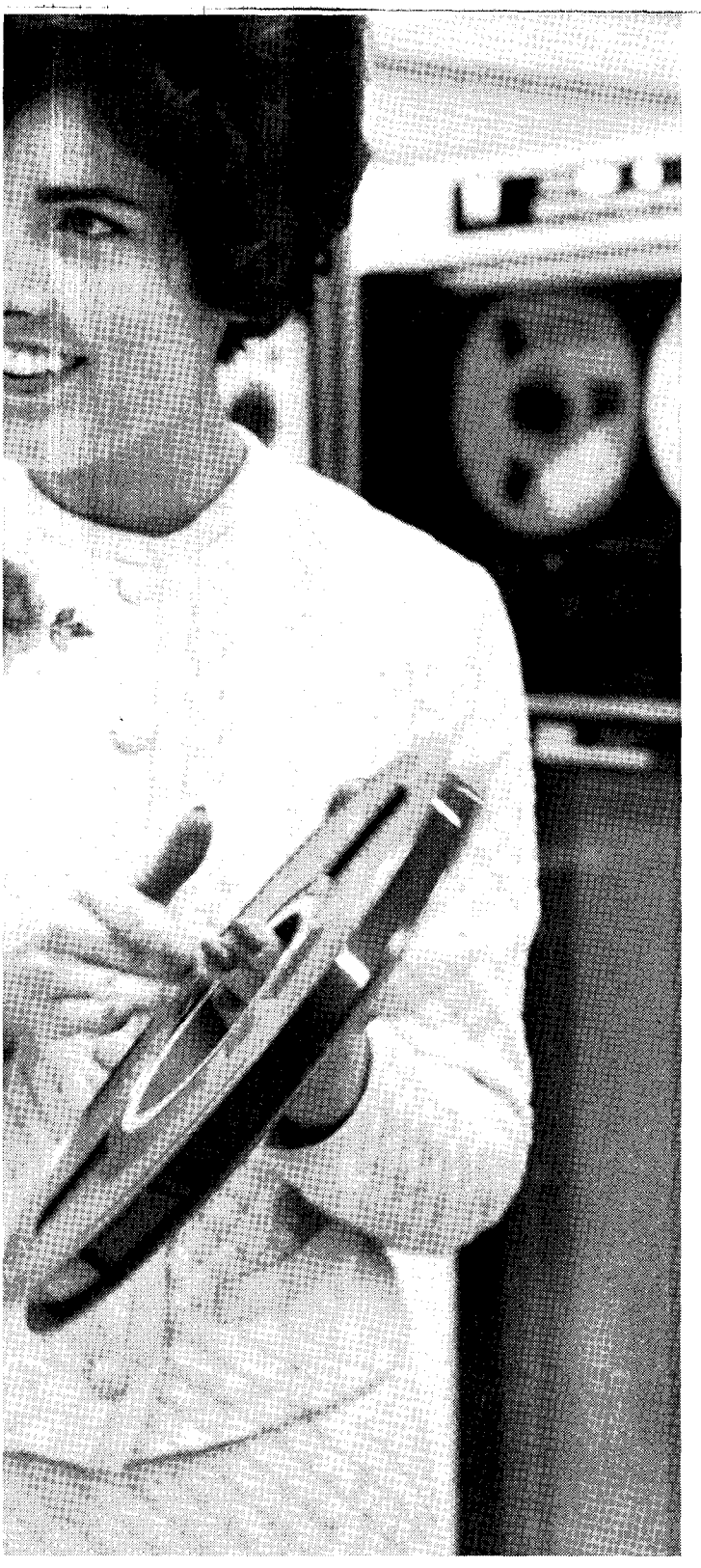

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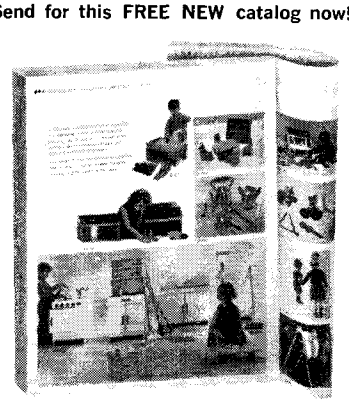

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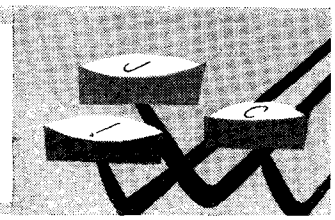

Sense and Being: It is always a mistake to discuss poetry with a man who insists that it must make sense. It is just possible that sense is what we settle for only when we fall away from the fullest act of being. Who, for example, expects a bridegroom to make sense? We all know him to be too busy with a more enviable condition of being than sense can make. "If I could only live at the pitch that is near madness," writes Richard Eberhart. And adds:

> When everything is as it was in my childhood
> Violent, vivid, and of infinite possibility.

Nonsense, of course. Or nonsense, that is, to the adamantly practical man. But take another look at that man. I see him coming toward me in the shape of a number of large male relatives who assumed the place of my dead father and who were moved by a kindly concern. I had gone to college with the idea of becoming a lawyer, but I got hooked on English courses and kept taking them until I was obviously unemployable. So the sensible avuncular concern of the tribe's senior males. "John," they would say to me. "It's nice to know about all those poetry things, but you gotta be practical." And I would mumble respectful evasions but I would also take a good look at each of them in turn and say to myself, "I wonder what practicality ever did for *him*?"

For the trouble with being sensible is not the sense it does or does not make but the life it never really manages to get to. Sense, as the insistently sensible man practices it, always manages to shut as many doors as it opens. I suspect, in fact, that it shuts far more than it opens. And one of the doors it always shuts, and always with a slam, is poetry.

The slam of that closing door is always the insistence that the poet expound himself in straightforward and logical order. But how can he? The act of writing a poem is never a simple assertion of meaning. It is an act of skill. And an act of skill is precisely one in which the performer must do more things at once than he has time to think about.

On a simple level, riding a bicycle is an act of skill. Let a man try to itemize and account for each of his thousands of balances as he rides his bicycle and he will fall off. The only way to ride it is faster than he can think it. Paradoxically, of course, he must also think it. A rider who forgets he has a bicycle under him is getting ready to fall off. A rider who is aware of the bicycle under him is forever keeping himself from falling: he senses each imbalance as it develops, and his conditioning produces the counterbalance by reflex. But if he tries to make sense of his reflexive ride, the ride is over.

Let him try to over-rationalize those reflexes, moreover, and he will be in trouble. He might, for example, decide to write a sensible treatise on how to ride a bicycle in good rational order. It might even be a persuasive paper. But were he then to get back on his bicycle and try to ride it according to his own script, nothing could keep him from falling off. It has to be done multiply, by reflex; not monosequentially by theory.

Unlike the bicycle rider, of course, the poet can strike out any part of his ride and any of his falls. There is always that gift of mercy to the artist, and the artist would be a fool not to cherish it. Yet if the poem is to be an achieved act, it can only be brought off as a managed multiplicity, as an act of balancing upon itself, and as one that derives from the poet's whole experience both as a person and as a writer. Every poem he has ever written has a finger in this poem's pie; and everything he ever read, and every sentence he ever parsed, and every man, woman, and child he ever knew, and everywhere he has ever been, and everything he has ever seen, and everything he has ever thought, felt, and—to borrow a coinage from Robert Frost—*thoughtfelt* about any of these conditioning experiences. All these are stored behind the act of writing. Some may be there in neat and conscious storage. Some may be whirling there as some sort of originating chaos. Both the order and the chaos are there as necessary parts of himself, and he must summon both.

The magic of the act of writing is not in its power to make sense, but in its great power to quicken and summon this memorial mass of the self. As the poem begins to buzz, endless possibilities offer themselves; possibilities that were not there a word, a phrase, an image, a rhyme, or a cadence ago.

But these possibilities can only exist as a sort of side vision. Turn on them the full rational-cognitive stare of the logician as bio-mechanic, and they dis-

(*Continued on page 77*)

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Puerto Rican children build a castle out of cartons that brought U.S. products to Puerto Rico. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now buys more from the U.S. mainland than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined

OUR PHOTOGRAPH was taken near San Juan. It makes two points. First, kids—the world over—love to play with boxes. And second, people in Puerto Rico buy quite a variety of products from the U.S. mainland (note the familiar names on the cartons).

Person for person, Puerto Rico is our best customer—by far. Each person in the Commonwealth buys almost *twice as much* from the U.S. as each person in second-place Canada.

Last year, the people of Puerto Rico bought *a billion dollars' worth of products from the U.S. mainland.*

The income from these purchases was spread throughout the states. The South received $265 million. The Midwestern states, $295 million. East Coast states supplied $305 million worth of goods. California, Washington and Oregon made sales of $118 million to the Puerto Rican market.

Why Puerto Rico buys so much

Look around the Commonwealth and you'll see why Puerto Rico buys so many things from the U.S. mainland. You'll see new shopping centers, highways, homes and apartments.

The Commonwealth is flourishing as a result of "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico's famous self-help program.

This program has been a spectacular success. Almost 1000 factories have started operation in the Commonwealth during the past decade. And new plants are opening at the astonishing rate of *three a week.*

Chances are, prospering Puerto Rico would be a good place to make your products, too.

Manufacturers: Write for illustrated progress report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C3A, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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Inside facts you should know about Holland

(and why you should make Holland your first stop when you vacation in Europe)

You'll know you made the right decision just as soon as you step aboard your KLM jet or Holland-America flagship. "Dutch-quality service" is the way experienced world travelers refer to service that is *especially* courteous and thorough.

"Europe's Most Hospitable Entrance"
Few peoples receive visitors as warmly as the Dutch. Three out of four Hollanders speak English and all Hollanders like Americans.

Get more for your vacation dollar
You'll never have to scrimp in Holland. Food, lodgings and transportation are so inexpensive, it's almost as if your budgeting has already been done for you. Stay overnight in a charming Dutch inn or castle for as little as $5, including a breakfast the next morning of fresh breads, sliced meats, a tray of cheeses, coffee, tea, milk or a big steaming pot of creamy Dutch cocoa. Or stay at the plushest suite in the most elegant Amsterdam hotel for about $16.

Get your shopping done quickly
Amsterdam Airport offers a bigger, better selection of duty-free gifts than any other airport shop on the Continent. You may ship home as many $10 gifts as you wish duty-free. Prices are clearly marked and refreshingly reasonable.

Dutch days last longer
Holland is a compact country so you can see more of what you want to see in a shorter length of time. Dutch highways are excellent. Rent a 4-passenger sedan for as little as $2.75 a day—or *buy* a car at Amsterdam Airport and save 25% or more on the suggested European retail price.

Itinerary-planning is a breeze
Look at a map of Europe. Wherever you want to go, Holland is the perfect jumping-off spot. Go by rail or bus. From Amsterdam, it's just a few hours to Paris at 2¢ per mile. London's a quick hop across the Channel and all of Europe is right next door.

Whether you stay a day, a week or a month (and no matter where you go afterwards), you'll be glad you came to Holland first.

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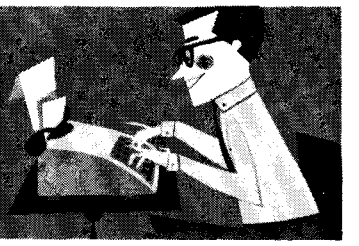

Scrambled Egos

THERE are some cowards—and alphabetically I head the list—who won't get into a wrangle unless they're certain they can win it. This unfortunate catering to an egotistical fantasy, that if we can't out-logic the opposition in debate we can at least out-clever it, often finds us winding up second and paying $2.20.

There are two such recent comedic-tragic instances now. I'm in one and a man from Toledo, Ohio, is in the other. While they are disparate, they are relevant to my point, which is that neither I nor the man started the argument and that we both would have been better off had we been content to leave the status at quo.

In Toledo, the man, as you may have read in the dailies, is head of a corporation that owns a large office building. While he was traveling abroad and unbeknownst to him, the rental manager leased for four months, at $300 a month, first-floor office space to the Toledo Conservatives for Goldwater organization. That seems innocuous enough—except for one detail. Our Toledo man happens to be a National Democratic Committeeman.

Well, that was the dilemma our man walked into on returning from abroad. But he had two obvious choices, either of which would have hushed the whole thing up. One, he could have taken the first boat back. Two, he could have called up President Johnson and explained he was abroad when it happened. Actually, he had a third choice —a combination of the first two—taking the first boat back, then calling to explain to the President from overseas. It would have been safer. And I'm sure the President would have understood; no Johnson-come-lately to big business, he.

But instead, what did our hero do? He became clever. He announced through the newspapers that the rent he received from the Goldwater-Miller organization would be turned over to the Johnson-Humphrey campaign fund. Clever thinking? The joke was on them —right? Except for one detail. One day he passed his office building and saw a huge portrait of Senator Goldwater pasted up in the window. That did it. He decided to make them move. Well, you know how easy it isn't to move a conservative from a fixed position. The wrangle was on. And the Goldwater group claimed that two rent checks, each for $300, had been cashed by our man's corporation and had not been endorsed to the Johnson-Humphrey campaign fund. How much simpler to have taken the first boat back!

NOW, the other case. A few weeks ago I received in the mail a letter from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the Republican National Committee. It stated that on receipt of ten dollars I would become a sustaining member of the Republican Party. In addition to which I would be entitled to receive their bi-weekly bulletin. They enclosed some attractive pictures of Goldwater and Miller.

How they chose me I don't know. Evidently they are not acquainted with my record for being a sure loser. I turned down an attractive chance to invest in *Life with Father*, which holds a long-run Broadway record, and I parlayed that with a big bet that Hitler would not win the 1939 plebiscite. Anyway, I should have skipped the whole thing. But I decided to be clever.

On the group picture of Senator Goldwater and Mr. Miller I ran an ink mark across Mr. Miller's image. Then I returned it to them, writing that I can't stand Mr. Miller since Senator Goldwater had said the reason he chose Mr. Miller as a running mate, who might some day become President, was that "he drives Johnson nuts." But I enclosed a check for five dollars and said they could send me the biweekly every other biweekly. Clever thinking, right? They would return the check. End of joke—or so I thought.

A few days later I received in the mail from their headquarters a receipt for the five dollars, attached to a card that announced I was a sustaining member of the Republican Party. The receipt was signed in their own scrawls by Mr. Miller, Bob Wilson, Courtney Burton, and a fourth one I can't quite make out —looks like Button Gwinnett. Also they enclosed a bumper sticker.

So, in spite of not paying the full assessment I am now a card-carrying member of the Republican Party. A half-assessed member. —GOODMAN ACE.

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After you've seen Holland's tulips...

...you've only *begun* to sense the unique tempo of this kaleidoscopic land. Holland, where the girls are as fresh and lovely as the flowers, where the people take a quiet pride in making visitors feel wanted and welcome.

And this is Holland, too. Exciting. Fast-paced. Taut sails and salt spray. A gourmet's Shangri-la of Dutch, Indonesian and Continental delicacies. One of Europe's hottest centers of cool jazz.

Holland, land of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Vermeer. A meeting place for the foremost artists and musicians of our age.

All this, and more, is Holland. A rich history caught up in the powerful rhythms of the present. Your entrance to Europe and an international crossroads of commerce. A land that feeds the soul...while it fires the blood. Don't come to Holland just to see it. Come to live it!

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4 out of 10 fifth-graders will become high-school dropouts — mainly because of reading problems.

Many of these high-school dropouts will face a jobless future. Here are the shocking facts. Read how you might help change them.

A MILLION kids a year leave high school before they graduate. Experts say the key is *reading*.

The average school dropout is at least *two years retarded* in reading by the time he quits school.

The world of the school dropout is a pretty grim place. And every day it grows grimmer.

Seven and a half million youngsters will drop out of high school during this decade. But, by 1970, they will be competing for only three and a half million unskilled jobs. *More than twice as many dropouts as jobs.*

Your help is needed

The very fact that you are reading this magazine improves your child's chance of success in school. Parents who read are more apt to raise children who read.

But what about America's less fortunate children?

For them, the school and the community must assume *special* responsibilities. Your own interest is badly needed.

Does *your* community have a program for giving special help to children who are backward readers? Are *you* donating time to this program?

Do your schools have books and magazines chosen for their appeal to youngsters with limited backgrounds?

Are school classes small enough for teachers to help each child individually?

Supporting education for *all* children is more than just a worthy cause. It is every citizen's *responsibility*.

FOR FREE REPRINTS of this advertisement, write to: Box 82, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

This series on *children and reading* is sponsored by the men and women of International Paper.

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Saturday Review
September 19, 1964

HUMAN RIGHTS AND FOREIGN POLICY

The following article is a report by the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs on the current role of the United Nations in the field of human rights. Mr. Gardner recently received the Arthur S. Flemming Award as one of the ten outstanding young men in the federal government for his work in promoting international cooperation through the United Nations. This article is adapted from a portion of his forthcoming book, "In Pursuit of World Order: U.S. Foreign Policy and International Organizations," which is scheduled to be published in November by Praeger.

By RICHARD N. GARDNER

QUESTIONS of human rights are now at the forefront of international attention. The wall in Berlin, anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, the general deprivation of human rights in Communist countries, apartheid in South Africa, the setbacks for freedom in less developed areas, and the struggle for racial equality in the United States—all have stirred public opinion around the world and profoundly affected international relations.

During most of the first two decades of the United Nations, the drive for freedom tended to be defined as the drive for national independence. But we know that history is studded with examples of unholy alliances between nationalism and tyranny. Now that freedom has been achieved for so many new nations, we are still faced with the previous question: What about freedom for individual men and women and children, the individual human persons whose dignity and worth is reaffirmed on the opening page of the United Nations Charter?

The world today is very far from a satisfactory answer to this question. In some nations, fundamental freedoms are denied by governments as a matter of principle—by racial separation, by political oppression, by religious persecution. In other nations, many freedoms are deliberately postponed, by government action, to concentrate on what are thought to be more urgent items of public business. In all nations in greater or lesser degree, freedoms are threatened by lust for unchallenged political power—by the animosities of tribe or class or caste or sect or party, and by prejudice and bigotry and other evils that still divide the branches of humanity.

These facts pose a central challenge to United States foreign policy—particularly as prosecuted in international organizations. The United Nations and its affiliated agencies have developed increasingly effective measures to promote two of their great objectives—the maintenance of international peace and security and the promotion of economic and social cooperation. But the members of the United Nations have been not nearly so successful in devising methods to promote the third main objective laid down in the Charter—the promotion of "respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all."

Whether and by what means the United States should seek to rectify this imbalance in the achievements of the United Nations are questions that are urgent, controversial, and complex.

ONE of the important respects in which the Charter of the United Nations differs from the League of Nations Covenant is in its emphasis on human rights. The Charter makes the promotion of human rights one of the main purposes of the organization. In Articles 55 and 56 the members of the United Nations pledge themselves to take joint and separate action in cooperation with the organization to promote "universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion." Moreover, Articles 13 and 62 of the Charter charge the General Assembly and the Economic and Social Council with making recommendations for the advancement of human rights.

These provisions have provided the legal basis for the consideration of human rights questions by the General Assembly and other United Nations organs. It is true that another provision of the Charter, Article 2(7), forbids the United Nations to "intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state." But when taken together with the human rights provisions of the Charter, this paragraph does not preclude the Assembly and other United Nations organs from carrying on general discussions about the world-wide promotion of human rights that may include specific references to human rights situations in particular countries. Moreover, the United Nations may consider and adopt recommendations about specific violations of human rights that are part of the member's official policy and inconsistent with its obligations in Articles 55 and 56. This last qualification is important: it helps explain why United Nations organs have passed recommendations concerning the enforcement of apartheid by the government of South Africa and have not passed recommendations about racial discrimination in the United States that is being ardently attacked by the federal government. Of course, violations of human rights may be the occasion for mandatory sanctions against a member only when the Security Council determines that they constitute a threat to or breach of international peace.

The Charter of the United Nations also provides for a Commission on Human Rights. Under the chairmanship of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the Commission undertook as its first major task the drafting of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, a non-binding statement of principles to serve as a "common standard of achievement for all peoples

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and all nations." The Universal Declaration is a comprehensive affirmation of basic political and economic rights found in the Constitution and basic legislation of the United States as well as in the laws of other free countries—including the right to life, liberty and property, fair trial, freedom of speech, assembly, and religion, the right to participate in government, the right to work, to equal pay for equal work, and to form trade unions, and the right to an effective remedy if any violation of these rights occurs. It was approved by the General Assembly in 1948 without a single negative vote and with the abstention only of the Soviet bloc, Saudi Arabia, and South Africa.

THE Universal Declaration has become the yardstick for measuring the progress of governments and peoples in their long struggle for freedom and dignity. It has helped to stimulate two regional conventions: the 1950 European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms—the first comprehensive regional measure for incorporating human rights into law—and the Draft Inter-American Convention on Human Rights. It has influenced the constitutions of at least seven states, including the Federal Republic of Germany, the peace treaty with Japan, and the Austrian State Treaty, treaties relating to at least four African states, and the legislation of many nations around the world. It has been cited by the International Court of Justice and by courts in a number of countries. While possessed of no binding legal force itself, it has become a basic norm in the body of human-rights law that is now being slowly built up within nations. It has also become the basic working outline for the development of an international law of human rights through conventions that do have contractual force.

Following the adoption of the Universal Declaration, the members of the United Nations turned to the drafting of an international bill of rights in treaty form. In 1951, however, the General Assembly decided to divide the rights enumerated in the Declaration into two legal instruments: a Covenant on Political and Civil Rights embracing the traditional civil and political rights recognized in Western societies, which are generally amenable to legal enforcement; and a Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights heavily emphasized in recent years by Communist, newly independent, and Western countries, which lend themselves less readily to enforcement than to long-range education, planning, and promotion. In view of existing differences between countries about human rights and the appropriate means for implementing them, it is hardly surprising that these instruments are still under negotiation.

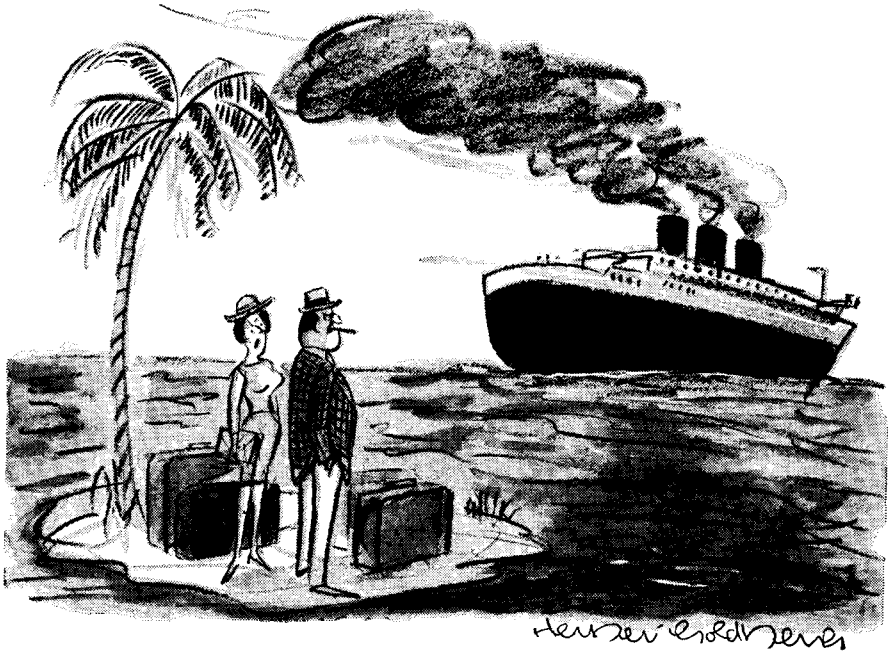
Given the difficulties encountered in the negotiation of the comprehensive covenants, it was natural that attention should turn to a more modest approach—the building of an international law of human rights step by step through specific conventions dealing with particular rights. The first such treaty instrument—the Genocide Convention, which has been in force since 1951—commits the parties to preventing and punishing within their territories the destruction of any national, racial, religious, or ethnic group. Other United Nations conventions now in force deal with the rights of refugees, stateless persons, the political rights of women, nationality of married women, and slavery. Also in force are ILO conventions on forced labor and discrimination in employment, and a UNESCO Convention on discrimination in education. In various stages of completion are other U.N. conventions on racial discrimination, consent to and minimum age of marriage, reduction of statelessness, freedom of information, and the international right to transmit news.

Quite apart from the drafting of human rights principles, the United Nations has sought to promote human rights in other ways. The most dramatic examples have come in the debates on world-wide progress in human rights in the General Assembly and Human Rights Commission, and in the Assembly's consideration of specific human rights situations such as apartheid or the position of Buddhists in Vietnam. The Trusteeship Council regularly considers the situation—including observance of human rights—in three (originally eleven) territories placed under U.N. trusteeship. A committee, established pursuant to the 1960 Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples calling for the granting of "all powers to the peoples of these territories . . . without any distinction as to race, creed or color," examines conditions in other non-self-governing territories. And it should not be forgotten that the activities of the United Nations in peacekeeping and nation-building—even though not labeled "human rights"—have become formidable instruments for the promotion of individual dignity.

FINALLY, a special "action" program for the promotion of human rights has now been underway for more than a decade. This program calls for periodic reporting by governments on human rights progress and problems in their countries; research into world-wide implementation of specific human rights; and advisory services in the form of seminars, fellowships, and visiting experts.

The considerations for U.S. leadership in this many-sided U.N. program in the field of human rights are clear and compelling. They derive in part from the nature of American society. Since the Declaration of Independence the United States has been dedicated to the pursuit of human rights and fundamental freedoms—not just for Americans but for "all men." Throughout American history—and still today—United States power in the world derives not just from its position as an arsenal of weapons or as a storehouse of commodities but as a base from which to seek the universal realization of the dignity of man.

Vigorous American support for human rights around the world is not only an



"Guess you just can't help rubbing people the wrong way!"

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essential and irreversible part of the American tradition; it serves to clarify the issues in the basic struggle for freedom in the world today. Communist leaders put human freedoms very low on their scale of priorities; they are prepared to violate them in their drive for world power and rapid economic growth. The same was true a generation ago of the leaders of the Axis powers. It is the belief in human rights—in the importance and worth of every individual—that distinguishes the United States and other countries of the free world from the totalitarian countries of the left and the right.

We have also learned from hard experience of the intimate interdependence between human rights and peace and security. Nazi Germany should have taught everyone the lesson that internal suppression is often the handmaiden of external aggression—that the destruction of freedom at home can quickly lead to the destruction of freedom abroad. Dictators typically use foreign adventures to solidify their domestic power, and the recklessness of their foreign policy is directly facilitated by the systematic destruction of domestic dissent. The other side of the coin is no less true: the more a country is threatened from without, the more dangerous it is for human rights within. Those concerned with the preservation and development of human rights in free societies cannot fail to be concerned with the promotion of human rights on a world-wide basis. The same is true for those concerned with the pursuit of peace and security. As President Kennedy asked so eloquently in his American University speech in June of 1963: "Is not peace, in the last analysis, basically a matter of human rights . . .?" World-wide progress in the vindication of human rights and fundamental freedoms will also be progress toward creating a peaceful and stable world order.

Of course, the international promotion of human rights is not a one-way street. World opinion is concerned not only with human-rights problems of other countries but also with human rights problems in the United States—particularly with the struggle for racial equality. Some Americans fear that an attempt to assert United States leadership in the international promotion of human rights may result in unwanted international attention to our domestic problems. They raise the question: As the price for putting the heat on others, are we prepared to take the heat ourselves?

To a large extent, this question has already been answered for us. The United States is an open society with the world's most highly developed media of mass communication. Our domestic racial problems are widely advertised to every corner of the globe. So we are already "taking the heat" of intense international attention.

"Success hasn't changed you one bit, J. B.!"

The same is not true for the closed societies of the world. In these countries—where the press is controlled and foreign newsmen are severely restricted in their freedom of movement—violations of human rights do not automatically succeed in impressing themselves on world opinion. Thus, there tends to be a geographic imbalance in the focus of international attention to human rights problems.

NOR is the imbalance one of geography alone. The current international preoccupation in the field of human rights is on racial discrimination and specifically on the struggle for Negro equality. The vindication of the rights of Negro communities in the United States and elsewhere is a matter of urgent public business. But there are other human-rights questions besides the question of Negro equality. In the preoccupation with how white men treat black men the world must not lose sight of how white men treat white men, or how black men treat black men, or even how black men come to terms with the white minorities in their midst.

Human rights, like the United States Constitution, should be color-blind in every sense of the phrase. In a world becoming increasingly race-conscious, there is a particular danger that violations of human rights within racial groups will tend to be ignored. The problem was poignantly illustrated in a recent cartoon that shows a smiling Mao Tse-tung telling an African leader: "Of course, there is no discrimination in China. Here we enslave everybody!"

The choices facing the United States in the field of human rights are therefore clear. On the one hand, it can take a defensive posture out of concern with its domestic difficulties. In this event, the world's concern with the racial issue in the United States will not go away. On the contrary, the present disparity between the world's attention to racial discrimination—as manifested particularly in the United States—and other kinds of human rights violations in other countries will probably increase.

On the other hand, the United States can assert its leadership in the world-wide promotion of human rights. In this case, it can broaden international awareness and concern with human rights problems into an objective examination of the state of human dignity in all countries and thus place the struggle for equality in the United States in its total world setting.

The United States is already in the sun. Any additional light on human rights that can be generated through the United Nations will do more to illumine the deprivations of these rights in the dark corners of closed societies than in the open societies of the free world.

Recent experience suggests that the long-term interests of our country may well be served by fuller information on our struggle for racial equality. Criticisms of U.S. racial problems in the U.N. by the Soviet Union and others have attracted little support in recent years—partly because U.N. members have been increasingly impressed by the efforts of the federal government to assure civil rights for all our citizens.

U.N. delegates who have traveled widely in the United States frequently become our best defenders. A case in point is the visit to Atlanta arranged in January 1964 for members of the Subcommission on Discrimination and Minorities. The members of the Subcommission were invited wholly in their

(*Continued on page* 76)

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THE PROSPECT FOR MANKIND

By BUCKMINSTER FULLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article continues the survey of world trends begun by Buckminster Fuller in the August 29 issue of SR. In the first section Mr. Fuller, a design scientist who invented, among other things, the geodesic dome, wrote about seven current trends and their significance for the future. The first part of this week's instalment continues with Trend No. 8. The article will be concluded in a forthcoming issue.*

SCIENCE, having been employed almost exclusively in weapons development, will find itself progressively unemployed. The weapons-producing companies and the weapons-support industries, having high capabilities but dwindling contracts, are going to struggle ruthlessly to find other profitable enterprises. They will move overnight into the living as opposed to killing arts. We have already noted their probable move into education. Another probable move is into the arts and services usually and mistakenly spoken of as housing.

All you have to do is have a meeting with advanced industrial technology management to realize their inherent ineptitude in respect to the art and science governing the living service industry. Talk about a "house" and the industrialists immediately think about stamping out an aluminum or plastic replica of a Cotswold cottage, or they think of stamping out curtain walls or partitions: "You have to stamp out *something*." That is as far as their brains, conditioned by advertisements and traditions, permit them to go in the byways of categoryitis.

The scientists' "house"-catalyzed concepts are even less imaginative and useful. The carriage, railway, and steamship industries of 1904, and their financial backers, directors, and top industrial managements, did not invent the airplane; nor did the university professors or the scientific societies. There is nothing in the present pattern of building that gives a clue to the ramifications of the upcoming world-habitat service industry.

Just as prototype inventions were the keys to the establishment of the aeronautical industry, so will prototype inventions be the key to this vast new industry. Many of the prototype inventions are already on hand. Others are developing in the U.S. and Russian man-in-space programs. What is most needed now is a clear definition of the functions of the world service industry that must be established to accommodate the forthcoming world citizen, requiring, at some times, living facilities in culture centers around the world and, at others, rest in remote places all the way from the tropics to the poles, which permit man to be intimate with nature's every phase without being punished by the intimacy.

If the professional architects of the world are too slow to support their architectural students' initiative in undertaking scientific redesign, then both industry and science will begin to stumble into the living field and it will become a historical fiasco. That could easily happen within the next five years.

The world architectural profession has just about five years to start the architectural students and design-science students developing the capabilities to take, hold, and develop the world's design-science initiative. Architects are going to have to give themselves powerful mathematical abilities. Fortunately, our research discovery of the omni-rational arithmetic of the tetrahedronally coordinate comprehensive mathematical system, employed by nature in all her transformative inter-accommodations, has now become confirmed by many scientific events. It provides a mathematical means adequate to the historical design-science task of redesigning the world's tools and services.

TREND NO. 9. We must now consider other powerfully favorable historical factors affecting establishment of the world-around living service. Between Russia and the United States, $6 billion has been appropriated to develop the little scientific house in which man will dwell in space or upon the moon. But we note that though architects profess to be master solvers of space problems, thus far they have not been called into any part of the U.S. space program. The professionals who have been called in are space medicine specialists, physicists, mathematicians, geologists, psychologists, chemists, engineers, biologists; but there are no architects.

I am confident, from my direct experiments, that architects can be trained quickly enough and in such a way as to be much more effective in the space program than are those scientists and businessmen who are now handling the program. The architectural scientists will be especially effective in defining the ecological problem and its solution, thus forestalling the fiasco implicit in the scientists', technologists', and industrialists' esthetically-weighted market-analysis misconceptions.

I have familiarity with the space program in the United States and have found that the big contracts given out so far have gone only to large corporations that have dressed themselves up with large staffs of scientists in order to substantiate their lobbying competitively with the universities. The space scientists, of the successful bidders for space contracts, are given the problem of how to develop the space dwelling. They are not design scientists—they are subjective scientists. Design science must be objective.

Scientists are inherently subjective operators. They are trained to make faithful observations and to theorize about the schemes of nature into which their data may fit, but not to consider the significance of their findings as objectively employable. They are too specialized to comprehend complex integration potentials and industrial realizations. Alone among scientists, the medical man is objective. Chemical engineers but not chemists are objective. I have been amazed when I have been called in by the big corporations as a consultant to discover how little they understand of what seems to me to be proper statement of the scientific, structural, chemical, and mechanical aspects of the scientific sky-dwelling problem and its implications for man on earth. The problem is to reduce the dimensions of the ecological pattern from a vast tree-air-earth-worm-bird-bee-rain-wind relay system to a three-foot-diameter, closed-circuit system by which man is able to sustain high health for twelve months without sewer disposal or further input supply besides sun radiation.

In his 1926 introduction to *Brave New World* Aldous Huxley hinted at a possible exception to his theme of an intellect-void, romance-vitiated, atheistic ahumanity. Mankind might, I gleaned, be inspired by a few leaders with a powerful and power-giving conviction of the existence in the universe of an intellect greater than that of man and of a universally operative integrity guarding and guiding all the inadequacies of man. Mankind, thus led, would work through many crises to attain physical success in the universe without cost to

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the manifold human freedoms, or any cost of individual joy in creative participation in the universal evolution. In his post-World War II second edition of *Brave New World*, Huxley revised the introduction, saying he tended to have a little more hope that his alternative theme might be realized. And in his succeeding *Brave New World Revisited* he disclosed an even greater hope that the happy alternative could occur.

It is probable that if the world's architect-scientists do gain and maintain the design-science initiative, Huxley's desirable alternative may be realized. If, on the other hand, the architects or students in general fail to gain that initiative within the next five years, then the weapons industry's overwhelming invasion of the livingry field will occur and will swiftly evolve into Huxley's awful dream.

Why is it likely that if the weaponry industry and its scientist-slaves take over the livingry industry, life will move toward Huxley's unhappy dream? And why is it probable that if the world's architectural students take and hold the design-science initiative the world will trend toward Huxley's happy, but to him, improbable dream? To start off with, industrial corporations are too nearsighted while scientists are usually infinitely too farsighted. Industrial corporations tend toward a plastic-flowered heaven with sexy-scented, plastic, call-girl angels. The scientists tend toward test-tube babies and the deflation of the reproductive urge on the psychiatrist's couch. On the other hand, architectural students are realistically idealistic and have well-coordinated vision and a running start on what is needed. Industrial corporations are preoccupied with immediate profits and not with man's total success. They are interested in making money while architectural students are primarily interested in making man a total physical, cultural, and moral success.

Architectural-science students will in due course realize that they are designing an entire family of complementary instruments of livingry—similar in comprehensive functioning to the whole family of musical instruments. They will be willing to allow man the privilege of playing his own instruments and of composing not only one-instrument music but of composing symphonies for the whole family of livingry instruments. The new architect will be wise enough to confine his design science to augmenting the integral organic functioning of man so well that the external organics may be coordinated to operate as unself-consciously as do healthy men's internal organisms. The design-science artist will leave man free to articulate the promptings of his soul in such a manner that each individual may enjoy his newly won and ever-increasing degrees of exploratory and creative freedoms without trespassing on one another and thus frustrating one another.

Optimism is usually thought of as constituting a mildly unwarranted hopefulness in respect to the future. But there is a reverse projection of optimism in the nostalgia-generated myths that recall only the rare and sublime moments of yesterday. Forgetting the negative, reverse optimism overemphasizes, thus deliberately shuts its eyes to reality, and is therefore unable to see the values immediately present.

I am convinced that we are swiftly emerging from the abysmal conformities of yesterday's illiterate, spit-punctuated profanity and monosyllabic verbalism, in which rags, filth, diseased bodies, prevalent stenches, devastating superstition, and local bias reigned supreme.

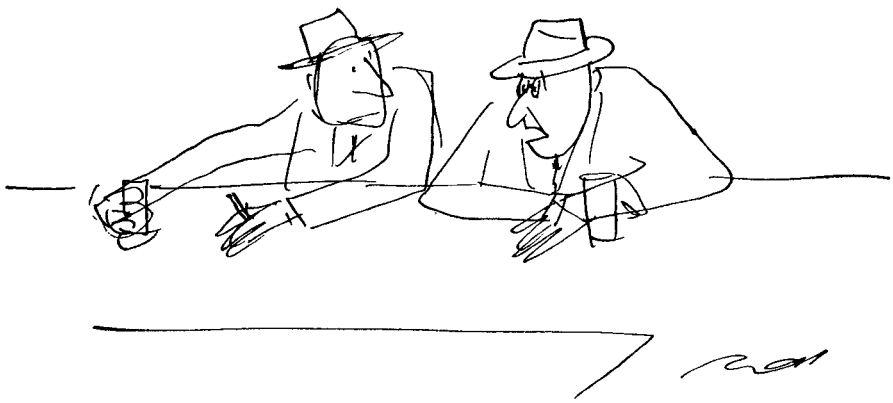
Beginning with World War I, science, technology, and industry began the epochal and ever-accelerating shift from track to trackless, from wire to wireless, from visible to invisible, and from Newton's norm of changelessness to Einstein's norm of constant, disynchronous, evolutionary transformation. Man entered into the vast ranges of the electromagnetic spectrum. Within the electromagnetic spectrum, visible light is exquisitely minute. At the present moment in history 99.9 per cent of humanity's important physical evolution —scientific, technical, industrial, and biological—is taking place in that major portion of the universe of which man has no direct apprehension, but with which he does have exquisite instrumental hook-up.

THIS brings us to the historical era of invisible architecture. In invisible architecture the harmonics are apprehensible only by our intuitions and subconscious esthetics, and operative only in the twilight zone between conscious and subconscious awareness. This is the area of intuitive and esthetic formulation. Just as we may instruct ourselves to wake up in three hours and thirty-seven minutes and do so with reasonable accuracy, so also does the subconscious measuring capability of man's eye judge, at considerable distances, to a sixty-fourth of an inch accuracy, the diameter of the female leg.

One of the last trends of humanity that we take up is this ephemeral esthetic, its intuitive apprehending and conceiving capability, and its now looming major importance in the guidance of human affairs. I will discuss this trend from the viewpoint of my own experience with geodesic domes, which are so relatively ephemeral as to weigh an average of only 3 per cent of the weight of the best alternate clear-span solutions of structural engineering.

There are about 3,000 geodesic structures in fifty countries around the world today. They have all gone to their sites in the last ten years. Many, both near and far, have been delivered economically by air. In Ghana, Nigeria, and other tropical African countries people find that geodesic domes work nicely as large umbrellas. The air circulates in through the top and outward around the wide open bottoms. Geodesics in the Arctic and Antarctic, though light enough for air delivery, are strong enough to handle nature's fiercest winds, snow loads, and temperature extremes.

My kind of work deals with how to find out the ecological problems involved and how to solve them, hoping thereby to bring about the occupant's satisfaction at the earliest possible moment. That is, I deal with the hows of mathematics and economics, the hows of industrial production and distribution, assembly, and service. I don't even consider how any structure is going to look until after it is finished. If, when finished, the structure seems beautiful, I know it is all right. To me, "beautiful" apparently emerges as an ejaculation, spontaneously released by my total set of subconscious control coordinates. "Beautiful" is probably ejaculated when my entire chromosomic neuron bank is momentarily in "happy" correspondence with my entire experience (memory) neurons bank. I speak of my brain as if it were a computer. It is.



"Those were my salad years. Now I'm in the soup."

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Quiet Crisis or Lost Cause?

Editor's note: *The author of the following guest editorial, Wallace Stegner, is a novelist and historian who teaches at Stanford University. He has written widely on conservation.*

IT IS said of the boy who twisted the mule's tail that he isn't as pretty as he once was, but he knows more. And it is assumed by many Americans that having made catastrophic errors in land use during our occupation of this continent, we have now learned to take care, and conserve, and preserve, and use wisely. No more Michigan cut-over lands, we think; no more Dust Bowls; no more obliterations of whole species; no more overgrazing or over-cutting of watersheds; no more short-sighted raids on resources; no more failures to reserve open space for health and recreation.

So we think, and with some justification. Conservation has come a long way since Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot and W J McGee gave the term currency in 1908. And for the past four years we have had, in Stewart Udall, the most active and imaginative Secretary of the Interior since Harold Ickes. His *Quiet Crisis* is a handbook of the mistakes we have made and the lessons we should have learned, and to the two Kennedy-Johnson Congresses he has presented—and pushed—a systematic and comprehensive plan of conservation legislation.

To him must go much of the credit for acquiring, at a time when open space dwindles in quality and amount and rises steadily in price, the only substantial national park areas since the FDR era. He has helped create four national seashores—Cape Cod, Point Reyes, Padre Island, and Fire Island; the first national riverway, Ozark National Riverway in Missouri; and the thirty-second national park, Canyonlands in Utah. He was strongly behind the Wilderness Bill, the Land and Water Conservation Fund Bill, and the Wet Lands Bill designed to save breeding and resting places for wildfowl. He has pressed preliminary work that could result in a cluster of new National Parks: hopefully the Allagash in Maine, the Sawtooth in Idaho, the Northern Cascades in Washington, the Channel Islands off the California coast, a Redwood National Park in northern California, and the Oregon and Indiana Dunes.

It sounds impressive, and is. Yet even the saving of these remnants, the last lands we are going to get of real national park caliber, is fought at every step by resource-devouring industries and by "development"-minded Western politicians. The Wilderness Bill is a sample. It was blocked for eight mortal years of hearings and debate; it was the most discussed bill in American legislative history; and it finally went up for the President's signature with a good many of its guts gone. The exploiters of timber, grass, and minerals persist among us and have not even yet given up hope of continuing to carry their operations onto federal reserves. But some federal agencies, including some within the department whose Secretary is a conservation champion, turn out to be as dangerous to conservation principles as the old-fashioned cowboys and loggers.

The first sort of threat, whose justification is strictly economic, may be illustrated by the lumber companies that are clear-cutting the last great stands of virgin redwoods, the second by the Bureau of Reclamation, once a great force in the conservation of Western water, now a politically potent bureau whose continued existence depends on its continued building of dams, with or without justification.

Most controversial of current Reclamation Bureau projects are the proposed Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon dams in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, part of the river-taming system that already includes Hoover, Davis, Parker, Imperial, Morelos, and Glen Canyon dams on the Colorado and Flaming Gorge dam on the Green River, its principal tributary. The system would also have included, if conservationists had not mounted a massive opposition in 1956, two dams in Dinosaur National Monument. A principal argument against the Dinosaur Monument dams is identical with an argument against the Bridge Canyon dam: it would have impounded water and created a drawdown reservoir within the boundaries of a national park area, land which by the act of 1916 is dedicated to "use without impairment" by the public. Both Dinosaur and the Grand Canyon National Monument were created with a power withdrawal embedded in them. In Dinosaur that adverse use was voided because of the damage it would have done to a magnificent canyon. The argument is as valid for the high Bridge Canyon dam, which would back water all the way through the Grand Canyon National Monument and thirteen miles into Grand Canyon National Park.

AND the benefits of a Bridge Canyon dam are at least as dubious as those of the one conservationists kept out of Dinosaur. Its purpose is not water storage, but power: the "Parker Lift," which would pump water from Havasu, behind Parker dam, into the Salt River Valley of Arizona. It is conceived as the financial wheelhorse for the whole regional project. But at the present moment there is not water enough running down the Colorado to come close to filling even the Hoover and Glen Canyon dams, much less two new ones. Since May, Secretary Udall has had to issue orders releasing up to 20,000 second-feet of water from Glen Canyon in order to maintain the power head at Hoover.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Our Fortieth

YOUR ANNIVERSARY ISSUE [*SR*, Aug. 29] was outstanding. The selection of significant books published during the past forty years was interesting; Alice P. Hackett's list, nostalgic. The regular writers all seemed to be at peak, and the guests were indeed noteworthy. After reading Toynbee on the future of humanity and Lear on the prospects for God, where can one go?

ALMA G. REINECKE.

Sioux Falls, S.D.

ALFRED A. KNOPF'S unbelievable statement that "the importance of the Middle West in American literature has been greatly exaggerated" is one that certainly demands an answer. Writers from the Middle West have kept most of the New York publishing houses in business for years. Without the Heartland (the least parochial section of the country), there would be no American literature. Where does Mr. Knopf think Hemingway came from? And Dos Passos? And Fitzgerald and Lewis? MacLeish and Van Doren are from Illinois, not Long Island. Dreiser came out of Terre Haute, not Westchester County. Where does he think Sandburg came from? And Hart Crane? And William Dean Howells and Mark Twain? From the Midlands, that's where. Even T. S. Eliot blew his first soap bubble out here in St. Louis, and Tennessee Williams grew up in the same city. And on and on. The names keep coming: Cather, James Jones, Langston Hughes, James Purdy. And they will keep coming out of the Middle West, out of this vast cradle, endlessly rocking (with talent).

D. P. ETTER.

Geneva, Ill.

Manners of Misspeaking

I CAN'T SAY whether John Ciardi's professor in his August 22 MANNER OF SPEAKING syll*abused* or syll*abized* his course, but I am sure Mr. Ciardi took the *roll* instead of the *role*.

B. E. TABARLET,
School of Education,
Louisiana Polytechnic Institute.

Ruston, La.

PARDON ME FOR PROTRUDING, but in R.L.T.'s editorial "The Presidents as Readers" [*SR*, Aug. 22], should it not have been said John F. Kennedy was a prodigious reader instead of a prolific one?

SILVANUS KINGSLEY.

Portland, Ore.

Whole Cloth?

CONGRESSMAN TAFT, judging from his remarks in "The Middle Ground of a Midwest Republican" [*SR*, Aug. 22], couldn't be further from an understanding of what he calls "the new cotton purchase subsidy program."

Item: Congressman Taft refers to "this money, paid to encourage the purchase and use of higher-priced American-produced cotton. . ."

"Where can I get in touch with you when I change my mind?"

Fact: Money was paid to the textile mills between the effective date of the Wheat-Cotton Bill—April 11—and July 31 to equalize the amounts paid for American cotton by American and foreign mills. Until then, an export subsidy permitted a cotton mill in Japan (for example) to buy Alabama cotton at 8½ cents a pound less than an American mill across the road from the cotton field. Since August 1, the equalizing payments have gone to a handler of the cotton in the merchandising channels ahead of the mill—in other words, the American mill and its Japanese competitor are now starting from scratch, at least in the cost of raw materials. As for encouraging the purchase of American-grown cotton by American mills, they already have the best encouragement in the world—imports of foreign raw cotton into the U.S. are restricted to an annual amount equal to about one day's consumption by American mills.

Item: According to Congressman Taft, "This money . . . can be used nevertheless for any company purpose, including the payment of dividends." The mill, we infer, can divert money from the purchase of cotton to the payment of dividends.

Fact: From April 11 to July 31 the mill didn't get a cent until it had actually bought a pound of cotton; then it got a "payment-in-kind" certificate that was convertible to cash. Since August 1 the textile industry has received no government money at all, but it is no longer paying all the cost of making cut-price cotton available to its foreign competitors.

GEORGE H. DOCKRAY,
Editor, *Textile Industries*.

Atlanta, Ga.

Talking with Red China

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF Felix Greene, but in my humble estimation, his book *A Curtain of Ignorance* illuminates his ignorance. I very much agree with the review by John M. Allison that appeared in the August 22 issue of *SR*.

I was privileged to live and travel in China from 1921 to 1938, and I feel a close kinship with the Chinese people. While one cannot know all the facts of what goes on behind the bamboo curtain, Robert Low's book *My Escape from Red China* presents some information about the atrocities committed on millions of Chinese by the Communists. . . .

While the Nationalist and Chiang governments were not perfect, they were making progress, and their task was difficult in bridging the gap between the warlords of the Twenties and the gradual changes and improvements they were bringing about until the interference of the Japanese. I traveled up, down, and across China in those years and saw the changes taking place.

My concern is how and when we are going to be able to communicate with the mass of Chinese people; have our own journalists and others been able to present the facts of what is going on in the world's largest country? Chinese Communism is hateful not only to its own people, but to the United States, which never had a concession in China and helped its people with education and other progress more than possibly any other country.

FREDERICK H. JEWELL.

Eastham, Mass.

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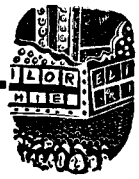


Beatles, Anyone?

IF THIS column is a bit late in getting around to filing its report on *A Hard Day's Night*, a new British comedy starring the Beatles, put it down to misguided indifference. The Beatles are, of course, England's most controversial export since tea, and in the normal course of events such phenomena are generally "packaged" in a sleazy, indifferently made exploitation picture that goes into hundreds of theaters simultaneously, on what is known as a saturation booking, so that the producers can get their money out of it before the public learns that it is being robbed. Since everything about *A Hard Day's Night*—posters, advertising, mass bookings—suggested just such a picture, I skipped the press screening. I was wrong. On the advice of friends and breaking the critics' protocol, I went to a local theater, bought a ticket, and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of my first exposure to John, Paul, George, and Ringo.

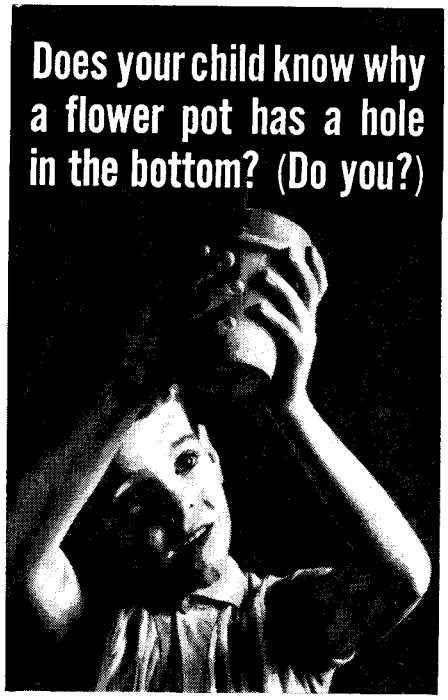
I am, I confess, still mystified at the intensity of the furore these four amiable young men have stirred in the breasts of teen-agers everywhere and suspect that some adroit press-agentry lies at the bottom of much of it. But far from being the guitar-strumming, cymbal-thwacking oafs who have walked the golden path explored by Elvis Presley, the Beatles—at least on the evidence of their first film—have a neat sense of knockabout comedy timing that places them somewhere between the three Marx Brothers and the Three Stooges. Their singing style may not be for all ears, but their fun at doing it is infectious. (Obviously, the kids who yell and shriek as they perform are not responding to the music, of which you can hear at most the first three bars, but to the *sight* of the Beatles knocking themselves out in happy unison.)

John, Paul, George, and Ringo, however, have small need of any belated approbation from me. Instead, it is their film I want to commend, and the quick-witted people who, putting it together on what was obviously a low budget, resisted the lure of the cheap (or Sam Katzman) technique. They have made a film, not an illustrated juke box. And the chances are that if it had starred anyone but the Beatles, and if it had come from France instead of England, it would have been hailed as a fascinating extension of the New Wave (which it is) and would have proceeded directly to long, albeit less profitable, runs in all the art houses.

Indeed, director Richard Lester has combined in a curious but effective fashion the swift, elliptical, intimate style of Godard's *Breathless* with the wild, free-ranging, almost free-association approach of Phillippe de Broca. The camera, nearly always hand-held, pokes in on seemingly random conversations; then, as the talk continues, wanders about the room (or train compartment, or TV studio), looking for objects of interest, glancing back at the boys occasionally just to see what they're up to. A studio session, with everything photographed under dazzling white lights, comes to look like an abstract movie. And there is one lovely sequence, after the boys have finished a performance, in which they rush out of the theater and, to the accompaniment of one of their recordings, run and prank and rough-house in an open field; it is as fresh and untrammeled as the frisking of young colts. The story, concocted by Alun Owen for the occasion, sustains this sense of improvisation, merely stringing together events that may have, or might have, happened to the Beatles in a two-day framework, throwing in a crotchety grandfather to move the plot along and seeing to it that each Beatle has his fair share of personal footage. By the time it is over, one feels he knows the boys—or at least hopes that they really are as unpretentious, fun-loving, and direct as their picture makes them out to be.

IF contrast is needed, Ross Hunter provides it in his showcasing of the talents of two American singing stars, Andy Williams and Robert Goulet. Like most of Hunter's productions, *I'd Rather Be Rich* is glossy on the outside, hollow on the inside, but this time with custard instead of whipped cream for the filling. For reasons best known to himself, Uncle Maurice Chevalier feigns a prolonged illness until Niece Sandra Dee can decide whom she wants to marry, the tenor or the baritone. The main difference seems to be that Goulet makes her toes curl when he kisses her, which Chevalier takes as a good sign. As this interminable nonsense progressed, my toes began to curl, too, but I found myself equally indifferent to Messrs. Williams, Goulet, and Chevalier—and Miss Dee as well, for that matter.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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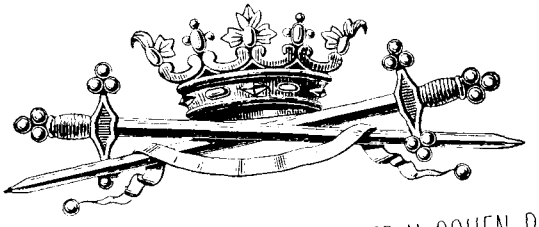

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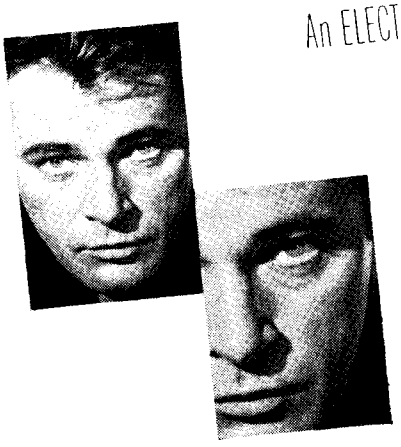

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Fun and Games in Atlantic City

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horace Sutton is on vacation. This week's special guest is Marc Connelly, playwright, actor and novelist.*

OUR national political conventions have been likened to festivals of the performing arts. This year's Republican doings in San Francisco's Cow Palace ran largely to the theater of the absurd—with, many critics felt, heavy accent on the macabre. In Atlantic City, the Democrats presented the second part of the quadrennial symposium in the form of a four-day hootenanny, winding up with a community sing—noisy, gay, wholehearted — and a fireworks finale, celebrating President Johnson's birthday and the high hopes of his party, which was visible from the Inlet to Ventnor and delighted hundreds of thousands of vacationers. Many Atlantic City businessmen, though, will remember the convention as something close to a disaster.

Atlantic City is unique among American communities. Its commercial health is determined by the number of visitors who spend hours promenading its principal thoroughfare, the Boardwalk; last year there were 9,000,000 of them. The hundreds of hotels facing the Boardwalk and the ocean range from the de luxe to the expensive third-rate and can't begin to house the city's normal tourist trade. On the side streets there are thousands of other hostelries: excellent, modern motels, expensive and inexpensive boarding houses, cottage residences with rooms to rent, and flea bags. Optimistic residents expected an inundation of visitors when the Democrats arrived and thought all records for profits would be broken. Instead, receipts fell to a new low.

"They talked too much about the crowds the convention would bring," wailed the owner of a Boardwalk sandwich shop. "They scared away the business we always expect this time of year. If there's a slack earlier in the season, the two weeks before Labor Day make up for it. There's never an empty bed available, and my average day's business runs between $1,800 and $2,000. This week on the Boardwalk, hotels are filling their rooms. The off-Boardwalk places are half-empty. It's been murder. They say Hurricane Cleo is on its way. After what we've been through, it'll be a pleasure."

In July, San Francisco, which always votes against them, offered warm hospitality to the Republicans. Atlantic City, which always goes Republican, did its best to receive the Democrats cordially. In all but one area "Welcome Democrats!" signs could be seen everywhere you turned. In the suburban community of Brigantine, however, parochial dislike manifested itself forcefully. There, Democrat is a dirty word. Brigantine's residents reluctantly agreed to display signs reading "Welcome Delegates," but said they'd be damned if they'd go any further. No printed greetings were shown.

TO offset the impact on voters of the impending Democratic publicity, the Republicans in Atlantic City put up the biggest political advertisement visible during the convention: an enormous sign stretching out to sea and almost covering one side of the Million Dollar Pier. Against a deep blue background, one saw the left side of Barry Goldwater's head—in San Francisco his lieutenants asked press photographers to focus only on that side—looking sternly at the ocean. A single line of copy read: "In your heart you know he's right!" It was suggested that the sign be augmented by another reading: "George Washington and your Mother would want you to vote for him!" But the Goldwater opinion-molders felt the first appeal to the heart was sufficiently persuasive. Groups of young fans of the Senator did a little demonstrating in front of the Convention Hall and, in a clash with protesting young Democrats, punches were exchanged. For a time, the New Jersey State Police had their hands full. On the whole, picket lines in Atlantic City were negligible compared with the twenty-four-hour-a-day picketing in San Francisco.

The only outdoor advertising the Democrats got was unofficial. It was to be seen on a parking lot at Alabama and Pacific Avenues, a couple of blocks from the Convention Hall. The Republican platform's courteous treatment of hatemongers prompted a civil rights group to put on display the metal framework of an automobile, two authentic Ku Klux Klan crosses, one partially burned, and a church bell. All had been smuggled out of Mississippi in a covered truck. The chassis was the charred remains of a car into which Klansmen tossed a fire bomb in Mileston, Mississippi, the night of July 28. The Klansmen believed the driver, a vote registration worker, was dozing inside it at the time. Luckily, he was sleeping, unnoticed, in a church across the street. The bell was from the little Negro church in Philadelphia,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"U" IS FOR UNIQUE

The most versatile vowel in the English language is not its most popular, but it is the only one that can follow immediately every other letter in the alphabet (including itself) to form commonly accepted words. Miriam O. Rappaport of Santa Cruz, California, presents the skeletal words below and asks that you fill in the blank spaces to conform with the accompanying definitions. Answers on page 75.

1. _ _ A U _ _ _	laden	14. _ N U _ _ _ _ _ _	proclaim
2. _ B U _ _ _ _ _	plentiful	15. _ O U _ _	tilt
3. _ C U _ _ _ _ _ _ _	world-wide	16. _ _ P U _ _ _	putative
4. _ _ D U _ _ _ _	diligent	17. _ _ Q U _ _	exculpate
5. _ _ _ _ _ _ E U _ _ _	interpretive	18. _ _ R U _ _ _ _	azure
6. _ _ F U _ _ _ _ _	radiant	19. _ _ _ S U _ _	pause
7. _ G U _ _ _	lizard	20. _ _ _ T U _ _ _ _	insolence
8. _ H U _ _ _ _ _	sullen	21. _ _ _ _ _ U U _	leftover
9. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ I U _	summary	22. _ _ V U _ _ _	disclose
10. _ _ J U _ _	insipid	23. _ W U _ _	oscillated
11. _ K U _ _	lurk	24. _ X U _ _ _ _ _ _	overflowing
12. _ _ L U _ _ _	defamation	25. _ _ Y U _ _	Indian pony
13. _ _ M U _ _	stupefy	26. _ _ _ Z U _ _	spasm

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Mississippi, whose destruction was being investigated by three freedom workers shortly before they were murdered. All day long, crowds gathered about the exhibit. Judging by their sympathetic comments, its wordless arguments were as persuasive as the admonition on the Goldwater sign.

The Boardwalk's permanent carnival air hasn't altered much since I last saw it thirty years ago. In fact, its appearance is almost exactly as I remember it at the beginning of the century. I looked in vain for the establishment of Cheiro, the astrologer. When I was nine, I felt he was addressing me personally with those big placards at the entrance saying: "Your horoscope is now ready!" I thought a horoscope was something you rode. Cheiro is gone, but hundreds of other dealers in the occult are there to assure you a rosy future by observing the stars, reading your palm, or tea leaves, or gypsy cards. You can also find encouragement from phrenologists and plain, old-fashioned second-sight experts. Out on the Steel Pier a motherly, gray-haired woman sits under a dazzling banner proclaiming her to be The World's Fastest Mind Reader. The pier offers a goodly number of long-established appeals to diversion-hunters. A descendant of the diving horse of yesteryear plunges several times a day; a flagpole sitter is after a new endurance record; smocked and bearded sketch-artists are busy as ever making portraits; fortune-telling birds offer you cards; glass-blowers will make you anything from an ash tray to a full-rigged ship; and if you like hot buttered corn on the cob, it's waiting for you. But now you pay a quarter instead of the nickel, for a much smaller ear than the one you got sixty years ago.

ON the Boardwalk the time-honored rolling chairs, many now motorized, take you slowly past the ancient auction rooms, crammed as of yore with inexhaustible stocks of bric-a-brac, rugs, and paintings; the salt-water taffy—"cut to fit your teeth"—and frozen custard shops, one about every hundred feet; the miniature golf links and the skee-ball parlors. There are emporia filled with old catch-penny gadgets: pinball machines, nameplate stampers, midget bowling alleys, shooting galleries, hoop-tossing booths, and paddle wheels. But the names of many of them are sickening innovations. I think "Frood," England's latest contribution to modern verbiage—it is a trade name for frozen food—is the most nauseating one I know, but Atlantic City has several runners-up. Along the Boardwalk one is invited to enter Funoramas, Funcades, and Snacketerias, where you can play pokerino and eat subs. I didn't investigate subs. I'm told they are some kind of sandwich.

Lavish private entertaining during the Democratic convention was not so widespread as it was in San Francisco. If the delegates and other distinguished visitors there had accepted even a fraction of their invitations, the Cow Palace would have been half empty most of the time. To offset the scarcity of hostesses in Atlantic City, Mrs. Perle Mesta moved her Washington ménage to a rented mansion and made up deficiency with good measure. She gave four buffet suppers with 200 guests at each, a couple of equally large luncheons, and a supper dance that strained the capacity of the Hotel Claridge's big ballroom and lasted till dawn. The streets in the neighborhood of the Convention Hall are narrow. From Monday night, when the sessions began, until the final one, keeping automobiles, jitneys, and pedestrians moving required Herculean efforts by the traffic authorities. Mrs. Mesta's house was two and a half miles away. She made the quick transportation of her guests a simple matter by chartering small buses with intrepid drivers. Escorted by motorcycle cops, their sirens wailing, the buses went through red lights and managed to weave through sidling vehicles at breath-taking speed. The writer had hell scared out of him during the single trip he made, and the driver, equally inexperienced in ambulance and fire-truck techniques, confessed he would have preferred working elsewhere. We were halted only once, by momentary congestion ahead.

"How do you keep on four wheels?" I asked with awesome respect.

"Don't ask. This is my fourth trip in twenty-five minutes. I've a wife and two children and a third is on the way. If I'd known what I was expected to do—Oh, God, he's found another opening!"

The Mesta buses had "Perle's Party Line" painted on their sides and were permitted to discharge their passengers at the foot of a ramp in the Convention Hall basement, which led to escalators

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moving to the auditorium floor. Those approaching the hall on foot faced a major struggle to get in. In San Francisco, the gates that admitted news media personnel were apart from the Cow Palace itself. One day the fire marshall there learned that thousands of counterfeit guest tickets were being presented at the main gate. Inspired to a master stroke of ineptitude, he barred all television, radio, and newsprint workers from going to their posts in the press section, perhaps believing official work credentials were fake, too. There were no counterfeit tickets in Atlantic City, at least none reported. Nevertheless, making one's way through the churning mobs in front of the entrances was a fight for survival.

Once inside, newsmen found the accommodations much more satisfactory than those in the Cow Palace, partly because of the Convention Hall's immensity. The floor space in the auditorium is often used as a football field. It is so high that Lou-the-Toe Groza, champion kicker of the Cleveland Browns, tried in vain for three days to touch the ceiling with a punt.

Surprisingly, a view of the speakers' platform was denied the delegates from many states. In the Cow Palace a lone tower mounted with television-pool cameras rose from the center of the convention hall floor. Others were at the sides, and the seats were so placed that the speakers could be seen by all. In Atlantic City three television platforms rose like a mountain chain, cutting off a rostrum even loftier than the one in the Cow Palace. To compensate for the blocked view, television monitors were placed shoulder-high on the towers, but as someone was always moving or standing in front of them, they were of little value. The baffled Democratic delegates cheerfully accepted the situation. Those from Utah, wearing, to a man, bow ties made of mink fur, played with a queen-size beehive with a vent at the top, through which a pipe sent up carbon dioxide smoke whenever speakers could be heard making salient points. The Arizona delegation also made light of their deprivation. Samuel P. Goddard, Jr., the state's present nominee for governor, said: "Some of us wanted to get scaling ladders and plant the flag of Arizona on the one in front of us, but cooler heads prevailed. When the noise in the hall prevents us from hearing the speeches, too, we just discuss what we're going to do to Goldwater."

The nine-man delegation from Guam, making its first appearance at a Presidential convention, found themselves in a choice location. I asked one of them how it happened.

"I guess," he said with a grin, "they just didn't dare trifle with our power."

—Marc Connelly.

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What Price "Theater"?

SARASOTA, FLORIDA.

IN THIS inflationary age, when economic exigencies are causing theaters to be built larger and actors to play bigger, it is a pleasant, atavistic surprise to visit the Asolo Theater Comedy Festival. Here, in Venetian-style surroundings bequeathed to Florida by the late John Ringling, stands a theater originally built in Asolo, Italy, in 1798 and brought to Sarasota a dozen years ago. While its Baroque trappings are of museum-going interest, its value to theatergoers is its small size (290 seats) and its opera-house U-shape, in which three tiers of boxes provide a live panel of spectators for the actor to face. And fortunately, under the determined leadership of Florida State University director Richard G. Fallon, the stage is being used by a company of well-trained young actors who are in between the acquisition of acting skills and the gaining of professional reputations.

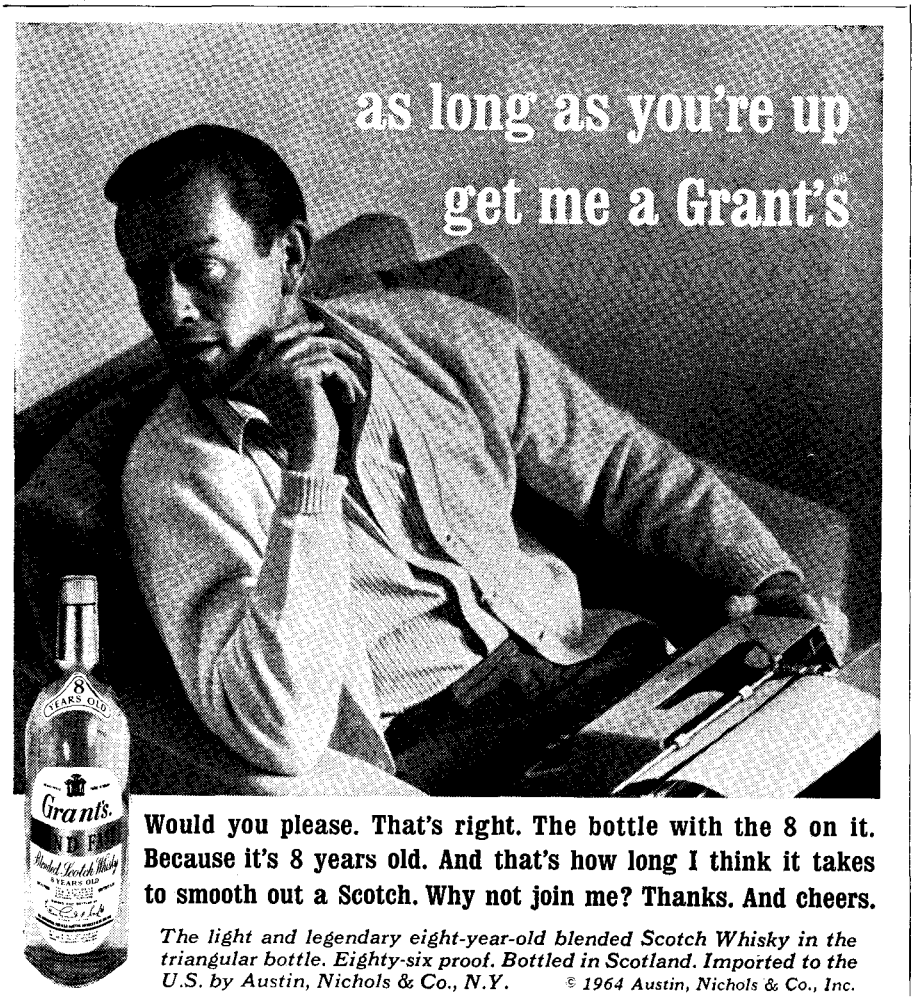
This is an excellent formula, both for the actors and directors who work on small fellowships and for the high-quality audience that would not be possible were the theater much larger. Of course, most important of all is the intimate and subtle playing that is made possible by the distance of twelve rows, at most, from stage to spectator. Under these conditions the performances of this summer's four-play repertory have been enthusiastically received here. And deservedly so. For while this writer missed the most highly acclaimed portrayal of all, Paul Weidner's Argan in Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*, director Robert Strane's happily unstrained production of *Twelfth Night* showed the company's skill to advantage. In the latter, Mr. Weidner as Aguecheek and Eberle Thomas as Malvolio gave more genuine and therefore more truly funny performances than almost any within recent memory, and Polly Holliday's forthright plain-girlishness blessed the role of Viola. Similarly *The Lady's Not for Burning* and *The School for Scandal* were skilfully rendered. Occasionally the young actors, who tended to depend a bit too much on whom they were playing rather than on what, didn't completely avoid the temptation of getting out and pushing when they should have been trusting their vehicle. But this failing is common to most professional presentations of period plays.

On the whole, the Asolo Theater operation, which should improve markedly as it corrects a too noisy air-conditioning installation, seems highly satisfactory, both as a transitional training ground and as a supplier of entertaining, literate theater to alert and responsive audiences. Furthermore, the community here seems unusually appreciative, and eager to contribute whatever subsidy will be required to insure the sustaining of quality in Sarasota's charming and intimate playhouse.

LET us hope so. For when one compares the work at the Asolo with some of the larger repertory-theater operations in this country, one thing becomes clear: if the public wants that quality of "theater" which tends to diminish in proportion to the distance from the stage to the last row of seats, there must be subsidy. Just as governments and patrons now make funds available in order that all may enjoy the genuine experience of symphony, ballet, or operatic presentations of classic repertories, so should they for "theater."

To be sure, some of the festival theaters have found formulas whereby they can pay for themselves at the box office (as indeed did this season's Asolo Festival). But these formulas have called either for theaters so large as to transform plays into spectacles, or for wages so small as to demand from the artist a brutal and unfair financial sacrifice.

The amount of subsidy a theater repertory company should expect to receive annually needs to be established. Abroad, some companies receive as much as 50 per cent of their total operating budget from the government. This country's principal source of theater subsidy to date, the Ford Foundation, has followed an industrially sound but esthetically arguable practice of making grants only when it feels that they will help the receiving organization to become self-sustaining. The period in which self-sustaining status is reached has, in the case of Houston's Alley Theater and Oklahoma City's Mummer's Theater been extended to ten years, but eventually local wealth and local Arts Councils (possibly aided by some federal funds) must keep up their own garden. For only with subsidy, comparable to that now given to libraries and museums, can our theater hope to avoid the impending economic necessity of turning everything into loud spectacle and mindless laughter. —HENRY HEWES.



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Books

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SAUL BELLOW begins his new novel, *Herzog* (Viking, $5.75), with this sentence: "If I am out of my mind, it's all right with me, thought Moses Herzog." The book continues:

> Some people thought he was cracked and for a time he himself had doubted that he was all there. But now, though he still behaved oddly, he felt confident, cheerful, clairvoyant, and strong. He had fallen under a spell and was writing letters to everyone under the sun. He was so stirred by these letters that from the end of June he moved from place to place with a valise full of papers. He had carried this valise from New York to Martha's Vineyard but returned from the Vineyard immediately; two days later he flew to Chicago, and from Chicago he went to a village in western Massachusetts. Hidden in the country, he wrote endlessly, fanatically, to the newspapers, to people in public life, to friends and relatives and at last to the dead, his own obscure dead, and finally the famous dead.

Herzog, now in his late forties, has been a student and teacher and has written two scholarly and well-received books, but he has come to an impasse. He has been twice married, and both marriages have collapsed, the first through his fault, the second, he believes, through his wife's. When we meet him, he is, as Bellow's characters are likely to be, at the end of his rope. "Late in spring Herzog had been overcome by the need to explain, to have it out, to justify, to put in perspective, to clarify, to make amends."

Through the writing of letters, most of which are never sent, he carries on the process of self-analysis that seems to him so important. His letters reveal the operations of a brilliant and well-stocked but at the moment erratic mind. Herzog knows the answers that the great thinkers have given to the problems of man and the universe, and he knows that he has to find his own answers. The letters are a device that could have been abysmally dull, but, as Bellow has handled them, they are lively, sometimes profound, and always revelatory. We know with remarkable clarity what is going on in Herzog's psyche.

Herzog is often reminded of events in his past, and in flashbacks the reader gets an account of the recent weeks, the weeks of crisis, and sees something of the earlier years. Herzog deserted his first wife, Daisy, to marry Madeleine, and it was at the latter's urging that he bought an old mansion in the Berkshires and spent in renovating it a small fortune inherited from his father. The marriage was a mess, and Madeleine left him, taking their child. Since the divorce he has been having an affair with a young woman in New York City but has avoided matrimony.

Although the story comes out in fragments, which are not always in chronological order, so that we have to piece it together, we come to know what Herzog's life has been like and what has led to the present crisis. We see something of his family, and we have a detailed account of his miserable life with Madeleine. After each glimpse of the past, Herzog returns to the letters, in which he expresses the constant turmoil of his mind.

Herzog goes to Chicago to see his daughter, and it is arranged for him to have an afternoon with her. Everything seems to be going well when he has a minor automobile accident. Because he is carrying a revolver—this is carefully explained—he is held by the police. Madeleine, more vicious than usual, comes for the child. On the way to the police station, he continues his meditations: "But what is the philosophy of this generation? Not God is dead, that point was passed long ago. Perhaps it should be stated Death is God. This generation thinks—and this is its thought of thoughts—that nothing faithful, vulnerable, fragile can be durable or have any true power." He continues: "Perhaps what had made him faint was not the accident but the premonition of such thoughts. Nausea was only apprehension, excitement, the unbearable intensity of these ideas."

He returns to the Berkshires and settles into his long-abandoned mansion. He repeats the book's first line, "But if I am out of my mind, it's all right with me." Now, however, we know that he is not out of his mind, and we also understand why he is in a state of crisis. During the next few days he writes letters more furiously than ever, and begins to achieve some sort of stability. He writes to God: "How my mind has struggled to make coherent sense. I have not been too good at it. But I have desired to do your unknowable will, taking it, and you, without symbols. Everything of intensest significance. Especially if divested of me." Although he knows that

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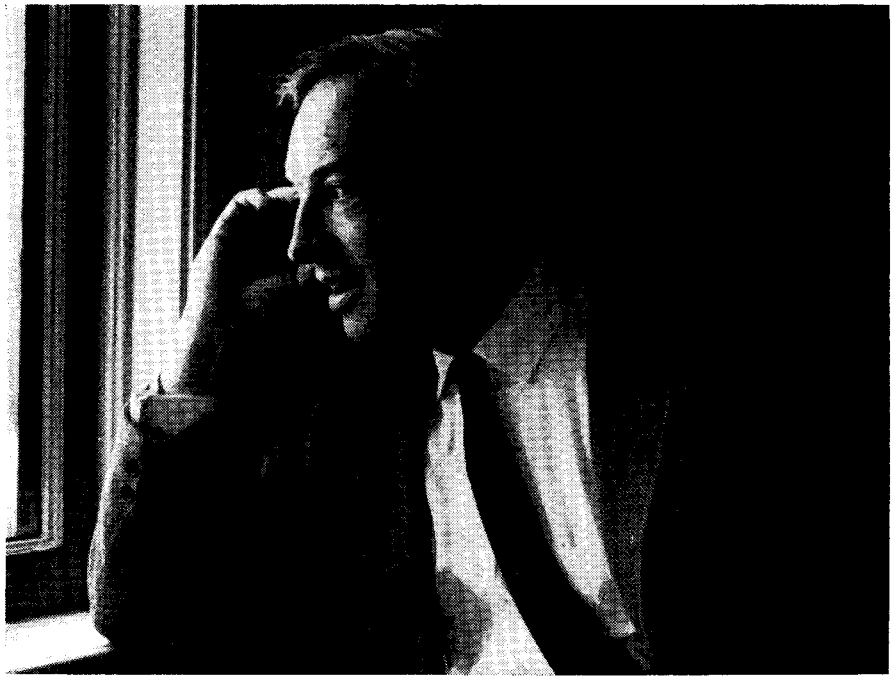
"the bitter cup would come round again, by and by," in the present he has found joy.

In Bellow's fine novelette *Seize the Day*, the central character, a slob of the first order, who hates but cannot change his nature, has a kind of mystical experience which convinces him that change is possible. Henderson, in *Henderson the Rain King*, is redeemed by the fantastic rites of King Dahfu. Herzog, on the other hand, seeks salvation by way of the intellect. He is aware that his problems are not new, and he knows what other men have made of them. (He refers to Nietzsche, Whitehead, Buber, Freud, Hobbes, and many others.) He is a man of ideas, though he is also a man of powerful emotions. He is driven, just as Wilhelm and Henderson are, but he is not driven blindly, as they are.

Herzog is not an easy novel to read; in fact, it is almost as difficult as Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*, which in some ways it resembles. It is a challenge to the reader—which is by no means a bad thing. If the reader gives himself to the book, it is an exciting experience, because Bellow has so successfully dramatized his hero's philosophical quest. At one point he speaks of "the daily comedy of Moses F. Herzog," and it is true that Moses, like most of Bellow's heroes, is something of a clown, but he is also a tremendously serious man. He is full of contradictions, and it is by showing him in all his complexity that Bellow gives him life. That he has many qualities and experiences in common with his creator is obvious enough, but he is a creation, an individual in his own right. A novel that is certain to be talked about and written about for a long time to come, *Herzog* re-enforces my conviction that Bellow is the leading figure in American fiction today. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Author: In the weeks preceding the publication of *Herzog*, a novel that many observers feel will dramatically enhance Saul Bellow's reputation, the forty-nine-year-old writer was spending his working days at the Belasco Theater in New York, where his play *The Last Analysis* is in rehearsal. (Subject to the usual hazards of the trade, it will open on Broadway September 29th.) At a time when his career seems to be moving towards a stunning climax, Bellow appears remarkably calm, modest, yet quietly self-assured. A man of medium height and build, he has doleful, heavy-lidded eyes, a theatrically chiseled nose, graying hair, and a kind of tired, battered good looks. Like Herzog, he has the brooding air of a man who has been through a lot.

His colleagues at the Belasco Theater consider him an entirely admirable freak—a writer without temperament who equably submits to cuts. In a rumpled summer suit, he sits quietly on stage, introducing an element of sobriety and intellectual detachment into what is normally an ego-ridden madhouse. Among the performers, many of whom had never heard of him, there is the beginning of a Bellow cult, with copies of his five earlier novels making the rounds. Sam Levene, an actor known on occasion to be difficult, has been surprisingly placid—a happy state attributed in part to the awe he feels for Mr. Bellow, whom he calls "The Scholar."



—*Jeff Lowenthal.*

Saul Bellow: "Every writer borrows what he needs from himself."

For Saul Bellow, his theatrical adventure is a fascinating immersion in a new *milieu*. "When I'm at my typewriter," he explained, "I'm a law unto myself, but here I have to share my authority. It sometimes comes hard. Humanly speaking, though, it's nice to come out of my room, to break out of the anchorite's existence."

His excursion into playwriting came as a result of prodding from Lillian Hellman, who felt that the dialogue of his novels would be effective on stage. She proposed that they adapt together an earlier novel, *Seize the Day* (1956), but, as Bellow explained, "I don't like to fool around with something I've already done." Miss Hellman became otherwise occupied, and Mr. Bellow worked intermittently on this play for four years. After doing a reading in Greenwich Village of an early draft, he found himself in "a terrible theatrical fever."

"I'm beginning to be accepted by the performers," he remarked. "But then I'm hard to rebuff; I have a high tolerance. Of course, they sometimes strike me as being a little absurd about their prerogatives. I find it all a little feudal." When someone mentioned comedian Tom Poston to him, Bellow asked in genuine perplexity: "Who? The postman?" It turned out he had never heard of that actor. And in discussing *The Last Analysis* Bellow was far more the intellectual concerned with ideas than the playwright interested in theatrical ploys.

The play deals with an aging vaudevillian who also dabbles in psychoanalysis, and it is at once a farce—full of antic bits—and a serious commentary on American life. "*The Last Analysis*," Bellow explained, "is a satire on intellectual solemnity, on the metaphors that capture the imagination. I dread the power of metaphor. You get a fix on some particular explanation, and you can be struck by the relevance of that explanation to everything that comes along. As a writer, of course, I know very intimately the power of metaphors. And I take Freud to be a system of metaphors —nothing more. That doesn't mean that metaphors don't have profundity. But does anyone have the right to be fanatical about them?"

Bellow was understandably skittish about discussing the sources of *Herzog*, which concerns the travails of a cultivated but tormented man. "Every writer borrows what he needs from himself," he explained. Readers will inevitably try to match the pieces of the novel with Bellow's own life. "I consider *Herzog* a break from victim literature," he said. "As one of the chieftains of that school, I have the right to say this." (He was

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alluding to his first two novels, *Dangling Man* [1944] and *The Victim* [1947].) "Victim literature purports to show the impotence of the ordinary man. In writing *Herzog* I felt that I was completing a certain development, coming to the end of a literary sensibility. This sensibility implies a certain attitude towards civilization—anomaly, estrangement, the outsider, the collapse of humanism. What I'm against is a novel of purely literary derivation—accepting the canon of Joyce and Kafka. With Dostoevsky, at least, his eyes are turned freshly to the human scene. This view of life as literature is the modern disease—a French infection. Inevitably, it puts all hope into the performance, into virtuosity."

How about his own virtuosity in *The Adventures of Augie March* (1954)? "In *Augie March*," Bellow remarked, "I discovered rhetoric, but I didn't have it under control. I decided that I would let it be experimental. This would be my revolt against classical form."

Certainly *Herzog* was written with almost fanatic care. It went through fifteen versions ("I kept turning it around like a prayer wheel"), and publication was delayed a number of times. Even at the very end the author was pinning new pages to the galleys and interpolating sentences. However, there is a stir of excitement about its publication that may well presage a new phase in the novelist's career. (A second printing has already been ordered, and it is a Literary Guild selection.) In some quarters there is talk that Bellow is now the greatest living American writer, the legitimate heir of Faulkner and Hemingway.

The prospect of renewed success pleases Bellow, but "one has to choose," he said, "between being a writer and playing the social role." He went through the "celebrity bit" with *Augie March* and is determined not to renegotiate that barren terrain. Accordingly, he lives in Chicago, with his wife and five-month-old baby, far from "the cliquishness and bloodletting of New York literary life—there's no strength or passion to be gotten there."

He teaches at the University of Chicago in the Committee of Social Thought, a special graduate program, which includes such distinguished thinkers as Hannah Arendt and Edward Shils. Bellow likes to teach ("I get as much as I give") but reserves his mornings for writing and keeps aloof from committee assignments and other forms of academic boondoggling.

His friends talk about his warmth and humor, his gifts as a raconteur, his affinity for nature so unexpected in an urban intellectual. (He lived for a number of years in a country house near Bard College, where he did much of

(Continued on page 77)

Copyrighting Writing on the Wall

THE PRESENT United States copyright law was enacted in 1909, long before the electronic revolution, and barely in time to cover the burgeoning movie industry. For the past several years it has been in a state of revision (as well as confusion), and Congress will be asked to approve a new copyright act sometime this fall, or early next year. Senator John McClellan has introduced a bill to this end. It is presently in the Judiciary Committee, which is receiving testimony and position statements from publishers, book manufacturers, the Authors League, and various teachers' associations. Although nobody is entirely happy with the proposed new law, everyone agrees that the present law needs revising.

The significance of the changes to the publishing industry is enormous; but they are of even greater consequence to the consumer of the written (and spoken) word, particularly in the field of education. The core of these changes involves the extension of copyright, by statute, to the vast, ill-defined area of electronic (as opposed to mechanical) reproduction—television, film slides, computer print-outs, and xerography.

Xerography, for those who haven't guessed, is the process by which copies of *Hiawatha* can be produced speedily and inexpensively by a classroom teacher, thereby eliminating the necessity for each student to own a copy of the book in which it appears. Computerized knowledge, especially of the reference variety, likewise threatens to diminish the need for multiple copies of published encyclopedias and textbooks. For works still in copyright, any electronic method of reproduction makes possible, under certain circumstances, the avoidance of royalty payments; in substance, it allows one book, or set of books, to do the work of several. The copyright law, therefore, is contending with a radically new technology for disseminating knowledge, and it is this revolution that has sounded the alarm in publishing.

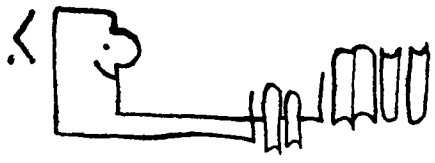
A demonstration of how this might work in practice can be seen at the American Library Association exhibit in the United States pavilion at the World's Fair. Here, the ALA has teamed up with the Encyclopedia Britannica and Sperry Rand to furnish visitors with reading lists or brief essays on any one of seventy-five subjects suggested by the U.S. exhibit. Questions are "asked" of the 490 Univac computer system, and in four seconds a printed answer is supplied to the interrogator.

A much more challenging demonstration of the possibilities inherent in this process was on view at the Seattle World's Fair in 1962, in "Library 21," which projected the storage and retrieval technique into the next century. (When I asked an official of one of the cooperating groups why the show was not repeated in New York, he said simply that space was too expensive.) Visitors to the exhibit will recall being carried to the top of the hall by a "Cloudolator" and thence decanted into a cloud nebula, in which suspended displays previewed everything that was shown full-size in the lower exhibit area. Thus oriented, the visitor came down out of the clouds to a startling future.

As visualized by the ALA, the typical large library, *circa* 2064, will employ an electronic computer which will have all its literary information indexed and cross-indexed in memory units. The borrower may well find the book he wants on microfilm—a technique already widely used in storing newspapers. But there is this difference: a copy of the book—or magazine article—will be printed from the film negative, either at the library or, by means of a copying machine, at the reader's home. If the microfilm is not carried by the local library, a computer will reveal this information and also disclose just where it may be found.

This might be one of several regional "core" libraries, possibly in Munich, Tokyo, or Buenos Aires, in which case the computer also "queries" the proper source, orders a "relay" of the book or article, and receives it through a signal bounced off a satellite. Once again, the "print-out" can be made in the local library or in the home of the original patron. "The entire process," a brochure distributed by the Xerox Corporation pointed out, "would have required less than a minute."

In the new vocabulary of the computer age, this is known as "data location and retrieval," and it is automating the information business at a spectacular



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pace. A history center at "Library 21," for example, reproduced photographs of original events in response to a given date; local, national, and international maps and charts were furnished by means of a microform facsimile appearing on a TV screen, which at the press of a button supplied a printed copy. To obtain a personalized reading list, visitors in another section of the exhibit simply filled out a form giving their reading preferences, age, sex, and education. In a few seconds, the Univac computer produced a "custom bibliography."

It also provided an "electronic Syntopicon" of "instant wisdom," consisting of passages ranging from the plays of Euripides to the works of Freud. Sperry Rand furnished the computer and the Encyclopedia Britannica the wisdom, which, in turn, was taken from Mortimer Adler's "Great Books of the Western World." These were compressed into six reels of magnetic tape. Visitors could interrogate the computer on a variety of topics, the answers to which were printed out at a rate of 600 lines per minute. There was only one drawback: if you asked a silly question, you got a sensible answer.

It is easy to laugh off the gimmicky nature of some of these exhibits, but the implications of the show were not so funny—not to publishers, at any rate. It is too bad, also, that an idea first demonstrated in 1962 and intended for widespread acceptance sometime in the next century could not have lasted until 1964; but regardless of this unfortunate lapse the handwriting, as authors, publishers, printers, and educators see it, is already on the wall. Indeed, that is the gist of the problem: thanks to film slides, computer-projected charts, and educational TV, the writing is on the wall rather than on the printed page.

"To the extent that the user seeking information from the machine calls upon the results of such programing he is using the machine as a substitute for the book. . . ," The American Book Publishers Institute declared in a statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee. "Only if the user ultimately (upon recommendation by the machine) calls upon the retrieval of the basic book or document or a page thereof is there a 'copying' or 'reproduction.' The inescapable point of these processes is that they are designed to substitute for books and to make multiple copies of books unnecessary."

The long-range implications of this development to authors, who depend upon per-copy royalties, to the printer, and, of course, to both the retail bookseller and publisher are obvious. What they would like to do about the problem will be discussed in a later report.

—David Dempsey.

ON THE FRINGE

Spk, He Bggd

On October 14, the first winner of the $10,000 Delta Prize Novel Award—$5,000 as an outright grant, $5,000 as an advance against royalties—will be published in hard cover (Delacorte Press $3.95) and paperback (Delta, $1.55). The winner, *Drive, He Said,* by Jeremy Larner, was selected by Mary McCarthy, Leslie Fiedler, and Walter van Tilburg Clark.

Jeremy Larner – age twenty-seven, height 6'3" topped by black, black hair—calls to mind, at first glance, a snapping turtle disguised as Abraham Lincoln. This impression only works when he is standing up. When most of him is folded under a table and hidden in the shadows of a New York cocktail lounge, it is the piercing eyes that dominate. I kept trying to look at him from odd angles to figure out if he had somehow managed to have his eyeballs honed.

The title for his prize-winning novel comes from a poem by Robert Creeley:

> As I sd to my
> friend, because I am
> always talking,—John, I
>
> sd, which was not his
> name, the darkness sur-
> rounds us, what
>
> can we do against
> it, or else, shall we &
> why not, buy a goddamn big car,
>
> drive, he sd, for
> christ's sake, look
> out where yr going.

"It says more about me and my book than anything I might manage to tell you," Mr. Larner said.

"Why don't we begin with the title," I suggested. "Tell me what it means."

The honed eyes sighted on me. "It can mean a lot of things. What does *Tender Is the Night* mean?"

I sidestepped that invitation to a detour. "Well, then suppose you tell me what your book is about."

"It's about violence and destruction," he said quickly, and suddenly there was a transformation. The honed eyes, if they really were, lost their edge and turned warm. "That's the one question I anticipated," he said, smiling for the first time. "I'm just a little hostile, I guess. Typically, I'm set for people not to dig.

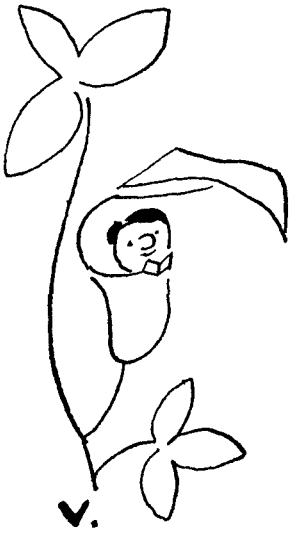
"In the book I'm saying that I care that I'm living in a world where most of the things people do are useless. To themselves and to each other. Games. The novel comes from a personal vision, and that's rough because you wonder if it relates to anyone else or if it's your own private insanity. I hope not, because I want people to be disturbed by the book.

"Most novel writing today is rather precious. It doesn't give emotion. I, as a writer I mean, strongly resist the intellectualized novel—like Phillip Roth, who writes about his little friends in graduate school—which in this day and age turns out to be a simple novel. I prefer to write in the tradition of the American novel, a tradition of action and passions, like *Huck Finn* and *Moby Dick.*

"My old paperback copy of *The Great Gatsby* is 192 pages. When I read in the Dell catalogue that *Drive, He Said* is also 192 pages, I was pleased at the coincidence, for the two books are very much in the same—ignored—tradition.

"The day I won the prize, I wasn't as happy as people expected me to be. It caught me leaning the wrong way—braced against ignominy. Then the door opened and I fell flat on my face. The book had been turned down at other houses because it is noncommercial. It was our wedding anniversary, Valentine's Day, and I didn't even know it was—our anniversary, I mean. Anyway, when we learned about the prize, my wife and I went to a splashy French restaurant and had champagne. That's all."

Not quite all. An interesting sidelight on the Delta Prize-winner is that the author rewrote his novel after he had entered it in the contest and before it



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copped the prize. Though it pleased the McCarthy-Fiedler-van Tilburg Clark triumvirate, it obviously still did not please Mr. Larner, who proceeded to rewrite the first half and last chapter of his $10,000 baby.

"There's another book coming out this year. Grove Press, December 7, under the title *The Addict in the Street*. It contains first-person interviews with heroin addicts tape-recorded by a social worker at the Henry Street Settlement House on the Lower East Side. My contribution was to make a book of these interviews. This involved screening a hundred hours of tape, transcribing and editing the interviews I selected, and writing the introduction. My research consisted of talking to people around Henry Street and elsewhere—and reading. I spent last summer transcribing with my fingers on the typewriter keys and my bare toes working the tape recorder.

"Now, I'm working on another novel. *Drive* is very subjective. I'm interested in a longer novel now, something more expansive and more objective, more leisurely in pace. It will be about a Lonely Masturbator – in the broadest sense."

The gloom that is supposed to make cocktail lounges attractive had deepened. The bar crowd had thinned to only those who had nowhere else to go. Left behind was a tall young man who had somewhere lost his Lincoln-turtle look. "You know what I'd really rather be? A trumpet player. Writing's lonely and I don't like being lonely. I'd rather be Louis Armstrong. That's instant genius!"

During an election year every fact no matter how insignificant becomes significant. Therefore, I pass on this significantly insignificant fact to any political students in the audience. At a recent meeting of the Children's Book Council at New York City's Hotel Shelburne, one member on the way in noted that the hotel was also playing host to a Goldwater for President group—in the Satire Room.

The new Bruce Jay Friedman novel, *A Mother's Kisses*, boasts one of the most striking jackets I have seen in ages. It is simply the sepia-washed photograph of a little boy sitting on a shetland pony in front of a brick building stoop. The blond face is smiling through the red grease of a woman's lip prints. In order to find out who the nonfiction boy is, I called the jacket designer, Lawrence Ratzkin. "It's me at the age of five in the Bronx. A street photographer came around with the pony. The lips belong to my wife. If you're going to write this up, please say that the picture is 'From the collection of my mother.'"

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

GOP Candidate's Position Papers

Senator Goldwater—"on the attack."

***Where I Stand,** by Senator Barry Goldwater (McGraw-Hill 126 pp. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, 75¢), clarifies in a collection of speeches and position papers the Republican nominee's stance on foreign policy, national defense, and other controversial issues. Roscoe Drummond is a syndicated Washington columnist for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

THERE are four good reasons for reading Senator Goldwater's *Where I Stand*:

If you have already decided to vote for him, his latest book will undoubtedly fortify your convictions.

If you have already decided to vote against him, his book will undoubtedly give you additional reasons.

If you have not made up your mind, *Where I Stand* will help you do so.

If Mr. Goldwater is to be the next President of the United States, we all should have as clear an idea as possible as to where he is headed.

Where I Stand is not a coherent exposition of a Goldwater program. It is a collection of speeches and position papers in which the Senator sets out some of his thinking on foreign policy, on defense, on the role of the federal government in the economy, and on why he voted against the limited test ban treaty, against the 1964 civil rights law, against the 1964 tax reduction, against the arms control agency, and against foreign economic aid during the Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson years.

This book is predominantly a criticism of nearly everything which the United States Government has done since the end of the war. It is almost totally on the attack—as is natural for any Presidential nominee who does not have to defend the recent record of his own party. There is scant praise for the Eisenhower policies. Only occasionally and sometimes only by implication does Senator Goldwater show concretely and tangibly what he himself would do to put to rights the many things he feels have gone so badly for us by our own bungling.

One of the principal impressions that reading *Where I Stand* leaves in my mind is that Mr. Goldwater is by no means a conventional spokesman for the views one usually finds on the Conservative Right.

The Senator makes it perfectly clear where he doesn't stand. He does not stand for "Fortress America." He does not believe we can retire into our Northern Hemisphere and keep either our freedom or the peace. He does not stand for isolationism. He is the most interventionist Republican since Wendell Willkie. After reading this book and the San Francisco platform, it would be accurate to say that Mr. Goldwater as President would be prepared to guarantee the defense of more nations against Communist aggression than Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson.

AS TO tariffs and free trade, he strongly endorses the European Common Market and says that he would like to see a "free-world Common Market" brought into being patterned after the free trade that prevails within the United States.

Another common mis-impression—at least I believe it a mis-impression—which this book helps to clear up is the idea that Mr. Goldwater is eager to get into war, can hardly wait to get his finger on the nuclear trigger. That is a vast oversimplification, as inaccurate as calling Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy appeasers because they were willing to negotiate with the Russians.

Goldwater believes that we ought not

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to fall into the trap of a superficial detente, that we ought not to interest ourselves in reducing the tensions of the Cold War unless Moscow and Peking are willing to resolve some of the causes of the Cold War. To that end, he would not trade with the Communist nations except in return for political concessions. He would make German unification and free elections in Eastern Europe an insistent American demand. On the theory that "easing the arms race" will make the Communists "increasingly reckless," he would not favor any negotiated disarmament.

These Goldwater approaches to winning the Cold War may be wise or unwise, prudent or imprudent. But it seems to me inadequate to dismiss them on the ground that he favors them because he is eager to get into war. It is his conviction that the approaches he advocates have the best chance of expanding the boundaries of freedom without war. His ideas on the Cold War may be riskful and mistaken, but I commend reading *Where I Stand* in order to judge better whether they are wrong or whether they are worth while.

Obviously, Mr. Goldwater is not writing with either detachment or objectivity. This is a campaign document and has to be read in that light. It is *ex parte* argument—and you won't be getting much else from either side from now until November 3.

THE Republican nominee's book raises as many questions as it answers.

Goldwater offers himself as a strong advocate of NATO. He contends it is falling apart because Kennedy and Johnson have not given it unifying leadership.

Question: How is Mr. Goldwater going to unite NATO behind the U.S. when he proposes a whole series of foreign policy actions which our allies profoundly disapprove—like putting a naval blockade around Cuba, reducing trade with all Communist countries, opposing negotiated disarmament?

Goldwater advocates that we increase our military strength in the coming years beyond what we are now doing. He criticizes the "artificial" ceiling that Kennedy and Johnson put on defense spending.

Question: How can Mr. Goldwater do this and cut the budget five billion dollars—as promised at San Francisco?

Goldwater proposes to enlarge our commitment to defend nations against Communist aggression.

Question: Can we seriously undertake such a commitment without further economic and military mobilization?

What we really need is another book by Mr. Goldwater—not just *Where I Stand,* but *What I Would Do and How I Would Do It.*

New Nations in an Age of Automation

The Challenge of Modernisation: The West's Impact on the Non-Western World, *by I. R. Sinai (Norton. 256 pp. $5.50), holds that the new nations of Asia and Africa, lacking the grooming for democracy bequeathed the heirs of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Enlightenment, must have leaders like Kemal Atatürk, who are zealously dedicated to social revolution. Louis J. Walinsky was chief economic adviser to the Burmese government from 1953 to 1958. He also served as economic development and planning consultant in Korea, Afghanistan, El Salvador, and Bolivia.*

By LOUIS J. WALINSKY

EVER since World War II, when the delayed impact of the American Revolution struck with full force in colonial and backward Asia and Africa, the problem of the development and modernization of the new nations has increasingly concerned the Communist and free worlds. Each has held out its political and economic systems as *the* road to true democracy and higher levels of welfare. Despite their obvious ideological differences, however, both sides have in effect agreed on the need for "people's" governments and a large measure of state economic initiative in the emerging nations. Both sides, following Marx, have also operated on the at least implicit assumption that political and social advances would follow the economic development achieved. And both sides have become increasingly impatient, baffled, and irritated as the new countries of Asia and Africa—having had in some cases as long as sixteen years in which to learn the Western magic rope development trick—have thus far failed to make the jump into modernity which took the Western world some hundreds of years to accomplish.

What both the Communist and the free worlds have yet failed adequately to recognize, of course, is that the underdeveloped states must increasingly deliver welfare to their people at the same time that they strive to expand their economic infrastructures and their productive capacities. They can thus devote to investment for growth only part of the production increases they achieve, and must allocate to consumption a portion of such increases sufficient perceptibly to improve the living standards of their peoples. Hence the need for both maximum determination and self-help on their part *and* generous, well-directed, patient aid on ours.

And what we in the West have yet failed adequately to recognize is the fact that the development process, involving and dislocating as it does the fundamental political, social, and cultural patterns of a society, as well as its economic patterns, is more likely to be an unsettling than a stabilizing process.

I. R. Sinai's book, *The Challenge of Modernisation,* reflects this frustration and irritation within the Western camp over the frequently fumbling, half-hearted, inconsistent efforts of Asian and African nations – his prime example is Burma – to achieve modernization. His book is alternately penetrating and shallow, objective and distorted, constructive and flat in prescription. Because it seemingly provides a philosophic-historical rationale for the frustration and even cynicism that many intellectuals are coming to feel with respect to newly independent Asian and African nations, it may gain more of a vogue than its logic merits.

MR. SINAI holds that the new nations are not ready to meet the challenge of modernization because they lack the end products that have been the West's inheritance from the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Enlightenment: Western emphasis on the primacy of the individual, on man's ability to reshape his world, on criticism, dissatisfaction and endless striving, on real determination to achieve. These, not capital and technical know-how, he asserts, are the ingredients chiefly lacking.

So far, so good—very good, even, with a broad sweep and in a grand style, with Spenglerian overtones. What follows is not so good. In order to shuck off the cultural obstacles to modernization they have inherited, and to mobilize the required resources, the new nations, Mr. Sinai continues, must forswear political democracy and follow single-minded, harsh, even fanatic leaderships zealously dedicated to genuine cultural and social revolution. And since such leaderships, of the Kemal Atatürk variety, are nowhere in sight in Asia or Africa (even

(Continued on page 77)

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O They Were Jolly Good Fellows

Letters from Bohemia, *by Ben Hecht (Doubleday. 203 pp. $4.50), describes with gusto "stormy old friends" of the late playwright: Gene Fowler, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, George Grosz, George Antheil, and Charles MacArthur. Author, essayist, and translator, Harry Hansen has been editor of the World Almanac since 1948.*

By HARRY HANSEN

IN THE final year of Ben Hecht's life he turned once more to memories of the good fellowship he had enjoyed with a group of talented, erratic, and sometimes zany men who, he says, filled a full half of his life. His memories were sharpened because, in dying, these friends had deprived him of something; they "took with them part of my bloom. I felt more lessened than mournful." But the marked difference about these "stormy old friends" was their silence. "For a while an echo stays in your ear. You hear a laugh, a knowing phrase or two, a certain quality of enunciation. Then nothing. Another death takes place — voices. This is the technique of mortality — everything must vanish to make way for new things." And he mused: "You begin to look on mortality as a practical joke. . . ."

Letters from Bohemia describes Gene Fowler, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, George Grosz, George Antheil, and Charles MacArthur. Reproduced are a number of their letters, mostly gossipy; only those by Antheil contain any valuable self-revelation. The book is bizarre entertainment, chiefly an exhibit in the mutations of reminiscence. For Ben has described most of these friends, or told these anecdotes, many times. His formal autobiography, *A Child of the Century,* is full of them. MacArthur is in *Charlie,* and Ben's newspaper days in Chicago are relived in *Gaily, Gaily.* No man ever wrote or talked with such gusto about multitudes of experiences as Ben.

This retelling is a trait of the true raconteur—and Ben Hecht was one of the best. He was a genuine storyteller in print and in speech, for he was fluent in both, and his feeling for the dramatic, the unconventional, the ironies in human

Ben Hecht—for a while, an echo of a laugh.

behavior gave vitality to his tales. His invention needed only a few artifacts to start operating. He could organize his material to suit a newspaper column, a television interview, a scenario, or a play. Although he professed to despise popular taste, he took pride in completed work in any media. Well-balanced himself, he took great enjoyment in the antics of his unregimented, convivial associates.

The portrait of George Antheil is to me the most engrossing, partly because it shows Hecht at his best in taking the measure of a man. Hecht admired Antheil's tremendous energy, restless ambition, and immense self-assurance. Antheil fought the piano as if it were an enemy.

> Music poured out of Antheil sixteen hours a day. He did nothing but write music and play it on the piano, which he made sound like a calliope in a circus parade. . . . At home or in hotel suites, Georgie played the piano until his swollen fingers had to be stuck in a bowl of ice for healing. As he played the piano, pummeling the hell out of its keys and stomping on the loud pedal, Georgie sang the various instrumental parts of his compositions. His half-falsetto squeal supplied horn, fiddle, flute and drum accompaniments. I listened always with fascination to Antheil's more splintery compositions. They were as unsoothing as a punch on the nose.

Antheil is the central character of an anecdote that is an excellent example of Hecht's technique. It belongs somewhere between Bemelmans and O. Henry, and is right out of the *Thousand and One Afternoons.* Hecht and Herman Mankiewicz, toiling in Hollywood and stuffed with money, conspired with Antheil to give a dinner for twelve ladies of the ballet, who in turn would dance only for them, with Antheil at the piano. The story embodies Hecht's fluid style, his easy way with improbabilities, his touch of exaggeration and his gift of caricature.

Of Sherwood Anderson, Hecht recalled best his immense self-love. Anderson "never tried to please anybody. He considered it everybody's duty to please him." Hecht wondered why Anderson boasted of his faults. "You couldn't tell whether he was lying or telling the truth when he spoke of himself. He seemed to be lying, but why should a man lie about being a cruel and deceitful fellow if he wasn't?" Although he concludes that Anderson was a likable man ("He had the charm of indifference."), Hecht proves that Anderson was a self-serving, grossly calculating person by recalling the latter's behavior to several women who had confidence in him, one of whom later jumped her horse off a cliff.

The Bodenheim legend is largely the creation of Hecht, who wrote endlessly about him. The two men were briefly associated in editing the untrammeled Chicago *Literary Times,* after which Bodenheim was intermittently a target for Hecht's wit. "Bogie's" comments were sometimes brilliant, but he dipped his pen in acid, and for any form of conventional living he had an undisguised contempt, which seemed to extend even to his own person. The appended letters are mostly appeals for handouts. But the memoir, though frank about Bodenheim's shortcomings, is generous in tone and the best portrait posterity is likely to have of a gifted man whose compulsions destroyed him.

As a youthful reporter, Ben Hecht gave H. L. Mencken wide-eyed adulation. Mencken in turn recognized the lad's inventiveness and put him at work writing short stories for the Mencken-Nathan *Smart Set.* Ben said he paid "convict prices" (around $40) and "was pleased by the fact that I didn't mind his signing pseudonyms to my stories."

Gene Fowler had a solid reputation as an executive of three New York newspapers, and as author of novels and topical biographies. Hecht thinks Fowler's excessive modesty kept him from writing about himself, but it is evident that Gene circulated plenty of personal anecdotes among his friends. Hecht repeats the story of Fowler cruising around the country with a corpse in tow, the itinerary somewhat expanded since the last telling. The tale that Fowler, crossed

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in love, walked on a two-foot ledge around the tenth story of a hotel rests solely on Fowler's assertion. Also a bit hard for a literalist to take is the yarn that Fowler, ordered to print a four-page dummy of Hearst's prospective *Daily Mirror*, filled the pages with outrageous fictive boudoir exploits of the owner, who reacted only mildly. Hecht writes that Fowler was intractable when in his cups, but he was cold sober when he threw his office furniture out a window because the Hollywood studio manager refused to install a couch.

The sketch of George Grosz is brief and that of Charles MacArthur is reminiscent of earlier writings. Like everyone else, Ben was under the spell of Charlie's amiable and impish character, and he explains their collaboration: "I needed somebody else's love for the stage as a stimulant."

The tremendous energy of Hecht's associates, whether well used or misdirected, has ceased. They indulge no more in their "talent for ridiculing life," in their "genius for distaste." They did not survive to write Ben's epitaph, but he has provided plenty of proof that theirs embodies his own.

Off with His Head, the People Said

A Coffin for King Charles: The Trial and Execution of Charles I, *by C. V. Wedgwood (Macmillan. 307 pp. $5.95), concentrates on the ten weeks in British history that constituted the death-blow to the concept of the "divine right" of monarchs. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, writes frequently on British literature, history, and biography.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

IT WAS really a coffin for all kings. Others had been killed in England, notably a couple of Richards, and monarchs had also been put to death elsewhere—Henri IV was assassinated not long before in France—but the public trial and open execution of Charles I in 1649 was a death-blow to the power of royalty in the modern world. The supposed divinity that hedged a king didn't impede the God-fearing Puritans who condemned Charles.

—*From the book.*

Charles I at his trial, portrayed by Edward Bower—"courageous but devious."

The previous books that have made C. V. Wedgwood the leading present-day historian of the early Stuart period are more expansive than this one; *The King's Peace* (1955) covers four years, and *The King's War* (1958) stretches across six. The present volume concentrates on ten weeks. It starts on November 20, 1648, when the parliamentary army began to demand that the king whose forces it had defeated be brought to punishment, and it ends on January 30, 1649, the day his head was chopped off. These are ten of the most exciting weeks in history, and Miss Wedgwood's account of them is energetic, frequently drawing upon the flavorful statements written down on the spot. She deftly manages her crowd scenes and a varied cast of principals.

The focus, however, is mostly on King Charles, who refused to acknowledge the authority of the court that doomed him in a week. Miss Wedgwood shows him as courageous but devious. She points out—the italics are hers—that "rightly or wrongly, *he had made war on his subjects*, and in the crudest possible manner this was a violation of the fundamental bond between him and his people." But who really did start the civil wars (technically there were two) that symbolically began in 1642 when Charles raised his standard of defiance at Nottingham? Hadn't control of the nation already been seized by the more aggressive members of Parliament, and wasn't Charles merely launching a counterrevolution? This is by no means a pro-Royalist question; these matters are almost fantastically complicated. (Incidentally, although the events Miss Wedgwood describes mark the origin of democracy as we know it, since 1649 led to 1689 and so on, the very word *democratic*, as she points out, was in those days a nasty one.)

Other books magnify the part Lieutenant General Oliver Cromwell played in Charles's trial. Some authors make him out a raging demon in the proceedings, some a cold-faced saint. Miss Wedgwood gives him a high score as a field commander, and her later books will have to show him becoming the most powerful man in England; but what distinguishes her present volume from most former treatments of the subject is her tendency to minimize Cromwell's efforts to bring about the condemnation of Charles. She finds the evidence of 1649 skimpy, and she puts little faith in the regicides who, after the 1660 Restoration, tried to save their own necks by saying that the late Oliver Cromwell had forced them, in some cases physically, to sign the death warrant. Miss Wedgwood makes the prosecutor, John Bradshaw, a strong figure in the case, along with Cromwell's legally trained son-in-law, Henry Ireton; in 1661 their decaying bodies, with Cromwell's, were dug up and put to swing for a day on the Tyburn gallows.

Everyone remembers the genial Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, who, in a memorial he was writing, could never get beyond King Charles's head. Miss Wedgwood, who is without Mr. Dick's obsessional defects, will certainly get beyond King Charles's coffin and in forthcoming books provide useful reconsiderations of the Commonwealth and Protectorate years that preceded the Restoration. She writes history as it should be written, with vividness and a point of view; a reader's occasional disagreements with the latter do not diminish the interest and value of Miss Wedgwood's truly monumental achievement in her histories.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1102

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1102 will be found in the next issue.

PKCA KW NSS WOSTN NS LA

WFZPP.

BKWTZAPK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1101

I believe the best definition of man is the grateful biped. —DOSTOEVSKI.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

PUTNAM'S DARK AND MIDDLE AGES READER. Edited by Harry Wedeck. Putnam. $6.50.

THE TAVERN LAMPS ARE BURNING: Literary Journeys Through Six Regions and Four Centuries of New York State. Edited by Carl Carmer. McKay. $8.50 to Jan. 1; $10 thereafter.

Art

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL ART. Edited by R. M. Berndt. Macmillan. $14.95 to Dec. 25; $17.50 thereafter.

Crime, Suspense

THE DEPARTURE OF MR. GAUDETTE. By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday. $3.50.

DON'T PLAY WITH THE ROUGH BOYS. By Simon Troy. Macmillan. $3.95.

ENCHANTING LITTLE LADY. By Virginia Vernon. Abelard-Schuman. $4.50.

THE MALABANG PEARL. By Frank Archer. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS. By Fred J. Cook. Macmillan. $5.95.

LIMITED WAR AND AMERICAN DEFENSE POLICY. By Seymour J. Deitchman. M.I.T. Press. $10.

POWER TRANSFORMED. By Robert M. MacIver. Macmillan. $5.

PURPOSE IN POLITICS. By Harold Wilson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE STORY OF THE PEACE CORPS. By George Sullivan. Fleet. $3.50.

Fiction

FLAME OUT OF THE DORSET. By Clifford Stevens. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE FLIGHT OF THE INNOCENTS. By Lin Yutang. Putnam. $5.95.

JAYBIRDS GO TO HELL ON FRIDAY. By Havilah Babcock. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

THE MAN. By Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

OLD MALI AND THE BOY. By D. R. Sherman. Little, Brown. $3.95.

OONA O'. By Thomas Gallagher. Atheneum. $4.50.

ROME 12 NOON. By Kenneth Macpherson. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

THE SANDS OF SUMMER. By David Pryce-Jones. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

SO MANY VOICES. By Gertrude Schweitzer. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

History

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS. By William S. Hanna. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.50.

DEMOCRACY AND THE ORGANIZATION OF POLITICAL PARTIES. By Moisei Ostrogorski. Vol. I: England. Vol. II: America. Quadrangle. $7.50 and $8.95 respectively.

FORT TICONDEROGA: Key to a Continent. By Edward P. Hamilton. Little, Brown. $5.95.

SUMMERHILL: A Loving World. By Herb Snitzer. Macmillan. $6.95.

THIS GERMANY: The Story Since the Third Reich. By Rudolf Walter Leonhardt. New York Graphic Society. $7.95.

TRADE CASTLES AND FORTS OF WEST AFRICA. By A. W. Lawrence. Stanford Univ. Press. $10.

VERDUN. By George Blond. Macmillan. $5.95.

Miscellany

COMPULSORY MIS-EDUCATION. By Paul Goodman. Horizon. $3.95.

CREDOS AND QUIPS. By Virginia Cary Hudson. Macmillan. $2.95.

HEALTHY ATTITUDES TOWARDS LOVE AND SEX. By C. J. Trimbos, M.D. Kenedy. $4.50.

HOW HIGH IS UP? By David Loth and Morris L. Ernst. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIND. By W. Clement Stone and Norma Lee Browning. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE PARABLES OF PETER PARTOUT. By John Gould. Little, Brown. $3.95.

THE QUESTIONS CHILDREN ASK. By Murry Polner and Arthur Barron. Macmillan. $5.50.

Music

THE ESSENCE OF OPERA. Edited by Ulrich Weisstein. Free Press. $6.95.

ZOLTAN KODALY: A Hungarian Musician. By Percy Young. Dover. $6.50.

Personal History

BADEN-POWELL: Two Lives of a Hero. By William Hillcourt. Putnam. $7.95.

BISMARCK. By Werner Richter. Putnam. $6.95.

THE GOLDEN BEES: The Story of the Bonapartes. By Theo Aronson. New York Graphic Society. $8.95.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE LAND OF ELOQUENT SILENCE. By Joseph Wechsberg. Little, Brown. $3.95.

RED PEAK. By Malcolm Slesser. Coward-McCann. $5.75.

RUSSIA, MY NATIVE LAND. By Gregory P. Tschebotarioff. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

ST. MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON. By Pierre Leulliette. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

SHADOW AND LIGHT: The Life, Friends and Opinions of Maurice Sterne. Edited by Charlotte Mayerson. Atheneum. $6.50.

SIXPENCE IN HER SHOE. By Phyllis McGinley. Macmillan. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

ARCHITECTS OF CONSERVATIVE JUDAISM. By Herbert Parzen. Jonathan David. $5.95.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR TODAY. By Robert I. Kahn. Doubleday. $3.95.

VARIETIES OF MYSTIC EXPERIENCE. By Elmer O'Brien, S. J. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

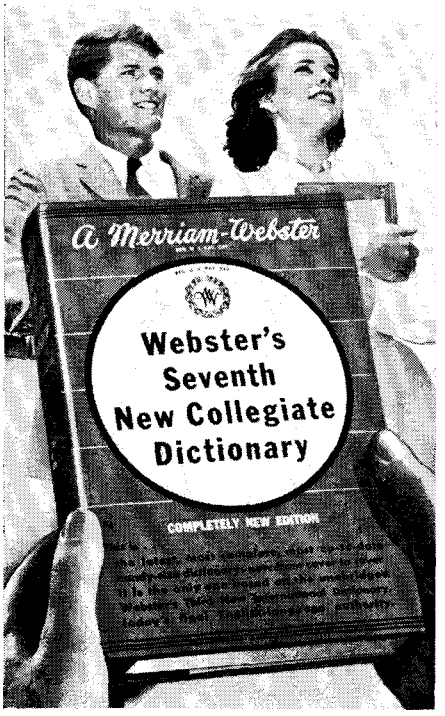
Theater

DOUBLETALK. By Lewis John Carlino. Random House. $3.95.

THE LIFE OF THE DRAMA. By Eric Bentley. Atheneum. $5.95.

THE THEATRE OF REVOLT: An approach to the Modern Drama. By Robert Brustein. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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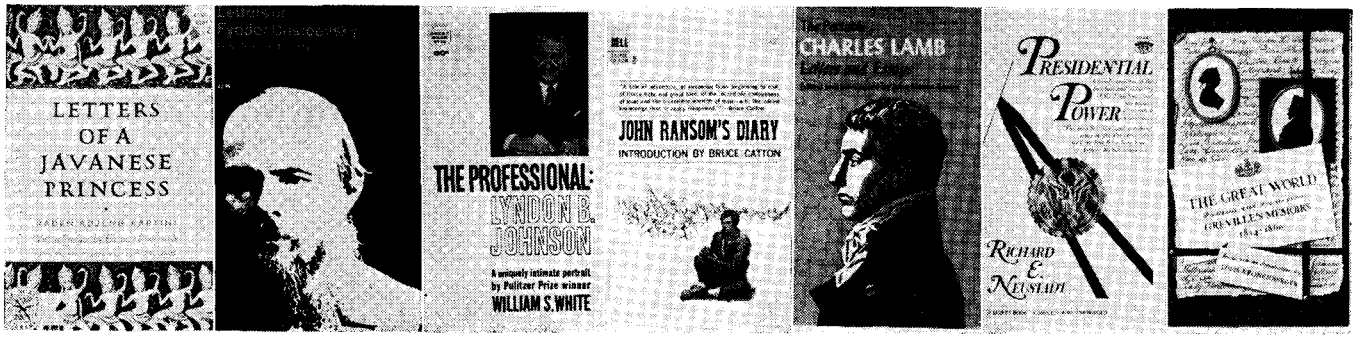

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

What's New: Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (Compass, $1.65) has just appeared in a new edition. Mr. Kesey, a free-wheeling Kerouac type from the Pacific Northwest, has remarked of the writer's craft: "A guy decides to become a writer, and there's an inbred flaw in that decision. He tries to *become* a writer instead of just writing. That's work, a real pressure . . . I'll be a writer as long as I write. The only thing that could leave me would be success. Then I'd be an unsuccessful writer. There are worse fates." . . . The single most impressive event of the month is Atheneum's paperback publication of *The Adams Papers* (4 vols., $2.65 each, $9.95 boxed set). These first four of a projected 100 volumes comprise John Adams's diary and autobiography, edited by L. H. Butterfield. When Harvard first issued the set in hardcover two years ago it won the Carey Thomas Award for publishing achievement, and was reviewed by John F. Kennedy, who called it "a major feat in American historical scholarship." Scholarship aside, this is a marvelous, unselfconscious record of Colonial America highlighted by such incidents as the time when John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, traveling together, were forced to share one bed at an inn: "The Window was open, and I, who was an invalid and afraid of the Air in the night shut it close. Oh! says Franklin don't shut the Window . . . The Doctor then began an harangue, upon Air and Cold and Respiration and Perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his Philosophy together." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The nineteenth century, not only in England and America but in France and Russia as well, is amply represented among the new paperback releases. The title story of Guy de Maupassant's *Boule de Suif and Selected Stories* (Signet, 50¢) was that author's first great success, while Nikolai V. Gogol's *Dead Souls* (Washington Square Press, 60¢) inspired the lengthy march of Russian realists. While Gogol was indicting serfdom and petty bureaucracy, Charles Dickens was castigating the injustice and materialism of Victorian England. *Our Mutual Friend* (Signet, 95¢) is a book about money and what happens to people who seek and finally attain it. *Hard Times* (Bantam, 75¢), edited by Robert Donald Spector, appears in a new edition accompanied by extensive background material, a variety of critical essays and contemporary commentaries. Anthony Trollope's England was a far gentler land, and in *The Warden* (Signet, 50¢) the Reverend Septimus Harding's travails derive from the intricacies and subtleties of parish politics.

The admirers of Malcolm Lowry will be delighted to discover that *Ultramarine* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), his first novel, has just been published. Based on Lowry's own experiences, it tells of a young man's voyage from Liverpool to the Far East. The author wrote it when he was only eighteen, and reworked the text in 1957, not long before he died. It's still a crude, unpolished book; yet the Joycean humor, the rich, ringing prose occasionally come to the surface.

Rumer Godden's *Breakfast with the Nikolides* (Compass, $1.65) unfolds the delicate relationships within an English family in East Bengal and with their Greek neighbors. Written in 1942, the prose is marked with Miss Godden's customarily cool, precise style.

And finally there is Mary McCarthy's *The Group* (Signet, 95¢), which, in case anyone still doesn't know, reveals nearly everything about some aging Vassar girls.

The White House

During these pre-election days when campaign talk gets fairly specific about the chores of the Chief Executive, Edward S. Corwin's hefty *The President: Office and Powers* (New York University Press, $2.95) offers a considered appraisal of the changes in Presidential duties from 1787 to the late 1950s. Richard E. Neustadt, a Columbia University professor of government who served on President Truman's staff, presents a subtle explanation of *Presidential Power* (Signet, 60¢), which, the author declares, is the gentle art of persuasion rather than a more direct show of strength. Presidents have always had trouble with Congress all the way back to James Madison's trying days with his balky legislature. *The Deadlock of Democracy* (Spectrum, $2.95), by James MacGregor Burns, traces this paralyzing phenomenon to its first symptoms. Especially pertinent in this updated edition is a section entitled "Which Republican Party?" It reports tellingly on the moderate-conservative rift.

Another election-year primer is Clinton Rossiter's *Parties and Politics in America* (Signet, 60¢), a discussion of the two-party system. An elementary and highly informative handbook is *Presidential Elections* (Scribners, $1), in which Nelson W. Polsby and Aaron B. Wildavsky give a front-line report on the battle for the biggest job in the land. This sharp look at the modern campaign emphasizes the use of communications media and how they have changed political strategy.

Two books about individual Presidents, past and present, are Emmet John Hughes's *The Ordeal of Power* (Dell, 75¢), and *The Professional: Lyndon B. Johnson* (Crest, 60¢), by columnist and Presidential friend William S. White. The White book is a thoroughly appreciative, not especially profound, but highly readable account of the thirty-sixth President of the United States. Emmet Hughes recalls the Eisenhower years, not without some dismay. Hughes, who was a speechwriter and adviser during that time, has drawn a portrait of the President as a good, willing, and often bewildered leader. It is sometimes sympathetic, as when Eisenhower is quoted as saying to Sherman Adams, "What happened to all

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those fine young people with stars in their eyes who sailed balloons and rang doorbells for us in 1952?"

Then there's Richard H. Rovere's *The American Establishment and Other Reports, Opinions and Speculations* (Harvest, $1.95), which offers, among a distinguished assortment of essays, some heady reflections on such past warriors, happy, sad, or merely bemused, as Harry Truman, Thomas Dewey, and Wendell Willkie.

Man's Past

There's little that is more romantic in the record of human history than the clues to civilizations that no longer exist. Leonard Cottrell, a masterful archeological detective, recreates these extinct cultures in *The Horizon Book of Lost Worlds* (Dell, 75¢), in which he investigates the life and death of such once-glorious peoples as the worldly, fatalistic Etruscans, the pleasure-weary Minoans, and the Khmers, who disappeared from the jungles of Cambodia leaving behind the magnificence of the Angkor Wat. *Andean Culture History* (Natural History Press, $1.95), by Wendell C. Bennett and Junius B. Bird, recalls the Inca empire that crowned South American culture in the sixteenth century and was marveled at by the Spanish *conquistadores*—and, like the iceberg's peak in the dark sea, was a small segment of the Incas' long and illustrious past. The book is well illustrated with examples of artifacts in gold, ceramic, and stone, evidences of a sophisticated artistry and technology.

Richard Carrington's *A Million Years of Man* (Mentor, 75¢) presents a panoramic view of human life from primates quarreling in the jungle to modern *homo sapiens* brandishing atomic weapons. Amply illustrated, it's a concise anthropological picture of man's development. Margaret Mead's *Anthropology: A Human Science* (Van Nostrand-Insight, $1.95) offers selected papers from 1939 to 1960. Most of them would concern only the social scientist, but some pieces, such as one on the role of the scientist in society, are interesting to the general reader.

William Brandon's *The American Heritage Book of Indians* (Dell, 75¢) brings some needed light to a dark chapter in our history. The relationship between the Indians and the white man began amiably enough, it seems (Powhatan reportedly told Captain John Smith, "Why should you take by force from us that which you can obtain by love?"); but it soon deteriorated into the series of gory battles that constituted the final siege of the American West. Of this Mr. Brandon writes, "The wars of the plains are America's *Iliad*."

Memorabilia

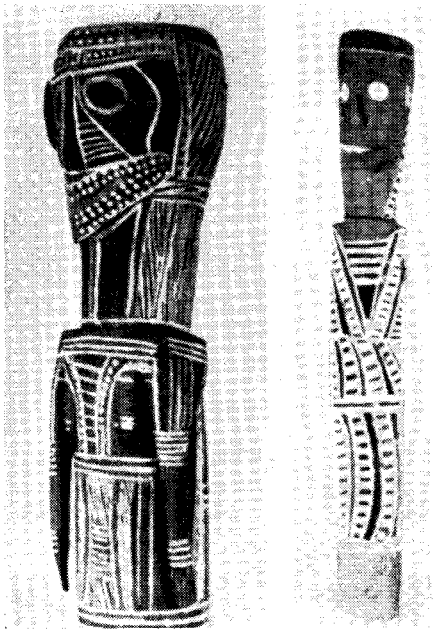
"To be good, true and interesting, [a journal] should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it," wrote that nineteenth-century aristocrat and diarist Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville. His own memoirs, deftly edited and handsomely introduced by Louis Kronenberger in *The Great World: Portraits and Scenes from Greville's Memoirs 1814-1860*, savor the details of British life from Regency elegance to burgeoning bourgeoisie. Greville hobnobbed with "the richest, the royalest, the most powerful and brilliant people in England," and though he took little care with personal portraits his grand achievement is an over-all sense of the times he lived in.

Literary achievement seems to have little correlation to success as a letter-writer. Dostoevsky, for instance, kept up a series of rather dull correspondences, concerned for the most part with worries about his debts. But, of course, any of his writing is immensely valued, and *Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky*, translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne, eloquently introduced by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (McGraw-Hill, $2.95), do contain a few such moving outcries as those he wrote in 1867, when he went to Switzerland with his bride to escape his creditors: "How *can* people endure this living abroad? By God, without home, *life is torture!* . . . I need Russia for my work, *for my life* . . ." Charles Lamb may have been a minor talent, yet his letters, many of which appear in *The Portable Charles Lamb*, edited by John Mason Brown (Viking, $1.85), are filled with delightful wit, thoughtful asides, and a warm response to such literary colleagues as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Hazlitt.

"One of the best of the many fine first-hand accounts that have come down to us from the Civil War," writes Bruce Catton of *John Ransom's Diary* (Dell, 50¢). Young Ransom was a twenty-year-old quartermaster with the Ninth Michigan Cavalry who faithfully and naïvely recorded the agonies of imprisonment at Andersonville. A more cerebral and melancholy view of war appears in *The Wartime Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke 1914-1921* (Norton, $1.65), translated by M. D. Herter. Rilke, who at first throbbed with military excitement, soon left Munich and sat out most of World War I in Switzerland, from which vantage point he carried on a correspondence that reads like fascinating interior monologues.

A charming curiosity is *Letters of a Javanese Princess* (Norton, $1.95), written at the turn of this century by a well-educated young girl, Raden Adjeng Kartini. This volume, edited by Hildred Geertz with a preface by Eleanor Roosevelt, contains the correspondence that Kartini, who died in childbirth at the age of twenty-four, wrote to an enlightened circle of friends. In recent years Kartini has become a symbol of opposition to colonial rule and the traditional bonds of the past. Quite apart from political overtones, her perceptive letters reveal the inner struggles of a determined young woman seeking to find her own path in a rigidly structured society.

Among the last true primitives are the Australian aborigines who wander in search of food across the drought-ridden continent. For centuries their way of life has remained unchanged; they live without permanent dwellings, with no farm implements, no pottery or metal, and only the crudest weapons to help them in the hunt. Yet in his book *The Australian Aborigines* (Anchor, $1.95), A. P. Elkin, a distinguished Australian anthropologist who has spent the past forty years studying aboriginal life, underscores the amazing artistry of these savage people who, despite the simplicity of their physical existence, maintain a complex and highly varied spirituality, evidenced in songs, chants, dances, and drawings extolling the beauty and order of the world.



Carved wooden figures of mythological persons in northeastern Arnhem Land.

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Trials of the Disenchanted

—Sobek und Sietzeu.

Peter Dumitriu—"thesis-ridden."

Incognito, *by Petru Dumitriu, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Macmillan. 471 pp. $5.95), adds yet another mea culpa to the confessional literature of repentant Communists. Robert L. Stilwell teaches comparative literature at Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

THE RUMANIAN novelist Petru Dumitriu belongs among that packed company of contemporary European writers who began by trafficking with Marxist dogma and who have now shifted, after much wrenching of the ideological gears, to anti-Marxist polemic. Officially acclaimed for his dullish trilogy, *The Boyars* (his rewards included the directorship of the State Publishing House in Bucharest), Dumitriu broke with the Party during 1960 and sought asylum in West Germany. *Incognito,* which appeared in Paris two years ago, evidently crystallizes his definitive fictionalized meditation on politics and morality, as seen from the perspectives to which he currently gives allegiance. An ambitious novel, humane and honorable, it certainly is. But this reviewer cannot escape the suspicion that as literature it is even more stereotyped, even more thesis-ridden, than the doctrinaire "socialist realism" works that its author formerly produced like so many Pavlovian hiccups.

Its basic plot—which by now must have been belabored almost beyond hope of resuscitation—involves a man's thraldom to Communism, his gradual disenchantment, and the agonizing surgery by which he attempts to free himself. This time around, the protagonist is one Sebastian Ionesco, a minor functionary of the Rumanian Party, who finds himself *in extremis* because the Central Committee suspects his loyalty. Roughly three-quarters of the book consists of a confessional manuscript in which Sebastian, on the eve of his final arraignment, has privately undertaken to decipher nothing less than the whole pattern of his existence. And so long as Sebastian lingers over memories from his pre-World War II boyhood—memories of idyllic summers that awakened him to sexuality and to the prodigal beauty and cruelty of nature amid the Danube countryside – his account possesses a splendid density of life and circumstance.

Unfortunately, such passages quickly yield to those melodramas of cell meeting, Eastern Front warfare, messy soul-searching, and nightmarish imprisonment that one resignedly expects from European recantation stories. Nor do these too-familiar melodramas desist until Sebastian has donned a second hand mysticism and concluded that, after all, some kind of benevolent spirit circulates "incognito" through even the vilenesses and outrages of human experience. Add to this thematic staleness a shrill didacticism that gives one the illusion of reading *Doctor Zhivago* as revised by Ayn Rand, and Sebastian's narrative emerges as something less than the profoundly moving document that it seems intended to represent.

Although *Incognito* wants illumination and subtlety, it does scatter random indications that Dumitriu may yet become a novelist of stature. However, he will first have to break the clutch of his reliance on characters and strategies that have been weary clichés ever since *Darkness at Noon* and the symposium *The God That Failed.* Also, he will need to divine more sharply the edges separating art from tract: to learn that while the authentically great novels can teach and liberate, they never coerce.

Norman Denny's translation occasionally sounds like a British approximation of a French version transposed from a Rumanian original – which, regrettably, is precisely what it happens to be.

Wanton Waifs and a Roman Woman

The Italian Girl, *by Iris Murdoch (Viking. 213 pp. $4.50), continues the author's eccentric studies of purposeful women and bumbling men. Dorrie Pagones is a free-lance writer and critic who studied European literature under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

HOW AGREEABLE it is to open a novel with the certainty that it will be all pleasure from start to finish. Such is the case each time a new Iris Murdoch appears. *The Italian Girl,* her eighth novel, is as economical in its prose, as labyrinthine in its ramifications, as wildly improbable in its happenings as anything she has written, including *A Severed Head.*

The plot has to do with the discoveries made by two middle-aged English brothers, Edmund and Otto, about a seductive pair of Russian Jewish waifs, about Otto's estranged wife and beautiful daughter, and about the Italian girl who has been a fixture of the family's household so long as to have become almost invisible to those within it.

It is midnight as the story opens, and there is not a light showing nor a human sound as Edmund gently tries the door of his childhood home for the first time in six years, realizes he is locked out, and stands in the darkness pondering the foolishness of his having come at all to his mother's funeral. Suddenly, in the pale moonlight, a figure is revealed, slowly and silently advancing. . . .

After such a satisfactorily weird beginning, one can settle comfortably back, secure in the knowledge that worse is to come. From now until the secrets of each character have been laid bare, dramatic events will not for a moment cease to occur.

Much has been written about the philosophical content of Miss Murdoch's novels. I have never been able to decide whether in this aspect of her work there is more than meets the eye, or less. Perhaps her talent for comedy may deceive one, unfairly, into undervaluing her fictional touchings on the nature of reality and suffering. She seems a bit too wicked to be a philosopher; her writing partakes more of magic than of metaphysics.

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Justifiably or not, critics have put readers off by suggesting that Miss Murdoch is an almost insuperably difficult if intellectually rewarding writer. Nonsense. Whatever may or may not lie beneath the surface, she is the most skilled of entertainers. Her books divide, it would appear effortlessly, into wonderfully actable scenes; one is not reading but seeing a novel.

Several points recur in connection with her work: Most importantly, the men always come off badly. Unlike the women, they rarely have any insight; they talk weakly and act like bumbling idiots. Edmund and Otto are typical. There is a great deal of latent homosexuality. All decisive action is initiated by the women.

An odd and comic trademark is the way Miss Murdoch breaks off her frequent and highly unusual sexual scenes. Always at the crucial moment someone, however improbably, interrupts.

Finally and most curiously, the characters do an extraordinary amount of kneeling. If her work ever becomes part of the university curriculum, someone might do a splendidly pointless doctoral dissertation on the Frequency and Causes of Kneeling in Iris Murdoch's Novels.

In brief, there are really only two opinions about this unquestionably gifted writer. One either feels that of her kind Iris Murdoch is perfect or one "can't read her." This reviewer is dogmatically of the former persuasion.

Between Bombs a Battle for Belief

***Jill**, by Philip Larkin (St. Martin's. 247 pp. $4.50), the author's first novel, dating from the early 1940s, concerns the impact of World War II on the ivory towers of Oxford. Eric Moon is editor of Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

THIS first novel by English poet Philip Larkin was written and published in England in the early 1940s. What has prompted its republication here in the 1960s? One suspects that an observant editor at St. Martin's chanced to flip through a recent book by James Gindin on *Postwar British Fiction*. There, on page 1, Larkin's *Jill* is heralded as the birthplace of that displaced working-class hero who has, with the help of Amis, Wain, Braine, Sillitoe, Osborne, and others, dominated the postwar British fiction scene.

Philip Larkin, in his introduction to this new edition of *Jill*, refers to Gindin's analysis as "fair trend-spotter's comment"; but his hero's background, Larkin adds, though an integral part of the story, "was not what the novel was about."

Certainly it is not difficult to read this novel as another of those chronicles of class distinction in England. John Kemp, shy, insecure, working-class scholarship winner from industrial Lancashire, comes to Oxford to find himself rooming with Christopher Warner, a polished young thug from upper-class London society. But Larkin operates at a more subtle level than this blatant character contrast suggests.

In that customary libel-protection note at the beginning, Larkin says: "The main location of this story in time and place—the Michaelmas Term at Oxford University in 1940—is more or less real, but the characters are imaginary." In a sense, the characters, interesting as some of them are, are also almost incidental. The time and place are the heart of the book. What the novel is really about is the impact of the war, then in its second year, upon even so remote and protected a place as Oxford. Gone is the academic isolation; traditional distinctions have become blurred; pointless luxuries have given way to austerity; hitherto unquestioned values are crumbling. And, as Philip Larkin says in his introduction, "I think our perspectives were truer as a result."

There is a moment in the story when one can see John Kemp adjusting *his* perspective, from the futility of his battle to adapt to the phony values of his roommate's gang to an awareness of the forces at play in that larger world outside Oxford. Kemp has returned to his home town, Huddlesford, to see whether his parents are still alive after a severe bombing raid. On the way back to Oxford, "He was tired, and what he had seen made him feel as negligible as a fly crawling over a heap of stones; it made life seem like an unsuccessful attempt to light a candle in the wind."

Whatever the mistaken reasons for this revival of *Jill*, it is good that it is available again, because it deserves to reach a wider audience. It is a young man's book, full of flaws and exaggeration; but it is good enough to make one wish that Philip Larkin would devote more of his time and energies to the novel. He is a fine poet, but he may very well be that rare animal who could be a good novelist too.

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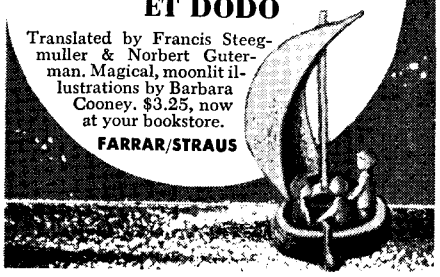

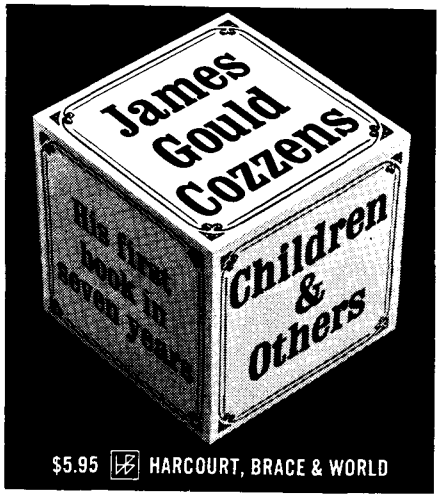

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Editorial

Continued from page 28

With the Flaming Gorge dam closed upstream, there will be even less chance of flow enough to fill the downstream dams. Citing the immense Colorado Basin coal deposits and atomic reactors as alternative sources of power, conservationists question the propriety of spending hundreds of millions in public funds in order to turn the gorges of the magnificent river into slime-filled ditches.

Actually, the Colorado as a river is already dead, killed by the Glen Canyon dam, and no modest release of water is going to revive it. Every side canyon whose flood debris used to be swept away by the summer rise now dumps its boulders and snags into the reduced river to create permanent barriers and turn the river into a series of pools. The relief model that Bureau of Reclamation engineers show to visitors in the Interior Building in Washington has beautiful blue paint to indicate the long lakes above the dams. They will not look like that except when full, and if the annual flow as measured over the past thirty years does not show a sudden increase, they will never be even close to full.

Furthermore, in the Southwest, annual evaporation from a water surface may be as much as six feet. Dams vastly increase the water surface, and hence the evaporation. Even allowing for chemical sprays that create an evaporation-resistant film, the net effect of further dams could be to waste water, not conserve it—and there is not enough now to provide to Mexico and the Lower Basin states the allotments that more than a quarter-century of litigation has awarded them. And already the water delivered to Mexico is made so saline by the run-back from the Palo Verde Valley and Arizona's Mohawk-Wellton project that Mexican crops are suffering. Only curtailment of American uses on the Gila or an increased flow from upstream is likely to dilute that salinity and cure the international problem it raises. New dams would decrease, not increase, the flow.

So there are consequences—water loss, increased salinity, impairment of great scenery, and the damaging precedent of invasion of a national park area—to set against river control and the generation of power. Since any main-stem dam is a construction project of great size, it is hard for politicians, contractors, construction workers, local businessmen, and a dam-building bureau to resist. Yet in any estimate of the cost-benefit ratio of such dams as those proposed at Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyons, the esthetic and political and long-range consequences should be considered with the short-range economic results. The issue of financing these dams is up to Congress. On July 31, the Interior Committee of the Senate recommended the passage of Senate Bill 1628, which would authorize construction of both Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon dams. But if either of those dams is built, some may conclude that once more the public interest has drowned in the pork barrel.

The redwood situation is quite different. No national park area is involved; the National Park Service controls no redwoods except the much-trampled grove at Muir Woods National Monument, just north of San Francisco. The remaining virgin redwood stands—approximately 150,000 acres out of an original 2,000,000—are either in private hands or in state parks. These are characteristically too small to give a living chance to this unique species, which literally creates its own environment, including its own streams, but must have space commensurate with its own giantism to do so. They have already been heavily damaged by the California Division of Highways, which has projected its widened Redwood Highway through them with the blessing of short-sighted local Chambers of Commerce. The freeway has already ruined the Avenue of the Giants in Humboldt Redwoods State Park, is eating into the edge of Prairie Creek, and is aimed straight at the heart of the Tribute Grove in Jebediah Smith.

What is needed is not small, imperfectly protected groves, but a redwood national park of great enough extent so that it can survive. In April, Melville Grosvenor of the National Geographic Society attempted to buy from the Arcata Redwood Company a quarter section of virgin redwoods, including the three tallest known trees in the world. These would have been used as a core for a future national park of larger size. Mr. Grosvenor's efforts aroused only anger in the lumber company, and anti-park editorials in the local papers.

Yet only through outright federal expropriation or through the cooperation of the lumber interests can a redwood park come about. The fading lumber towns of the redwood empire have to become persuaded that virgin redwoods are worth more standing than going down the Redwood Highway on a tractor-trailer. Lumber companies now pretending to conserve redwoods by tree farming will have to admit that redwoods raised on a forty-year growth cycle are almost all sapwood, inferior as lumber and destined to be pulp, and that what they are really farming is Douglas fir, a much better tree for propagation. Some companies are farming nothing—they are gathering the board-feet off and hoping to sell the ruins for "recreation." And in no sense—and this is the real issue—can any tree-farm forest, even an honest one, replace the depth and silence, the druidical green peace, of the ancient groves. To reproduce what is now being cut off would take at least a thousand years, assuming that the ravaged and eroded soil could do a second time what it has done over the last thousand or two thousand years.

In a way, the redwood lumber companies are like slave owners before the Civil War: they are engaged in a bad but legal business. That is, lumbering is essential and legitimate, but lumbering virgin redwoods is not. The American people should try to deal with these companies for a good part, at least 30,000 acres, of the remaining virgin redwoods. It should expect to pay for them, and it should not expect them to come cheap. Of the remaining stands, it is estimated that Upper Mill Creek might cost as much as $30,000,000, Redwood Creek and Lost Man Creek $45,000,000 to $60,000,000. We should also expect to include in the compensation some sort of in-lieu lands to be added to the large-scale tree farming on which the future of the lumber industry depends.

The present owners of these trees, on the other hand, should recognize that they are a national and irreplaceable resource. They grow nowhere on earth except in a narrow belt along the California and Oregon coast. They are the largest and the grandest of living things. They give industrial man what he most needs; they hush the spirit. It would be a proud thing for the nation to save a substantial remnant of so grand a species; it would be a proud thing for lumbermen, who may also love these woods even though they destroy them, to make preservation possible. That would be a gesture worthy of Paul Bunyan.

Those are two aspects of what Secretary Udall has called the quiet crisis. Sometimes it is less quiet, sometimes more, but as a crisis it continues. Colorado River or giant redwoods, the greatest scenic splendor on earth or the greatest of all living things, the threats against them continue, some private, some public, some open, some masked. The time for saving them is now, within the next year or two or three, or never at all. Later than that, it is not a quiet crisis but a lost cause.

—WALLACE STEGNER.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
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Teacher Education: 1964

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THE controversy over teacher education that has raged unceasingly for more than a decade was brought into sharper focus a year ago this month with the publication of James B. Conant's *The Education of American Teachers.* This issue of *SR*'s Education Supplement presents a variety of reactions to Conant's proposals which throw light on the state of teacher education in 1964.

Whatever else he may have accomplished, Conant has brought the problems of teacher education to the attention of a large segment of the literate public that previously had been only vaguely aware of them. His book promptly found its place on the best-seller list. Sales figures throughout the year have been remarkably high for a book on education. Editorial response in non-professional journals was immediate and enthusiastic. Of the first 2,000 reviews and editorials that appeared in magazines and newspapers across the country, most were favorable and many were laudatory—some editorial writers predicted that Dr. Conant's long-range influence on American education would exceed even that of John Dewey. The reaction to the book makes it clear that Conant, unlike most educators, commands a large audience that includes legislators, school board members, academic scholars, and parents.

The response from professional educators was slower in coming. When it came it was more varied and, on the whole, much less enthusiastic. While a few educators applauded, many took a cautious "yes—and no" approach. They agreed with many of Conant's recommendations but took issue with some of the major ones. Some were downright hostile to the entire report and wasted their energies by challenging Conant's credentials as a competent authority on teacher education. (For a comment on these credentials see the quotation from Lindley Stiles on page 56.)

Educators who responded directly to Conant's argument and conclusions took issue with him on two major recommendations. The first was his answer to a three-pronged question: Who should plan programs for the education of teachers? Who should accredit such programs? And who should be authorized to grant certificates or licenses to teach? Conant says that the responsibility for planning programs should be delegated to the total faculties (academic as well as professional) of each of the state colleges, private colleges, and universities that educate teachers. He proposes that teaching certificates be granted to all graduates recommended by the college faculties, and that state authorities require only that each candidate demonstrate his teaching skills in a program of practice teaching approved by the state department of education. In his book, Conant recommended that NCATE—the National Council for Accreditation in Teacher Education—play only an advisory role. He has since advised colleges not to seek NCATE accreditation and certifying authorities not to be guided by it.

Some professional educators agree with Conant on all these issues—but

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these are in minority. The majority, including most spokesmen for the NEA and its various affiliates, take the view that colleges cannot be trusted to plan sound programs for the education of teachers for public schools that must accept children of a wide variety of backgrounds and intellectual levels. They are convinced that the academic faculties of most colleges are neither sufficiently interested in teacher education nor sufficiently aware of the problems faced by public school teachers to accept such a responsibility. They believe firmly that state authorities must continue to set at least minimum standards for certification and that NCATE should be given even greater responsibility for deciding which colleges offer adequate programs.

Some observers see this controversy as a struggle for power. In part, it is. But it is also a disagreement based on an honest difference of opinion as to which procedure is most likely to give assurance of sound education for teachers.

Though he recommends that each college plan its own program, Conant, in his book, offers concrete suggestions to faculties regarding the kinds of programs most appropriate for teachers. The second major disagreement between Conant and his critics results from these recommendations.

All parties to the dispute agree that the proper education of teachers for the public schools must include liberal education, courses designed to assure scholarly knowledge of the subject taught, and professional preparation. But Conant shares with many critics of contemporary practice the view that the number of professional courses should be sharply restricted. He recommends a substantial period of carefully supervised practice teaching but shows little enthusiasm for professional courses in educational philosophy, educational sociology, and the history of education—he would allow each prospective teacher to choose one course from among these areas and would discard all interdisciplinary courses in the foundations of education. And, while he endorses—somewhat reluctantly—a course in educational psychology for elementary teachers, he doubts its value for secondary teachers. He would require only that they have some knowledge of testing, statistics, and evaluation.

Professional educators — including many who have been critical of the way professional courses are organized and taught—are almost unanimous in their conviction that Conant underestimates the value of professional courses. While they concede that knowledge of the subject taught is essential to teachers, and that this, plus liberal education, should take up the major part of the college time, they place much greater emphasis than does Conant on the *process* of education. They are convinced that well-designed and well-taught professional courses can contribute to an understanding of this process. Where the present courses are defective, they would improve them—not discard them. Most of the educators who have worked with programs of teacher education do not believe that even the best supervised period of practice teaching can take the place of an organized presentation of fact, theory, and interpretation. The courses they defend most vigorously are not the much maligned "methods" courses but those that interpret the process of education psychologically, sociologically, historically, and philosophically.

The difference between Conant and his critics on this issue is essentially one of degree of emphasis. Conant does not propose the elimination of professional courses—only a reduction in the number required. Consequently, the solution may be found in compromise.

The issues of responsibility for curriculum-making, responsibility for teacher certification, and the proper role of NCATE as an accrediting agency are much sharper. Here the differences are so great that compromise does not offer a feasible solution. The debate will prove more profitable if it can now be focused on these issues. —P. W.

JOHN SCANLON, who has been on loan from the Fund for the Advancement of Education to *SR*'s Education Supplement since the first issue appeared in 1960, has returned to the Fund as Secretary-Treasurer.

During his four years as Associate Editor, Mr. Scanlon has played a major role in guiding and directing the editorial policies of the Education Supplement. He has contributed a monthly column as well as many articles and editorials. His article "Strikes, Sanctions, and the Schools," published in October 1963, won a School Bell Award for Distinguished Service in the Interpretation of Education.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Scanlon on his new assignment, which will enable him to continue to make distinguished contributions to the improvement of American education. At *SR* he will be sorely missed by all of us who have worked with him, as well as by our readers. We hope that he will still find it possible to contribute to our pages from time to time.

—Paul Woodring.

Letters to the Education Editor

Vocational Education

Your editorial on "Vocational Education: In the High School?" [*SR*, Aug. 15] raises many valid questions concerning the advisability of increasing the role of this phase of education at the high school age.

For instance, when and how does the student receive training and work experience that will enable him to engage in vocational exploration, rather than training for specific jobs?

. . . Our experience over many years with several thousand students has indicated that significant gains can be made in vocational exploration and the development of effective work attitudes by adolescents of high school age. Even in a short-term summer experience, such as we provide, marked influences can be brought to bear in the direction of later and more discriminating vocational selection and the development of effective attitudes toward work. Our experimental projects indicate clearly that there are substantial advantages in providing subsidized exploratory and attitude-forming experiences of a wide variety at the high school level. It is in this direction, rather than in expanded training for specific jobs, that high school vocational training needs to be provided.

Jerome Count,
President of Work Education Foundation and Director of Shaker Village Work Group.
Pittsfield, Mass.

An important distinction must be made between vocational training and vocational education, and this distinction is implied in your article. Vocational training involves the teaching of specific skills; vocational education has a liberal objective in that principles are being taught, or, as Lionel Elvin stated it, "a general machine-mindedness" is being taught.

A vocational training program in the schools must be approached with caution for, as you are aware, a person may be trained for a skill that will no longer be necessary when he is ready to use it. No doubt, the best place for vocational training is on the job in industry or government.

The schools should have responsibility for vocational education. That is, wherever possible, the knowledge behind the skills should be taught. The emphasis should be on general education.

Alexander Vavoulis,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry,
Fresno State College.
Fresno, Calif.

Many students who turn to vocational education do so because they have found academic education purposeless. They do not have as much respect for mental prowess as they have for mechanical dexterity. Their parents, their nine years of academic education, their total environment have not managed to arouse their interest in literature, history, theoretical science, and math. They are eager to learn to *do* something; they want to become skilled electricians, machinists, stenographers, etc.; school has

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not given them a feeling of accomplishment. Three more years of purely academic training would bore them and invite them to be dropouts or behavior problems.

Young people in the United States spend twelve years (thirteen, including kindergarten) in school. By the time they finish, many—especially in our present-day society—have marriage on their minds. They are at an age when they want to earn money, own a car, cut family apron strings, and be done with school. But you are suggesting that at this point they should just begin to educate themselves so that they can earn money. Our children are growing up faster, but their education is being constantly slowed down.

GERRY MACADAMS.

Lambertville, Mich.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED reading *SR*'s Aug. 15 editorial. I think P.W. is a gentleman and a scholar, as this is exactly what I have been preaching as a school board member, almost word for word in some instances, for a good many years.

MARTIN CASSELL.

Chicago, Ill.

I WOULD LIKE TO congratulate *SR* on P.W.'s editorial on Vocational Education. Today's secondary schools have been asked to accept the responsibility of more and more duties in the education of their students. They are burdened with responsibilities that were once the task of the family, college, and other institutions. It is the fallacious trend of the day to assume that it is the school's role to cover everything from driver education to vocational training. This assumption is ridiculous. Why must the schools have to compensate for the responsibilities that other institutions have thrown out the window or pushed under the doormat?

FRANCES ANN SCUDERI.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

RE: P. W.'S EDITORIAL, "Vocational Education: In the High School?" (August 15, 1964). Precisely!

MAURITZ JOHNSON, JR.,
Professor of Secondary Education,
Cornell University.

Ithaca, N.Y.

WHAT DO EMPLOYERS want of youth? I cannot answer for employers as a whole, but I can say what I wanted as an employer of youth for 45 years. I did not seek those with "marketable skills" for such are usually too slight to be of much benefit. Too often such included too much to unlearn. I never hired a beginner because of the work he was able to do at that moment. I hired him for what I hoped he would be doing a year or five years later. I wanted the youth who came with the attitude: now I have finished one kind of education, and am starting another kind; I will now prepare for my life work. But what do I find?

Our local public employment office, three years in succession, sent me a letter saying that they had been examining the high school graduating class, and offering to send selected youth for our consideration, if I would tell them our requirements. Each time I replied to send us anyone who wanted to talk about the educational value of the job first, and we would talk wages afterwards, but not to send any one who wanted to talk wages first. In three years they did not send a single youth.

Can this explain why there are so many unemployed youth?

ALLAN W. FORBES.

Worcester, Mass.

Bringing Foreign Students

CHONG M. PAK, in "Do Not Bring Foreign Students, Unless . . ." [*SR*, Aug. 15], gives an excellent discussion of the responsibility of the educational institution and everyone in it. Being at home on campus is indeed an art in which guidance helps.

In Baltimore, the foreign students at our many institutions of higher learning, however, felt the need some three years ago to go beyond individual schools and add the resources of an entire community to making their stay meaningful. They founded the International Students Association of Maryland. It is itself a community of scholars—and it benefits from and contributes to the general American community.

The efforts of the students have been vigorous; the response of Baltimore has been enthusiastic. Both these points underscore the usefulness of the community and the fact that to participate is to feel at home.

The Johns Hopkins University has a long history of active responsibility for the foreign student – most other institutions are now taking such students and beginning to heed Mr. Pak's advice. Our experience with ISAM has demonstrated the additional important role our community of Baltimore can play in winning friends for itself and for the USA. We work together to play together, and understanding cannot be far behind.

ALAN E. OESTREICH,
President, International Students
Association of Maryland.

Baltimore, Md.

WHY MUST Americans be held responsible for catering to the foreign student? Certainly American students are not catered to abroad. It is time that both aspects of the question be considered.

A. DELLIS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

En France

I BELIEVE a note on Hoyt Purvis's article on French higher education [*SR*, Aug. 15] might be useful here. Many American parents are worried by the difficulties awaiting their children going to study in Paris with the several "year abroad" programs in existence. In fact, nearly all such students concentrate upon the study of French literature, language, institutions, civilization, art, etc., and attend special courses for foreign students organized by the Sorbonne and schools like the Institut de Phonétique, Institut de Sciences Politiques, Ecole du Louvre, etc. Now, since these foreign students pay a few hundred dollars for the number of courses corresponding to those they would take in the U.S. (whereas French students pay around $15) these special courses can be conducted for reasonably small groups by specially trained teachers with adequate facilities, even according to American standards. It is only to follow free courses open to everyone that foreign students face the existing problems; but such courses represent a small fraction of the curriculum and are generally audited according to personal tastes and interests, over and above the courses required for credit.

MICHEL J. FABRE,
University of Paris,
Visiting Lecturer at
Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

Chamber of Educational Horrors?

WHY HAS the Educational Supplement of the *Saturday Review* made no comment on the Hall of Education at the New York World's Fair? Have you ever visited it? I think a concerted effort should be made to either close it or to remove the word "Education" over its portals. It is a disgrace to American education, and educators led by educational editors should speak out. If a Hall of Medicine were filled with booths selling Lydia Pinkham's tablets, I am certain the medical profession would rise up to protest such an exhibit. Why have you been silent?

Yesterday, when I visited . . . the Hall of Education I was shocked. Aside from a few tired educational exhibits on the right, the atmosphere of Coney Island souvenir stands and the drabness and cheapness of the displays left me speechless. There is nothing in the entrance of this Hall that speaks of the dignity of educational efforts and devotion of this country to its schools and colleges . . .

True, there is a display of "The School for Tomorrow" surrounded by display cases some of which are empty and all of them dusty. For one hour I stood looking incredulously at this School of the Future and not one single person gave it a second glance. Why should they? It looks just like the schools America ought not to build. The published list of "consultants" leaves me unimpressed. I wonder whether Margaret Mead, George Stoddard, William G. Carr, President Fisher, or John Theobold have ever visited this building and seen their names so prominently displayed surrounded by a sea of mediocrity. If they have, I am sure they are suffering from the fact that they are being played as "suckers" by the World's Fair. . . .

The Hall of Education at the New York World's Fair is a chamber of educational horrors and I suggest that the educational profession demand that it be closed immediately. Even if the World's Fair had tried, education in the United States could not have been more poorly presented to visitors from abroad. I suggest that professors, teachers, parents, and students themselves join me in protesting this sell-out to commercial interests.

FREDERICK L. REDEFER,
Professor of Education,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

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STATESMANSHIP AND OBSOLESCENCE

A Critique of the Conant proposals on Teacher Education

By LLOYD PULLIAM, *former Chairman of the Education Department at Knox College, who for the past two years has carried on research and study in the behavioral sciences as they relate to education.*

DR. CONANT'S greatest contribution to American education is a statesmanship that has its strength as much in his personal character as in the ideas he champions. His deep democratic convictions, tough-minded intellectual integrity, impartiality in both approval and criticism, moral courage to voice new and unpopular ideas, and his unquestioned commitment to the public interest have elicited the kind of respect that is accorded to statesmen.

Conant's democratic convictions are well illustrated by his emphasis on the role of the informed, intelligent, and concerned layman. The importance of this emphasis is underscored by the fact that it comes at a time when a growing number of educators are taking the view that the layman doesn't understand the complexities of modern education, and therefore its control should be left to the "professionals." This view is not only unworkable in a society where laymen must provide the funds for education, but it is undesirable because effective education requires the cooperation of parents, professional educators, and public leaders.

Democratic criteria also guide Dr. Conant's recommendations on teacher education, certification, and accreditation. I am not so naïve as to believe that these proposals, based as they are on institutional freedom and responsibility, will be without abuses. But at a time when experimentation is very much needed in the field of teacher education the possibilities they offer for improvement justify their being given a fair trial. If they were supplemented by a third-party evaluation of teachers and schools, so that the lay public could be sure it has reliable information about the education of its children, educational progress could be rapid and dramatic.

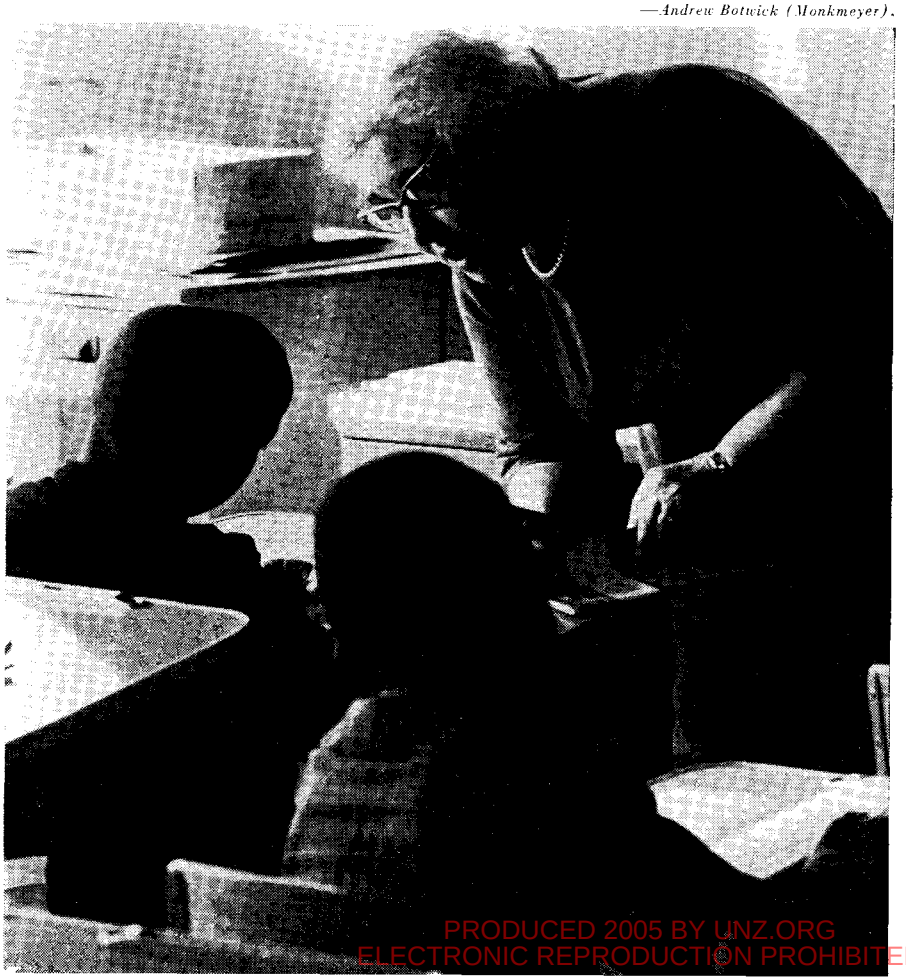
My major difference with Dr. Conant's proposals is an opposition to his philosophy of education, as implied by the program of teacher education he advocates. If our educational system is to serve the American people, it and the education of teachers must be directed toward contributing to the solution of the people's most crucial human problems. It is evident from many sources that the major problem confronting the majority of Americans is how to build quality and meaning into their lives, how to realize their dignity as individuals in a society that submerges their individuality to accomplish material ends, while at the same time telling them "this is the good life."

From the societal standpoint, the most crucial problems are raising large segments of the population out of poverty, and the intelligent exercise of world leadership, so that the peace, freedom, and dignity of mankind may be enlarged. Dr. Conant's program of teacher education seems to take little cognizance of these problems. It may have been appropriate for the undeveloped American continent of the nineteenth century, but it is ill-fitted to cope with the educational tasks of an affluent society in a suicidal world.

The best education that can be given to a future teacher during high school and college, in Dr. Conant's view, is five years of mathematics, five years of natural science, six years of English composition, literature, and language, four and one-half years of history and American problems, four years of one foreign language in high school or none, music and art as electives in high school plus one year of fine arts appreciation in college, and one beginning college course in each of the disciplines of philosophy, psychology, sociology and anthropology, economics, and political science. The

"The education of teachers must be directed toward contributing to the solution of the people's most crucial human problems."

—Andrew Botwick (Monkmeyer).



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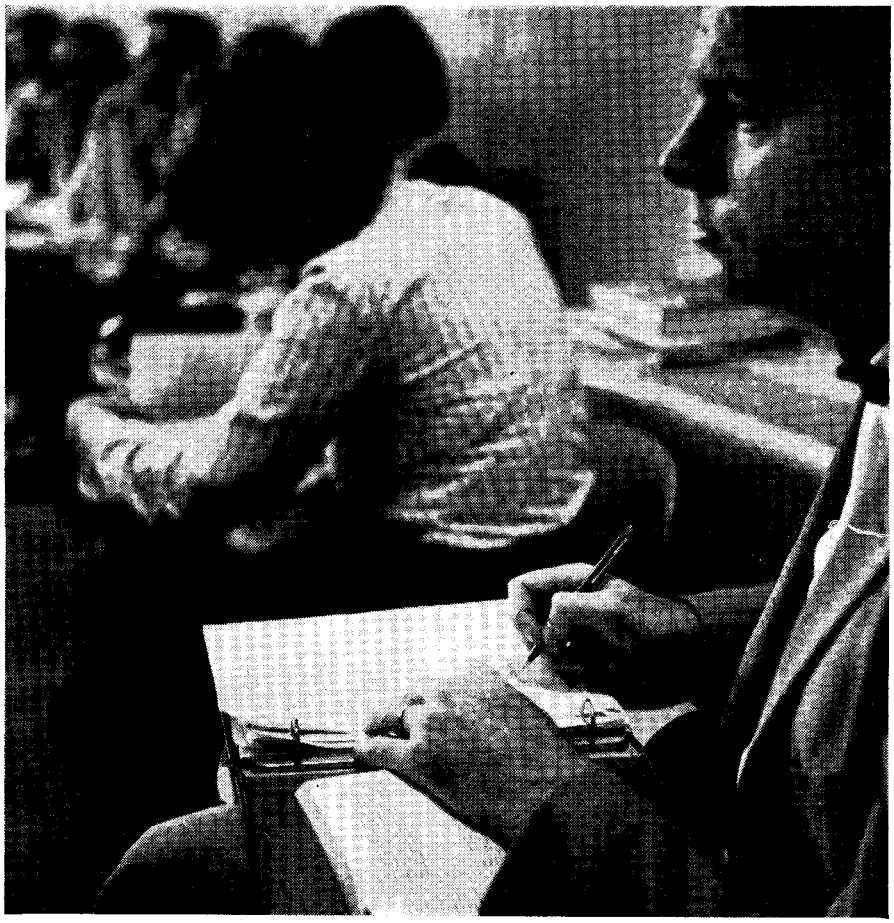
upper-level elementary teacher, says Conant, should have thirty hours of professional education and a subject matter concentration of thirty-six semester hours; the high school teacher should have fifteen hours of professional education and forty-eight hours of specialization in only one discipline.

If the national goal for every American family were a split-level home by the country club, two cars and a boat in the garage, and a $12,000 income, this curriculum is admirably suited to achieve it. The scale of values it expresses to high school and college students planning to become teachers, and to the American people who support and determine educational policies, clearly puts natural science and mathematics at the top of the scale as the knowledge of greatest worth.

Science and technology can bring man material wealth and comfort, but it cannot bring him intelligence, wisdom, moral discipline, security, health, peace, or happiness. There is enough scientific knowledge in the world to provide mankind with the material necessities of life, as well as the knowledge of how to translate it into action to meet the people's needs. Basically, therefore, the problems of poverty, peace, and human dignity in the United States and around the world are not problems of scientific knowhow. Only men who are motivated to take the necessary moral action can solve these problems.

Dr. Conant suggests that a teacher cannot be regarded as an example of an educated person unless he has the competence in science and mathematics it is assumed his program will give him. But an educated person is not someone with a designated number of courses in soon-to-be-obsolete subject matter. He is a person who has internalized the basic wisdom of the human race and feels morally impelled to relate it continuously to the changing socio-cultural and intellectual context of his life. This kind of wisdom and moral motivation comes from the humanities and the behavioral sciences, learned in a human environment that emphasizes not the amount of knowledge, but the quality of experience and life that fosters in youth the full realization of their potential for contribution to a society of *human* beings.

While Dr. Conant's curriculum has not ignored the humanities, the English and history he recommends may have lost some human qualities. This is suggested by the views of Robert Graves, holder of the Oxford University Chair of Poetry, who told an audience last year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology that in a cultural atmosphere that gives the highest values to those things scientific and technical, the explanation and evaluation of the humanities are also likely to be technical and deterministic, as well as devoid of the qualities of personal uniqueness and taste that make them human.



—*Hays.*

"The imperatives of American society place the need for human wisdom and the humanities first in the curriculum for teachers."

The downgrading that Dr. Conant gives the fine arts in the high school curriculum is another severe blow to the humanities in the curricular scale of values. He recommends art and music as electives for average students; the academically talented may indulge in them *after* they have done their work in the "solids." This leaves the impression that the fine arts are the least important subject matter for teachers and are, at best, a luxury.

Fortunately, other leaders give the fine arts a leading role in the development of the American people. President Kennedy, in his Amherst speech, pointed out that "art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment." Because of this, he concluded that "the nation which disdains the mission of art invites the fate of Robert Frost's hired man - - - 'the fate of having nothing to look backward to with pride and nothing to look forward to with hope'."

The imperatives of American society place the need for human wisdom and the humanities first in the curriculum for teachers. Only for this reason does the glaring inadequacy in the social and behavioral sciences in the Conant curriculum receive second consideration. If a teacher is to provide leadership as a citizen, or in his professional roles work effectively with children and youth, he must have far more background in the behavioral sciences than beginning courses usually designed for majors can give him.

Because of Dr. Conant's overemphasis on teachers' subject matter preparation, there is not enough time left for work in other fields. His concern with competence in specialized subject matter is so overwhelming he is willing to cancel education for elementary teachers in thirty-five public and two hundred ninety-one private colleges because, in his view, these institutions do not have adequate faculty to give teachers desirable subject matter preparation. He even makes the undemocratic suggestion that if high school teachers are prepared as specialists in only one discipline, small high schools will soon be unable to find teachers capable of teaching in more than one subject and will be forced into consolidation at an earlier date.

In a society where materialistic values often dominate thought, it is natural for the material deficiencies of small schools and colleges to be overemphasized, and their contributions to the development of human qualities greatly undervalued.

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Is Enlightened Debate Possible?

By HENDRIK D. GIDEONSE, *Chairman, Department of Education, Bowdoin College.*

I AM in deep sympathy with Dr. Conant when he says that the quarrel between professional educators and the academicians must not be made more bitter. It is with mixed emotions, therefore, that I feel constrained to submit this descriptive account of the Chicago meetings of the American Association of Colleges of Teacher Education (AACTE) and the National Society of College Teachers of Education (NSCTE) that took place February 19-22, 1964.

This essay represents one man's view. That view is relatively unsophisticated. It arises from a belief that all the requisite data are not yet in. One vital part of that data is the reaction of the education profession in its uppermost regions to the proposals that Conant has submitted to the nation for its consideration. I have seen their reaction. I have heard it. I am not sure I understand it. But I have become convinced that the debate that Conant has so often called for cannot or will not be conducted.

I went to Chicago for a number of reasons, chief among them to get outside my somewhat professionally isolated position (I have been teaching in a one-man department of education for the past year, just the sort of position Conant would abolish) to discuss Conant's proposals with others who were as deeply committed as I to the education of teachers.

Conant delivered two addresses, the first in which he reiterated his doubts on The National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education (NCATE), the second in which he talked on further considerations about the theory and practice of teaching. I also heard the two replies to Conant, delivered by Harold Taylor, former President of Sarah Lawrence, and Francis Chase, Dean of the Graduate School of Education at the University of Chicago, which followed Conant's addresses. I stayed on for what began to seem an interminably long time, becoming more and more discouraged about the future of teacher education. These men had not come to praise Conant, or even really to hear him. They had come to bury him. The avalanche of *ad hominem* arguments that tumbled gaily and glibly from their lips created a cacophonous monument testifying to the strength and justification of Conant's critique of the shortcomings of present-day teacher education. For reasons that are not altogether clear to me (although I must admit to strong suspicions) the assembled educators turned deaf ears and thumbed noses, not on the recommendations so much as on Conant himself. One would barely have known that teacher education stood in need of improvement. One could hardly *not* have known that Conant and his report were hornets up somebody's trouser legs.

While I believe that progress will not be served by deliberately fanning the flames of enmity, I also believe that reconciliation is impossible without understanding. The public has a right to know how a large body of professional educators reacted to the challenge of Conant when he invaded Chicago to address them in convention. It has a right to know the manner in which the debate was and is being dismissed by many rather than discussed.

The formal response to Conant began with Harold Taylor and continued with a second, more balanced attack delivered by Francis Chase. Both addresses were sharply critical, Taylor's to the extreme that his disagreement with Conant's theme was, in his words, "almost total." What he meant by this was that he didn't think the crucial issue in the education of American teachers was the quarrel between educators and academicians. One wonders whether Mr. Taylor ever got past page fourteen of the report! Mr. Conant's theme was the education of American teachers, not the quarrel between educators and academicians, although that quarrel is certainly relevant to the larger issue, as I shall try to demonstrate. Chase, on the other hand, criticized Conant for superficiality, for lack of energy and vigor, and for being concerned with yesterday's battles, not tomorrow's. He, too, found Conant's remarks about the constraint between educators and academicians an essentially unimportant issue, peripheral to the "deeper issues" of teacher education. Chase, in fact, was convinced that Conant was emphasizing and dangerously resurrecting a split of opinion between "educationists" and "academicians," a split that Chase thought was no longer really with us.

Unusually for him, Mr. Taylor's remarks were singularly unhelpful, and Mr. Chase's were certainly subject to considerable doubt. But in fairness to both it must be pointed out that Taylor agreed that certification practices were

Conant's Credentials

Dr. Conant is no outsider to teacher education. He has, in fact, undergone a long, self-imposed apprenticeship in preparation for this study. Contrary to the impression given by some critics, Dr. Conant's interest began when, as a young president of Harvard, he realized that he might make a useful contribution to strengthening elementary and secondary schools. For a quarter of a century, he has read copiously, plagued his educator friends with questions, attended educational meetings, and accepted assignments on national professional bodies, including the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association (1941-1963)—all in an effort to educate himself about education.

By 1952, he was already deeply engrossed in improving teacher education. In his Page Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia that year, he admonished liberal arts professors to "stop wringing their hands" about the state of teacher education. Instead, he urged them to join with professors of education to bring about improvements. He examined the role of teacher education in his own university and established a new type of graduate school of education.

His list of published books in the field of education compares favorably with the production of the most prolific professors of education in quantity, range of subjects, and quality. In fact, Dr. Conant is fully qualified by both scholarship and experience to hold a post as professor or dean in a school of education in the best universities in the country. His only deficiency would be a paper one: His academic transcript would not show a specified number of credits in education courses.

—*"Dr. Conant and His Critics," by Lindley J. Stiles, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, in Teachers College Record, May 1964.*

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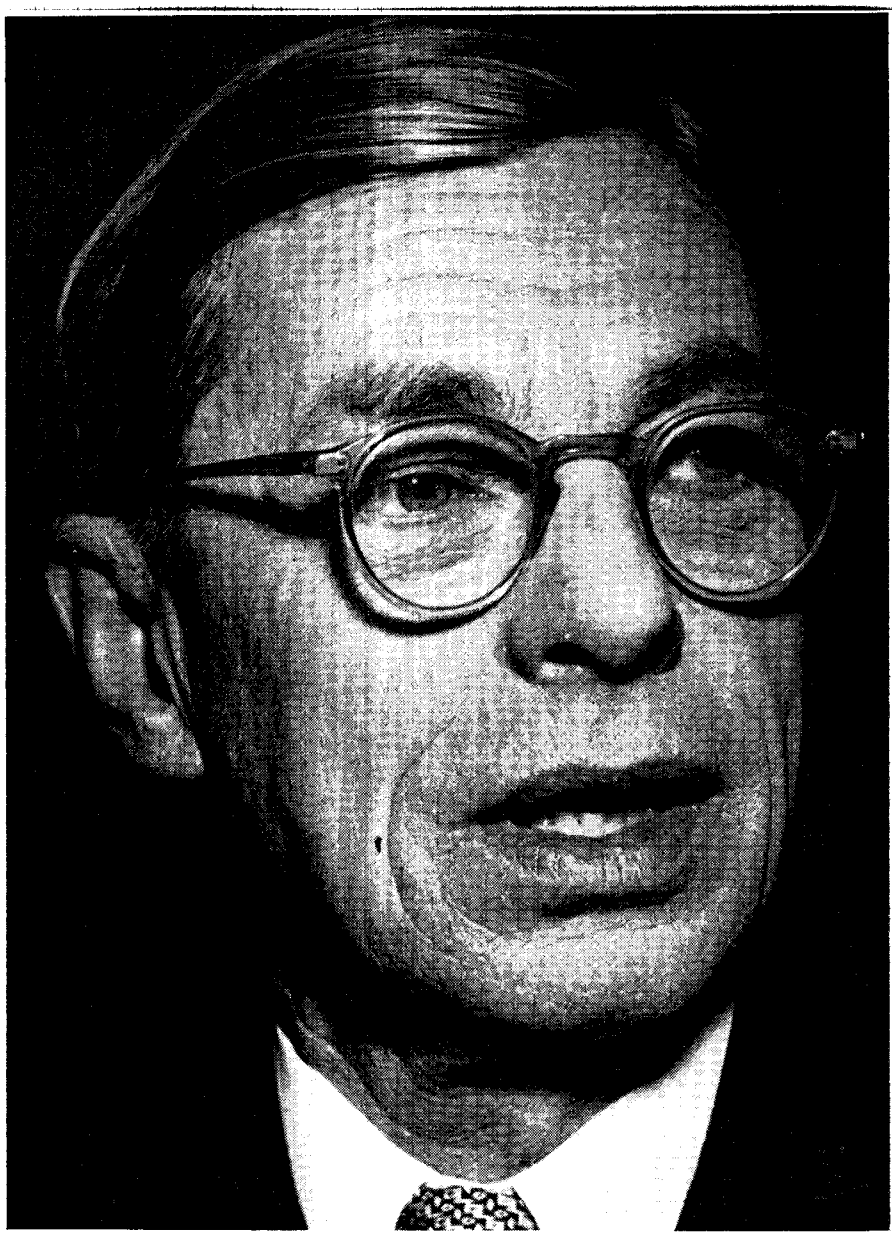
indeed bankrupt in many states, and Chase felt that far from being bold, Conant's report was at best only a partial and temporizing answer to a national problem.

The strength and importance of the accrediting agencies to which Dr. Conant referred in his Wednesday evening address, were revealed in at least a half-dozen conversations that I either participated in or overheard in hallways, elevators, lobbies, or the lounge. Time and again I heard the concern of an administrator being voiced over the impending visit of The Team, the imminent invasion of such-and-such a campus for investigation and appraisal prior to accreditation. This concern, I suppose, is only natural, given the present state of such procedures, and I cannot object to the *concern*. I do feel obligated, however, to question some of the techniques that I heard being discussed, techniques designed to favorably impress the visiting firemen whose report would count for so much in the institution's future. Temporary replacement of attractive secretaries to perform receptionist duties and create a comfortable atmosphere for the development of favorable opinion, the arrangement of an itinerary to exclude a somewhat controversial faculty member, and the dead-serious admonition that while The Team was present everyone "must be on his best behavior" while undergoing inspection, were all practices I heard discussed while at the meetings. And I could have observed only the smallest portion of what was going on. It seems to me unlikely that I heard only isolated occurrences, and the openness with which these arrangements were being discussed lends further weight to the conclusion that similar incidents were prevalent beyond those that I witnessed.

A second occurrence of some interest, with reference to "debate" over Conant's proposals, was the distribution by the AACTE of an "opinionaire" on Dr. Conant's statements respecting American teacher education. This polling device was distributed to those attending the third general session of the meetings, and respondents were asked to indicate their current professional title, whether or not they were official representatives from their respective institutions, what type of institutions they came from, and how familiar they were with the book. To each of twenty-nine statements culled from Conant's report the respondents had a choice of six responses, ranging from strong agreement through neutrality to strong disagreement, and including a response for no opinion. Unfortunately I never saw the results of the opinionaire. That I did not makes little difference. Whatever the results were, I question the validity and significance of such a procedure. Any results of such an inquiry would be of relatively little value in a substantive analysis of specific proposals for the improvement of teacher education. It is difficult to assess how this peculiar gimmick serves the AACTE's avowed purpose of dedication to the improvement of teacher education in America. Certainly analysis of teacher education and proposals for its reform should proceed on a higher level than the statistical analysis of opinion.



—*Camera Pix (Pix).*

James B. Conant—"He has undergone a long, self-imposed apprenticeship in preparation for this study."

A third feature of the Chicago meetings was the ready availability of evidence that the gap between education and other academic areas was just as wide as ever. More than once I heard the fear expressed that "academic professors" might invade the sacred domain of teacher education under the Conant banner and thereby dilute (!) the professional stature that had been so painstakingly developed over the preceding decades. This argument reached the heights of absurdity when I proffered congratulations to the director of teacher education of an institution recently granted permission to award the B.A. degree, only to be rebuffed on the grounds that this new privilege would ultimately cast a negative effect on the teacher education program by encouraging the development of undue strength in the academic departments.

Finally, the manner in which Conant's recommendations were treated after Conant left the meetings demands comment. Both Taylor's and Chase's remarks set the pattern for future commentary, but their addresses were almost mild compared to what followed in prepared analyses of Conant's recommendations and in corridor and lounge conversations. "Conant man" became as loaded and pejorative a term in the hands of this group as "educationist" has become in the hands of such critics as H. G. Rickover and Arthur Bestor. What happened after Conant left was, to my mind, one of the most incredible lapses of good manners and taste that I have ever witnessed. It eventually led me to wonder whether or not I was still in

(*Continued on page* 72)

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Division and Dialogue In the House of Learning

When Dr. Conant opened his book on teacher education with a chapter describing the ancient quarrel between professional educators and academic scholars, some educators protested that it was a mistake to reopen debate on an issue no longer important. This article, by a professor of education in a distinguished liberal arts college that educates teachers, suggests that the quarrel still is real enough on some campuses but that steps are being taken to resolve it by changing the quarrel to an effective dialogue between the parties concerned.

BY FRANK LAYCOCK, *Professor of Education and Chairman, Department of Education, Oberlin College*

THE cleavage between the academicians and the educators in American schools is an enduring disgrace. Because of it, for decades, competition and duplication have dominated programs to train teachers and educate the young. However, amid the general pattern of open antagonism or mutual disinterest, there are encouraging steps toward rapprochement. I should like to describe this split, to show why it has widened and where it is perhaps beginning to close.

Most colleges and universities know the problem well, but an outsider finds it a puzzle. Why, on nearly every campus, does the department of education have such a sad reputation and carry on its work estranged from the other departments of learning? The complaints are not hard to find. Courses in education, I hear, are numerous and shallow; they proliferate without restraint. Prospective teachers do poorly on tests of academic aptitude and general knowledge, and they are usually in too big a hurry for a job. At large universities, education has its separate college whose standards do not require the same rigor as those of the liberal arts college. The staff must include former teachers and superintendents from the public schools to supervise the practical experience of aspiring teachers, but their background is alien among their academic colleagues. The result of all these complaints is clear: education meets isolation, uneasy toleration, or entrenched opposition.

In return, my fellow professors of education often disdain academic study. Over and over again I hear it: the liberal arts may be interesting, but they are not useful enough; culture is too great a luxury for our time. An ancient debate, to be sure. But in education departments the argument shifts defensively to the shortcomings of "subject-matter" courses and of their professors, to prove that teachers need a separate and more practical curriculum. Not merely courses in the methods of teaching to round out a college program, but prerequisites that may start in the freshman year, or sequences from a list made up expressly for teachers.

Thus on most campuses the student body comes to accept a division, whereby those intending to teach have special programs of preparation. Critics call them sadly inferior because their graduates have not learned well enough the subjects they will teach. Defendants emphasize how important it is to understand children, so as to know how to help them learn. This schism is not confined to the colleges. It is a serious problem to keep scholarship alive after students have finished their training. While at college, elementary school teachers did not usually commit themselves to continuing liberal study, but rather to teaching very elementary subject matter to children. High school teachers must adapt to broader subjects and to the mysteries of adolescence, as when a history graduate shifts to social studies or a biologist to general science. Instead of developing and engaging knowledge at different levels of the academic enterprise, these teachers seem to be diverted by their jobs from the resources of current scholarship.

Now teaching youngsters, whether in high school or kindergarten, is not the same thing as studying economics or zoology in college. Adaptation to pupils is only common sense, and down the ages good teachers have allowed for children's interests and capacity. But to go so far as to divorce method from content, to "teach the child, not the subject," eventually removes both method and child from the culture moving forward about him. On the one hand, teachers themselves cannot follow the latest findings in science or literature, because they did not prepare themselves to keep up after commencement. On the other hand, advanced specialists have not paid enough attention to children and their schooling, being too occupied by their own research. So we have specialists in the *teaching* of science or art, middlemen to whom the ordinary teacher goes because he cannot learn directly.

A Step Toward Freedom and Quality

In a profession bound by bureaucratic controls the Conant report is a challenge to restore *freedom* as a method and *quality* as an objective. It would replace certification credits with evidence of achievement in teaching, and force institutions to provide the kind of educational programs for teachers on which they would be willing to stake their reputation. Dr. Conant's plea for institutional freedom to experiment should be welcomed by all genuinely professional forces, although it will be wise to remember that present state regulation was historically caused by the sloppy and complacent procedures of thousands of school boards and hundreds of colleges and universities throughout the land. A new thrust forward may result from the liberation of professional forces that are deeply committed to the goal of excellence, but the rear guard will still have to be brought up to minimum standards by administrative regulation.

—*From "Beyond Craft and Conant—Teacher Education," by Harry D. Gideonse, President of Brooklyn College, City University of New York.*

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Summer catalogues and extension programs are swollen by additional work in "methods," or selections from academic subjects. Really advanced—or merely up-to-date—work is beyond the teacher's preparation; beginning courses he seldom tries. So he gets more and more familiar with the jargon of his craft, and less and less informed of developments in his society.

This divorce is telling and tragic, because the teacher is formally charged with introducing the young to their heritage—introducing them, that is, to a critical, informed, alert approach to it. Once we said that we must teach the whole child, in order to really reach him with what we have to offer, to make an impact upon his entire life. Now we find that the means has become the end: have the whole child bring his whole society with him to fill up the curriculum. As knowledge continues to grow, and as a teacher performs more and more services (each with a persuasive defense and a persistent claque), his responsibilities multiply.

It is no wonder that he usually chooses to satisfy a society that has not called out for scholarship nearly so loudly as for the tricks of the trade. If colleges do not insist on academic strength for prospective teachers, if on the job the range of demands crowds out intellectual emphasis, and if the larger society assents, even clamors, then there is little chance for the liberal arts to make a showing. For me, it is devastating, the disharmony among those who are directly responsible for effective learning. From kindergarten to college they divide: liberal versus professional, whole child versus specialization, literacy versus driver training. Excellence requires a concerted effort at communion. Yet the academician and the educator, each at work in his own shop, compete, duplicate, and wrangle.

The explanation is historical, as the Conant report documents: educator and academician have different origins. The educator descends from those who developed mass education for the very young: Comenius, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Herbart, and in our time James and Dewey. For a long time, teachers for the masses received rudimentary instruction in their task, after having barely completed the common school themselves, and thus missed the influence of the universities. Even in recent times the normal school and the teachers' college may have trained college-age students, but not to college standards. Academicians, on the other hand—the historians, the chemists, the linguists—have always come out of the universities. Together with their fellows who wished to be physicians or lawyers, they followed a common undergraduate curriculum. College to them meant deferring job training until later. It followed Mill's prescription: ". . . men are men before they are lawyers or physicians or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers and physicians."

These two strands, liberal and professional, unite in the typical school or college of education within a large university. There the responsibility rests for coordinating the training of teachers at all levels, from nursery school through junior college. As guardian of the legacy from the normal schools, it offers required professional courses and works with state certifying agencies. It is obliged to cooperate with the rest of the campus, especially *vis-à-vis* the academic majors and minors stipulated for secondary school teachers. It may train superintendents or teachers of the deaf or future professors of education. Its staff does research into teaching, pupil development, social background, and the workings of the school itself. Thus it is *not* exclusively professional or liberal or graduate. What it *is*, is dubious.

Nonetheless, schools of education, state regulations, and such programs as the major in elementary education have developed a tradition of their own in a surprisingly short time. Unfortunately the durable byproduct of the tradition is hardened antipathy between the educator and the academician. The educator may be a professor, an elementary school teacher, or a city school superintendent. He believes that the teaching process is crucial and must be learned by specific, direct practice of its methods. He resents the pronouncements of persons who do not share his experience or respect his speciality. The academician, in the graduate school or anywhere else, sees himself as a scholar in a discipline. He recognizes that a teacher must develop skill in his craft, but the complicated apparatus put together by the educator offends him. Against the rise of legal restrictions and the influence of educators, the academician has called for deletion of requirements and banishment of those who depend upon them.

Clearly, learning is not served by this internecine strife, and the larger community is coming to see its absurdity. Happily, in recent years there has been increased, if halting, conversation. We are still far from any permanent, nationwide pact between the houses of education in America, but there are heartening contacts. I should like to describe briefly some of them that I hope are harbingers.

The best publicized and most varied series of intermediary projects has been subsidized by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. Endowed by the Ford Foundation, the Fund has supported an array of imaginative programs to revive the liberal arts in teacher education. Some of the most successful are the several Master of Arts in Teaching courses that combine academic majors and full-time teaching into fresh patterns.

The Fund's activities have not been praised in all quarters. Some critics bridle at its lavish subsidies. Others accuse the Fund of bias toward private colleges and middle-class school systems, when it is the public colleges and the cities that have the toughest problems. Established teacher-training departments, perhaps fearing competition, point to the reduced methodology that many Fund projects permit, and conclude that pupils will suffer.

Most of these complaints are losing their bite. The Fund has increased the variety of its projects. It often needs to be generous or many a college would not try something new at all. But it always insists that eventually a project become self-sustaining. Enough of its

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THE JOURNAL OF PHI DELTA KAPPA (a professional fraternity for men in education) asked twenty-one reporters in all sections of the country to sample responsible educational opinion in their own localities in an effort to determine how Conant's proposals were being received and what evidence existed that the book was having influence. The summary of the responses, reported in the June 1964 issue of *Phi Delta Kappa,* stated:

"One of the few conclusions that can be safely drawn from the comments submitted by our twenty-one monitors is that much of the hostility to the proposals offered by Dr. Conant is conservative hostility to any change, since any change is upsetting. A hint of this appears in the statement that 'New York observers are confident that the State Board of Education is not about to yield any of its certification authority to the colleges or to anyone else.'

"Special evidence of the esteem in which Dr. Conant is held lies in the fact that a large number of deans, professors of education, and others, with a fine balance of pride and indignation, make this assertion: 'Our college (or our state) probably comes closer than any other to following Mr. Conant's recommendations'."

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Suggested Reading

For those who wish to read more on the problems of teacher education, the following recent books will be useful:

G. K. Hodenfield and T. M. Stinnett, *The Education of Teachers,* Prentice-Hall, 1961.

James Koerner, *The Miseducation of American Teachers,* Houghton-Mifflin, 1963.

Elmer Smith (ed.), *Teacher Education: A Reappraisal,* Harper & Row, 1962.

Paul Woodring & John Scanlon (editors), *American Education Today,* part six, "Education, Teachers, and School Administrators," McGraw-Hill, 1963.

proposals have become standard in teacher training to validate the Fund's premises. Nowadays a professional educator need feel threatened only if he persists in the old way, unmoved. He must remember how unorthodox it once was to have any training at all, when Barnard and his fellow firebrands started what has become traditional. The most serious flaw in the Fund's work is the opportunity it has often ignored, to demonstrate empirically the worth of its innovations. It has depended upon introspective reports by a project's personnel to show that things succeeded, and upon the power of example to evoke imitation. More schools and colleges would probably have followed its lead if some thorough research had demonstrated how a new approach differs and what its advantages are. Liberal arts protagonists are convinced that their curriculum is superior, but dependable proof is elusive.

The most controversial body of academicians to propose a dialogue with educators is the Council for Basic Education. Some schoolmen have welcomed its conservative criticism of questionable and unwise practices, but most of them resent it. Taken out of context—or, rather, put into the Council's context—many typical school situations look weak indeed. The vehemence of the educator in opposing the Council suggests the force of its criticism.

A careful look at the Council, however, shows that it is *for* something: school programs with more clearly stated and consistent aims. If its suggestions were taken to heart—as here and there they are—we should still offer lots of "frills," perhaps, but only after having provided for the basic intellectual skills. The Council agitates for a library before a stadium, a laboratory before a cafeteria, above all lots and lots of classrooms before administrative suites. It prefers smaller classes, so that pupils can learn on schedule, not later on in expensive remedial instruction. And it cries out for academically trained teachers at all levels. These things we all want; the Council calls for an urgent sense of priority in seeking them. If the Council and its opponents were both to guide themselves more by information than by prejudice or tradition, they might help to close the gap between the schools and the critics.

Much older than the Fund or the Council is another movement. The professional associations found among teachers of English, foreign languages, science, mathematics, and other subjects have been working for years to develop academic background, teaching techniques, and a host of helps appropriate to their duties. Originally concerned with high schools, they have spread to elementary and higher education as well. In the past few years their activity has increased.

Some of the most impressive examples of collaboration come from mathematicians. The School Mathematics Study Group (SMSG), which worked out an elaborate revision of topics in mathematics, now sees its materials being printed and used all over America. Teachers are going to refresher institutes to acquaint themselves with "the new math," many under subsidies from the National Science Foundation. Very recently another group met, under the stimulus of two mathematicians at M.I.T. They wish to look ahead to the day when the "new math" will have become standard. They recognize that curricular reform will for a long time concentrate upon the SMSG and similar programs. So they have begun to set down their vision of mathematics as it should be learned, rather than as it could be approached by manipulating present practices. This, they claim, demands a clear division of labor. The *scope* of a new program should be set by the people at the highest level of competence in the discipline. Then the *methods* entailed in teaching the new program require persons who know classrooms and pupils. Their conference last year at Cambridge restricted itself to advanced mathematical specialists, and is working toward a sequence of studies that will make it possible for a high school senior to reach the level that now is true of the college junior: the equivalent of two years of calculus and a semester each of modern algebra and probability theory. They defend their vision by citing a comparable three-year speed-up between 1900 and now.

In other disciplines there are also exciting new curricula being cooperatively developed: economics, geography, biology, chemistry, foreign languages, art. If all these plans were to remain firmly on university soil, of course, teachers would be properly enraged. Progress in the schools is only likely to continue if these associations and their highly skilled consultants remember that the critical arena is the classroom. Educators may be accurate when they note that a scientist, say, has not ever taught third-grade classes, but they often forget that

A Dangerous Instrument

"I regret Dr. Conant's decision to by-pass the knotty curriculum problems in teacher education, and in particular his rather offhand dismissal of such promising developments as the new 'fifth-year' plans. But I can only applaud his attack on the stultifying quality of current certification and accreditation practices, and his well-documented emphasis on the urgent need for better subject-matter preparation, better practice teaching, and better in-service training, and his insistence on joint school-university responsibility for teacher education.

"Conant also underlined the fact that accreditation has little or nothing to do with the quality of the teacher education program at an institution. The reasons for this include the wide divergence between institutions, the ensuing differences in standards and objectives, and the resulting differences in the quality of teacher produced. Recent experiences at Wisconsin and Carleton have dramatized the facts. Accreditation may be a fine idea in principle, but in practice it leaves much to be desired. It may indeed provide a necessary floor under some institutions, but at the same time it constitutes a rigid ceiling on others. Such an instrument is dangerous if we are intent on achieving new heights of excellence through experimentation in teacher education." *From an address by Alvin C. Eurich, President, Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies.*

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he may have tried, over and over again, to help his own third-grader at home. The would-be reorganizers, in their turn, err when they permit competing movements to form around their reputations or their methods. Educators have sometimes allowed themselves to become messiahs; it will not serve the cause if academicians now do the same.

In the foregoing examples of collaboration, the initiative has often come from academicians who propose changes or devise plans. There are also opportunities for schoolmen to ask the universities for help. Since World War II, federal funds have gone to enliven science, mathematics, and language teaching, usually with the assistance of academic specialists in these fields. Research, too, is being supported by these funds, including projects where university and school people experiment with new arrangements of courses. Non-governmental foundations bring educators and specialists together, at the request of teachers; a publisher may arrange for a conference regarding his textbooks or his tests. Like industry, education often employs academicians as consultants for specific problems.

Two efforts at cooperation that began with the schools deserve mention. They illustrate the benefits and troubles inherent in dialogue. The first began gradually during the middle 1950s in California. It was time for the state to choose new social studies textbooks. Instead of looking only at books, however, officials chose to overhaul the curriculum. The "social studies" are difficult to define, because they are an unpredictable mix of old-time history, geography, and civics with the newer anthropology, economics, and sociology. So priority in California went to specifying what social studies should contain. In a series of meetings throughout the state, university experts debated which were the critical facts a pupil should learn. The lists of concepts drawn up were long, and they betrayed the thorny arguments in lively, growing disciplines. Under pressure for some agreement, the lists often contained more safe than significant ideas, but state officials got what they wanted: a current statement of principles and skills a prospective citizen needs. They could then decide how to put them into teachable form. I believe this strategy was sound. It is proper for school men to speak from their experience about how difficult or suitable a concept is for children of a given age, but it may be rash for them to choose the concept in the first place. Much better to ask persons who know, to find out about accuracy, currency, and relative importance. This sequence in California has a solid common sense; it should recur more often.

A little later a very interesting experiment started in San Francisco. The Board of Education employed eight professors from the University of California and Stanford University to examine its curriculum: two from English, two from mathematics, and one each from biology, chemistry, economics, and history. (This decision itself is remarkable, for such surveys are usually turned over to practicing educators.) For months they visited classes, listened to teachers, poked into laboratories and libraries, and compared textbooks. Then they worked out some very detailed recommendations. Their report went to the Board early in 1960 and promptly raised a brouhaha. Schoolmen in responsible posts cried out at these pronouncements from the ivory tower, although many teachers whispered amen. The reaction of the superintendent's staff and of the Board was most instructive. Twenty-three proposals in the report were adopted, in part or whole, for action in the following year: such things as dropping out-of-date or ill-defined courses, paying more attention to the bright, varying the weekly schedule in high schools, seeking better ways to handle unruly pupils. Several proposals were shelved because state action would first be necessary.

The most important recommendations in the report would have cost a lot of money. Three were adopted: fourteen lay readers to help English teachers (estimated cost for the first year: $32,500); a more detailed description of the content in the "solid" subjects ($21,600); and higher pay and better conditions for teachers (the Board to decide how far to go). The rest were too expen-

(*Continued on page* 75)

What Conant's Critics Say

PROS:

"Thank God for Mr. Conant. He has struck hard for clarity and sanity in a terribly important and confused sector."
—*J. W. Maucker, President, State College of Iowa, in "Journal of Teacher Education," March,* 1964.

* * *

"Dr. Conant's recommendations are constructive and should spur Washington as well as other states to renewed effort to improve teacher education."
—*Louis Bruno, Washington State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

* * *

"To adopt Mr. Conant's general principles would be a great step forward."
—*Sterling McMurrin, former U.S. Commissioner of Education.*

* * *

"James B. Conant, in the quiet tone of a committee report, has thrown a bomb into the teacher education business.

CONS:

"Conant's proposals would leave the teacher essentially a technician, whose general education has not helped him to truly understand and analyze any number of pressing issues."
—*Robert Beck, Professor of Philosophy of Education, University of Minnesota.*

* * *

"Conant's book is addressed to yesterday, not to tomorrow."
—*Francis Chase, Professor of Education, University of Chicago, at NCATE annual meeting.*

* * *

"Mr. Conant has tidied up the administrative details . . . but we still need some light on the question of how to educate the American teacher."
—*Harold Taylor, quoted in "Education Summary," November* 1, 1963.

* * *

"We think that Conant misses the point in what needs to be remedied. . . . Our general response to his book is in the

(*Continued on next page*)

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PROS: (*Continued*)

Unlike other critics, on whose work he has drawn, he centers on what can be done."

—*Edward J. Gordon, Director, Office of Teacher Training, Yale University, in "CBE Bulletin," November,* 1963.

* * *

"Dr. Conant's book does more than raise a host of significant issues about the education of teachers. It provides a framework for a national debate which, if well conducted, could end in significant reform. I say so, not because I agree on all major matters with Dr. Conant's views, but because they have a frank, analytical, comprehensive, and cogent character that provokes and can give organization to hard-hitting dialogue."

—*Morris Keeton, Dean, Antioch College, in "Journal of Teacher Education," March,* 1964.

* * *

". . . the book merits wide reading. But it should be *read critically and with awareness* that facts often lend themselves to more than one kind of evaluation depending upon underlying assumptions and values held. Perhaps the greatest contribution to be made at this time by *The Education of American Teachers* is to lay to rest the ill-founded arguments that have been so large a part of the recent debate on teacher education. It will have been no mean accomplishment if the 'quarrel' described in Chapter One as a 'power struggle' can be dropped and attention moved to the testing of ideas in the open market of discussion and of experimentation and research."

—*Florence Stratemeyer, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University.*

* * *

"Clearly, Conant has issued the sharpest challenge to teacher education since the creation of the normal school. Significantly, he points in the opposite direction. His recommendations come into an atmosphere of tension and controversy created by a revolution that was already under way. Were he to fire his salvos and then retire, it is doubtful that any long-range gains would be achieved. Such, however, is not the Conant pattern. Already he has returned once from West Germany to follow up his book with analyses and discussions with leaders in teacher education. If, as seems likely, the establishment proves too complex or inflexible to make changes, it is highly probable that Dr. Conant will carry his fight to the lay public, where his ideas already enjoy considerable support. His behavior indicates that he has joined the revolution. His entry may well supply the additional moral force and intellectual vigor required for victory."

—*Dean Lindley Stiles, School of Education, University of Wisconsin, in "Teachers College Record," May,* 1964.

* * *

. . . . . *and Conant's own view* . . . .

"My only worry is that there won't be a controversy. . . . I'm hoping there will be vigorous controversy . . . whether people end by taking my suggestions or not . . . the most important objective in my book would be to have a vigorous national debate among educators and laymen on the question of how to educate the teachers of American youth."

—*James B. Conant on CBS radio, quoted in "Journal of Teacher Education," March,* 1964.

CONS: (*Continued*)

same vein as the report turned in by a noted baseball scout on a promising bush leaguer: 'Good fielding, no hits.'"

—*Statement by five deans of New York University's School of Education, October* 11, 1963.

* * *

"The proposal to place the approval of teacher education programs and standards for teacher licensure within the power of the faculties of each of the 1,200 individual colleges and universities that prepare teachers amounts to a recommendation for irresponsibility in the most literal sense of the word."

—*Allan F. Rosebrock, Director of Teacher Education and Certification, New Jersey State Department of Education, in "Journal of Teacher Education," March,* 1964.

* * *

"One might ask why Conant does not seem to be aware of professors of education (by title) who have been trained in various areas of subject matter on all degree levels and who currently are engaged in teaching and research in the history, philosophy, and sociology of education. . . . Surely, he cannot dismiss all of them as unscholarly, incompetent, and inferior on a prima facie basis to historians who are 'reasonably informed' about education."

—*William Brickman, Professor of Education, University of Pennsylvania, in "School and Society," March* 21, 1964.

* * *

"Dr. Conant thinks the present system of fifty states making the rules is chaotic. Well, we have 1,150 different institutions training teachers, ranging from marginal to excellent. Just think what we would have with each one making the rules."

—*Ray A. Edelfelt, Associate Executive Secretary, National Council Teacher Education and Professional Standards.*

* * *

"I wish that Dr. Conant had recognized more specifically and directly some of the really striking changes that have taken place in the last decade or two in teacher education —improvements that have been made in large part because in some sectors of higher education, at least, the commitment to the importance of teacher education has been strengthened."

—*Don Davies, NEA TEPS Commission at a New York Conference, December,* 1963.

* * *

"As one reviews the general impact of the first six chapters of the book (Conant's *The Education of American Teachers*), it is difficult to dispel the feeling of paradox that hangs about it. Teaching is only a skill, but only high-grade intellects ought to make a career of it; certification laws are chaotic, but it would be fine to have each institution increase the chaos by free experimentation; certification laws are easily circumvented, but, on the other hand, they keep Einstein and his latter-day counterparts from teaching in the public schools; we don't need professional education, but somehow the clinical professors will manage to do whatever it is that makes them superfluous."

—*Harry S. Broudy in the "Teachers College Journal," January,* 1964.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. U.S. Sec'y of State who initiated "Dollar Diplomacy" (given name; 1853-1921).	132 70 121 143 45 137 149 200 91
B. Member of a race of India whose habitat is the western Deccan and Bombay Presidency.	168 170 97 104 92 102 180
C. Ancient Celtic stringed instrument.	42 194 199 7 53
D. Horrifying; spine-chilling.	146 183 161 177 82 11 14
E. Dangerous, unwholesome breeze (2 wds.).	15 182 201 117 52 130 145
F. Specifying a stage presentation which fails to suggest vividly expressive action or gesture, unexpected conjunctions, or a striking denouement (2 wds.).	151 83 101 138 171 184 19 33
G. A female kangaroo.	23 1 139 174 129
H. To cause uneasiness or constraint because of some influence impeding another's freedom of speech or action.	176 84 72 119 157 197 90 166 178
I. Conventional phrase before a signature (2 wds.).	12 133 190 126 78 142 148 30 46 20
J. Encircle; the juncture of the thighs of cattle or sheep (WNI III).	25 60 65 47 81
K. Beginning.	110 96 172 116 50 147 87 158
L. The edible ascus fruit.	66 115 28 195 100 17 193 3
M. Something "serene" for Victoria (2 wds. from Tennyson's *To The Queen*, 1851).	93 141 164 202 13 113 75
N. Usual title of *A Poetic Romance* by Keats, 1818.	198 85 18 58 31 67 114 2
O. The sun's service to the "winking Marybuds" in *Cymbeline* in the Musicians' song for Imogen (2 wds.).	187 169 150 134 124 36 68 103 108
P. Neutralize; counteract.	122 64 48 181 39 88 98
Q. Drawn by selection for a particular purpose.	35 120 156 95 167 144 55
R. "Breaking a lot of eggs" seems to be the traditional first step toward this end.	80 152 173 163 118 43 69 94
S. Following *The* and followed by WORD V, a best-selling book on the modern status of woman by Betty Friedan.	105 155 191 44 6 54 32 22
T. Largest Brazilian diamond, acquired by the Gaekwar of Baroda (4 wds.).	189 111 196 74 26 24 4 154 89 159 125 38 29 51
U. Not dreamed of, not conceived or pictured to oneself.	77 40 5 192 27 123 61 188 165 131
V. See WORD S.	57 153 21 106 8 37 73 140
W. Eighth circle of hell in Dante's *Inferno*.	109 76 135 16 79 49 162 10 56
X. Peculiar to a particular district or class of persons.	71 34 186 107 62 175 127
Y. The Jewish holiday observed on the 1st and 2nd of Tishri (2 wds.).	185 41 59 160 128 136 63 112 86 9 99 179

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 G	2 N	3 L	4 T	5 U	6 S	7 C	8 V	9 Y	10 W	11 D	12 I		13 M
	14 D	15 E	16 W	17 L	18 N		19 F	20 I	21 V	22 S	23 G	24 T		25 J	26 T		27 U
28 L	29 T	30 I	31 N	32 S		33 F	34 X	35 Q		36 O	37 V	38 T	39 P	40 U	41 Y	42 C	43 R
44 S	45 A	46 I		47 J	48 P	49 W	50 K	51 T		52 E		53 C	54 S	55 Q	56 W		57 V
58 N		59 Y	60 J	61 U	62 X		63 Y	64 P	65 J	66 L		67 N	68 O		69 R	70 A	71 X
	72 H	73 V	74 T	75 M	76 W	77 U	78 I		79 W	80 R	81 J	82 D	83 F	84 H		85 N	86 Y
87 K		88 P	89 T	90 H	91 A		92 B	93 M	94 R		95 Q	96 K	97 B	98 P		99 Y	100 L
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115 L	116 K	117 E	118 R	119 H	120 Q	121 A	122 P	123 U		124 O	125 T	126 I	127 X	128 Y		129 G	130 E
131 U		132 A	133 I	134 O	135 W		136 Y	137 A	138 F		139 G	140 V	141 M	142 I	143 A	144 Q	145 E
	146 D	147 K	148 I	149 A	150 O	151 F		152 R	153 V		154 T	155 S	156 Q	157 H	158 K		159 T
160 Y	161 D	162 W	163 R		164 M	165 U	166 H	167 Q		168 B	169 O		170 B	171 F	172 K	173 R	174 G
175 X	176 H	177 D		178 H	179 Y	180 B	181 P	182 E		183 D	184 F	185 Y	186 X	187 O	188 U		189 T
190 I	191 S	192 U	193 L	194 C		195 L	196 T	197 H	198 N	199 C	200 A	201 E	202 M				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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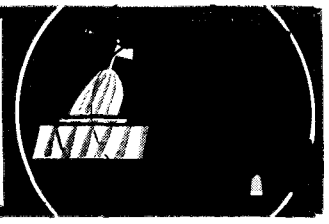
While School Keeps



"Religion in the Public Schools" is the title of a report published late last month by the American Association of School Administrators (1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036, 67 pp. $2). The work of a special commission of the AASA, the report is notable on a number of counts, but particularly because it grapples directly and effectively with the thorny issue of religious pluralism in our society and the many implications of that issue for the public schools.

Coming at a time when the country's traditionally conservative forces, which for many years have been in partial eclipse, are reasserting themselves in our national life, the report is refreshing in its clear insistence on looking forward rather than back. It views the inescapable diversity of American life as a source of strength to be welcomed and cultivated rather than as a threat to be feared. It defends in measured, but unequivocal, terms the recent Supreme Court decisions on prayer and Bible reading in the schools as necessary and potentially fruitful extensions of our tradition of religious freedom. It sees these decisions as a constructive stimulus to "some rigorous thinking about . . . the assumptions that important values were being developed and sustained by the daily ritual of Bible reading and prayer —the assumptions that needed critical examination." And elsewhere it notes that "Whatever else the Supreme Court decisions may or may not have done, they have stimulated the public schools to search for appropriate means to deal effectively with religion as one of the great influences in man's history."

The most immediately helpful section of the report for superintendents and school boards may prove to be that called "Accommodations to Religious Pluralism," in which the commission discusses solutions to such controversy-inducing problems as Christmas observances in the schools, baccalaureate services, and school calendars. No hard and fast prescriptions are offered; rather, the commission provides the knowledge required for a sure understanding of the issues and then seeks to "point out the spirit within which solutions must be found."

But most important is the final section of the report on "Curriculum and Our Religious Heritage," in which the commission charts the three broad areas where explicit educational policy, adequate materials, and effective methods need to be developed. "A curriculum which ignored religion," the report notes, "would itself have serious religious implications." Therefore the commission has explored in some detail the problem of presenting religion in the classroom as part of the study of Western civilization, the age level at which such study can be undertaken, the necessity for far more effective instructional materials and better trained teachers. More briefly it also discusses the school's role in teaching values, and in preparing young people for citizenship in a religiously diverse society.

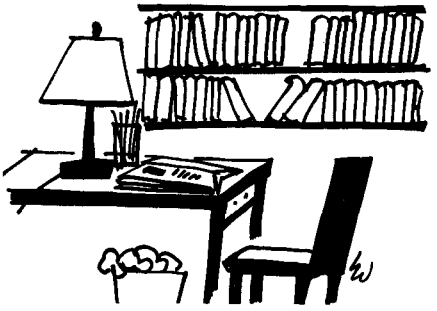
Religion in the Public Schools is the report of a group of thoughtful, sensitive, and knowledgeable men. The commission included Donald E. Boles, professor of government, Iowa State University; John S. Cartwright, professor of education, Lehigh University; Dwight L. Kirk, superintendent of schools in Odessa, Texas; John Henry Martin, superintendent of schools in Freeport, New York; Thomas G. Pullen, Jr., state superintendent of schools in Maryland; Sidney P. Marland, Jr., superintendent of schools in Pittsburgh, chairman of the commission; and Archibald B. Shaw, associate secretary of the AASA who served as secretary. Rolfe Lanier Hunt of the National Council of Churches of Christ, acted as consultant to the group.

The report does not attempt to answer all the many questions implicit in its title; but it does point many new directions for effective thought and action by schoolmen. Unlike many educational publications on the subject, it avoids the pious clichés that have become so familiar. Its analysis of the problem is highly sophisticated and its recommendations are closely tied to the emerging realities of our national life. For all of these reasons, the report itself may arouse a measure of controversy. But, like it or not, no one who pretends to knowledge in the field will be able to ignore it.

Creation of a National Humanities Foundation, to provide the kind of support for the humanities and the arts that the National Science Foundation has given the sciences and mathematics, was proposed last month by Congressman William S. Moorhead (D.-Pa.) in a bill introduced in the House of Representatives. Now before the Committee on Education and Labor, the bill would seek to remedy the imbalance in financial and public support available to those working in scientific and non-scientific fields.

Congressman Moorhead's proposal grows directly out of the *Report of the Commission on the Humanities,* issued last summer by a group of eminent scholars, schoolmen, and laymen. The commission, chaired by Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, was set up by the American Council of Learned Societies, the Council of Graduate Schools in the United States, and the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, "to consider the state of the humanities in America," and to make "recommendations to the sponsoring organizations."

The commission reported that: "The state of the humanities today creates a crisis for national leadership. While it offers cultural opportunities of the greatest value to the United States and to mankind, it holds at the same time a danger that wavering purpose and lack



of well-conceived effort may leave us second-best in a world correspondingly impoverished by our incomplete success."

A strong case is made by the commission for greater support for the humanities, and recognition is given to the special problems involved in public support for activities and studies involving values and value judgments. One means for safeguarding the independence and freedom of the Foundation, according to the commission's recommendations, is for it to seek funds from a wide range of sources — foundations, corporations, and individuals—in addition to government appropriations.

The Commission is somewhat less persuasive in its recommendations for specific programs to be sponsored by the foundation. The ancient problems of evaluation and verification of quality in the humanities are still with us—in contrast to the more easily defined and evaluated search for truth in the sciences. Yet, many of the programs suggested deserve support. And the recommendations of the commission, as well as Congressman Moorhead's legislative proposal, merit careful consideration. Copies of the commission report may be obtained without charge from The American Council of Learned Societies, 345 East 46 Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

—James Cass.

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What Forty-Four Letters Can Do

By NANCY LARRICK, *former President of the International Reading Association, and well-known writer about children and their education.*

THIS fall 1,200 first graders in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, are using a new forty-four letter alphabet. Bulwarked by new readers and workbooks printed in the Initial Teaching Alphabet (i/t/a), the innovation is presented with traditional classroom methods and organization.

This is the second year of a three-year plan in Bethlehem, financed by the Ford Foundation and sponsored by Lehigh University. Last year 600 first graders participated. This fall the program is expanded to include roughly two-thirds of Bethlehem's first-graders. In 1965 all will be using it. Last June, at the end of the first year, the program had won enthusiastic approval in some quarters while raising questions in others.

The project is directed by Dr. Albert J. Mazurkiewicz of Lehigh's Department of Education. He and Dr. Harold Tanyzer of Hofstra University have prepared the i/t/a readers and workbooks used in Bethlehem and, starting this fall, in school districts in over half the states.

Created by Sir James Pitman, grandson of the inventor of Pitman shorthand, the Initial Teaching Alphabet utilizes twenty-four traditional letters plus another twenty symbols that resemble pushed-together letter combinations. Each symbol represents just one sound. Hence *one* and *won* are spelled *wun*. Silent letters are omitted; *love* becomes *luv* and *apples* are *applz*.

The purpose is to simplify the young child's task of learning to translate letters into sounds by eliminating different letter combinations for the same sound. Witness *seize, frieze, tease, peas, cheese, trees, squeeze* in traditional English spelling as contrasted with Pitman's *seez, freez, teez, peez, cheez, treez, skweez*.

Pitman's symbols are intended only for initial stages of reading instruction—hence the term Initial Teaching Alphabet or i/t/a, trade name of the Pitman products. Once these symbols and sounds are mastered and the child is reading and writing fluently in i/t/a, he is taught to make the transfer to the traditional alphabet. The transfer is made ideally at the end of the first grade.

By the fourth month Bethlehem first graders taught with the new alphabet began to push ahead of the control groups using the traditional alphabet. About 10 per cent could read and deal effectively with a vocabulary of 320 words written in Pitman.

Even more spectacular achievements showed up in the skill and quality of children's writing. Those using the Pitman alphabet are taught to form letters and symbols from the start and are urged to write letters, words, sentences, and paragraphs. By early April many were writing nine- and ten-word sentences quickly and eagerly.

Word recognition tests given to a sampling of children in January indicated that those who had mastered the forty-four Pitman "sound-symbols" scored the equivalent of second semester of third grade.

As might be expected, children from middle and upper socio-economic levels were ahead of those from less privileged families. February tests of a sampling of the middle and upper-income groups showed the i/t/a children were leading by a sizable stretch, as shown on the accompanying table. More than half (57.6 per cent) were reading at a third-grade level or better in the Pitman alphabet; 14 per cent were at the primer level or below.

Roughly one-third of the children in the Bethlehem project are believed to be from less privileged homes where books are lacking and language opportunities are limited. Of these children, Dr. Mazurkiewicz had this to say: "By mid-January 38 per cent of those taught in i/t/a were reading at a primer level or above. Of those taught with the traditional alphabet, 10 per cent were reading at a primer level, none above."

The big question, of course, is: *How well will these children read and spell after they leave simplified Pitman behind?*

John Downing, University of London researcher in charge of the British i/t/a project, said at Syracuse University last summer, "It is too early to know for sure." At that time his classroom testing had been under way two years.

Dr. Mazurkiewicz was far more optimistic after six months with the Pitman alphabet. In mid-March he reported that "5 to 8 per cent of average classrooms (middle class population)" were reading in the traditional alphabet after being taught in i/t/a.

"The transfer from i/t/a spelling to traditional spelling is not so difficult as it seems," he said. Forty per cent of the words children learn in first grade are spelled phonetically in traditional letters: *man, got, in, very,* and *milk,* for example. In many others the Pitman symbol is quite similar to the traditional letter.

Of the 230 words on the Merrill Spelling Test for Grade Two, 102 would not require a special symbol if written in the Pitman alphabet. In February a spelling test of these 102 words was given the Bethlehem first-graders taught in i/t/a. The average score was 86 per cent. "At this rate, these children will need more advanced spelling books and spelling tests in second grade," said Dr. Mazurkiewicz.

English i/t/a experimenters have taken over the prevailing controlled-vocabulary readers and reproduced the same art and words, using the new Pitman alphabet. The pace is slow because the text was originally written to develop the child's sight vocabulary.

For the Lehigh-Bethlehem project, special reading materials that introduce more words more rapidly were prepared by Dr. Mazurkiewicz and Dr. Tanyzer after their first meeting in January 1963. These include a readiness book, six readers and workbooks, teachers' guides, and all the rest. The beginning materials were written and printed in seven months, a job that takes two to five

After Eight Months - - -

The reader levels attained by first graders in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, taught with i/t/a surpass significantly the levels achieved by pupils taught with the standard alphabet.

Reader level	*i/t/a*	*Standard Alphabet*
Third	24 per cent	0 per cent
Second	50.7	6.1
First	14	74.4
Primer or below	11.3	19.5

—Table III, The Lehigh-Bethlehem i/t/a Study (Interim Report), by Albert J. Mazurkiewicz.

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years in a number of publishing houses.

In content and organization the new i/t/a readers have made history, too, because on several counts they have broken with the stereotype of the traditional basal readers. There is no Dick-and-Jane family in every story, enjoying the pleasant but unexciting events of a sunny, prosperous world. Instead, each i/t/a reader is a collection of unrelated stories about such unorthodox subjects as piracy, space travel, baseball, a cattle round-up, deep-sea diving, and children's problems with their parents.

More than half the stories are from *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine;* many of the rest are adaptations of such classics as "The Emperor's New Clothes" and "The Elves and the Shoemaker," with no credit, however, to Hans Christian Andersen or the Brothers Grimm. New or old, acknowledged or not, these are stories with something happening. They have plot, suspense, humor, and even pathos—ingredients rarely found in traditional first-grade readers.

The books contain no poetry, however, and the rewriting and simplifying have removed almost all trace of literacy flavor. The first two readers use the distorted, unchildlike sentence structure of the old basal readers. (For example, "up, up, up it cliemd.")

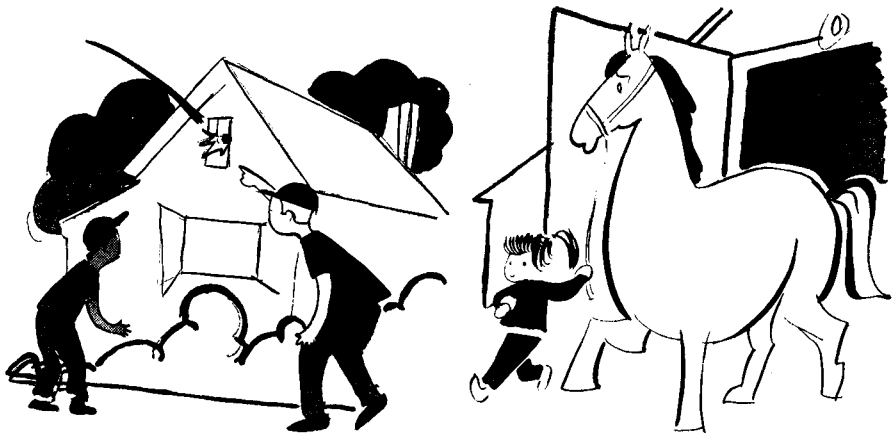
In sheer bulk the i/t/a readers outstrip all their predecessors. Books Two through Seven provide 100 different stories on 860 pages.

The seven books teach the child 1,557 different words, as compared to 543 introduced in the Macmillan first-grade books and 235 in the Laidlaw series.

Illustrations in the new books are startling. Instead of the sweet-sweet, full-color lithographs of the old basal readers, these have bold, sometimes crude, drawings in harsh black and a flat color. Kathy's horse may look like a tanker on four stumps, but there is no doubt that he is giving her the thrill of her life.

Of marked significance is the appearance of dark-skinned children in six of the 100 stories. One story shows a Negro boy and white boy playing ball. When a window is broken, the white boy urges flight from the scene of the crime, but the Negro insists they stay to face the protests of his own mother. Things like this never happened in the fair-skinned world of the older basal readers.

The Teachers' Guides of the Mazurkiewicz-Tanyzer series are written in the old pattern with every step spelled out for the teacher; every question she is to ask, every answer she is to accept, every experience chart as it might be dictated by the children. All she has to do is keep breathing. The rest is in the Guide. Bethlehem teachers are taking the Guides quite literally, I would conclude, after visiting three classes that happened to be reading the same story. The questions and answers might as well have been run from one tape.



crafh!

fhe baull hit fhe windœ.

fhe windœ brœk.

"œ, nœ!" sed ted.

rojer and kafhy

fhis is rojer, fhe big farm hors.

and fhis is kafhy.

Pages from Initial Teaching Alphabet readers, Books 2 and 3, respectively.

This is one of the disturbing features of the new series of books. They appear to be a bold new venture—and indeed they are when they use a new alphabet and show dark-skinned children in the pictures. But the Teachers' Guides give lip service to flexibility and creativity on the part of the teachers while providing everything that would deaden experimentation. "Consider the individual," they say in essence. "Pace your teaching to the needs of each child." But the Teachers' Guide for Book I directs the teacher to start all children at the same time on page one regardless of the child's language facility or lack of it.

During three half-days in the schools of Bethlehem, I watched middle and upper groups reading and writing more fluently in Pitman than any first-graders I ever saw. But in those classes almost every other activity seemed to have been shelved. There was no evidence of science projects under way, for example, no weather charts, no rock collections or seed boxes. Most of the experience charts dictated by the children and the stories they wrote were about pictures in the workbooks rather than their own interests and experiences.

One teacher—a very lively, warm person—explained, "This year there isn't time for anything but reading." She has thirty-seven in her class—all from the low-income housing project surrounding the school. Among them are Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and one Japanese. Ten of the thirty-seven are repeaters.

The quiet in her room reminded me of the i/t/a Teachers' Guide warning: *Excited chatter should be stilled.* As I listened to the oral reading of several children, I wondered whether they need Pitman "sound symbols" right now as much as they need the opportunity to express themselves orally.

A tall Negro boy, in first grade for the second year, colored a mimeographed drawing with crayons while one group of children read to the teacher. Why was his chatter stilled when we know that oral language facility is a boon to reading? Shouldn't this child have the chance to build and plant things, then talk about them and read about them instead of pushing his stubby crayon back and forth in silence?

The Initial Teaching Alphabet does not create the meager educational fare this youngster seemed to be getting. It can be used with any kind of individual instruction or grouping, and with activities of the most stimulating kind. But in this case, i/t/a was being used without regard to the needs of the child.

This highlights what seems to me to be the most important fact to keep in mind: Although early tests indicate that children taught with i/t/a are reading far better than those using the traditional alphabet, the new alphabet is no panacea. We don't yet know how well i/t/a-taught children will unlearn the Pitman symbols and convert to the peculiarities of conventional English spelling. We don't know whether as adults they will read more easily than their neighbors. Nor do we know whether the children from less privileged homes will come through as genuinely successful readers.

We do know that the effectiveness of any teaching materials depends in large part on the skill of the teacher in helping each child as an individual. The Initial Teaching Alphabet is no different.

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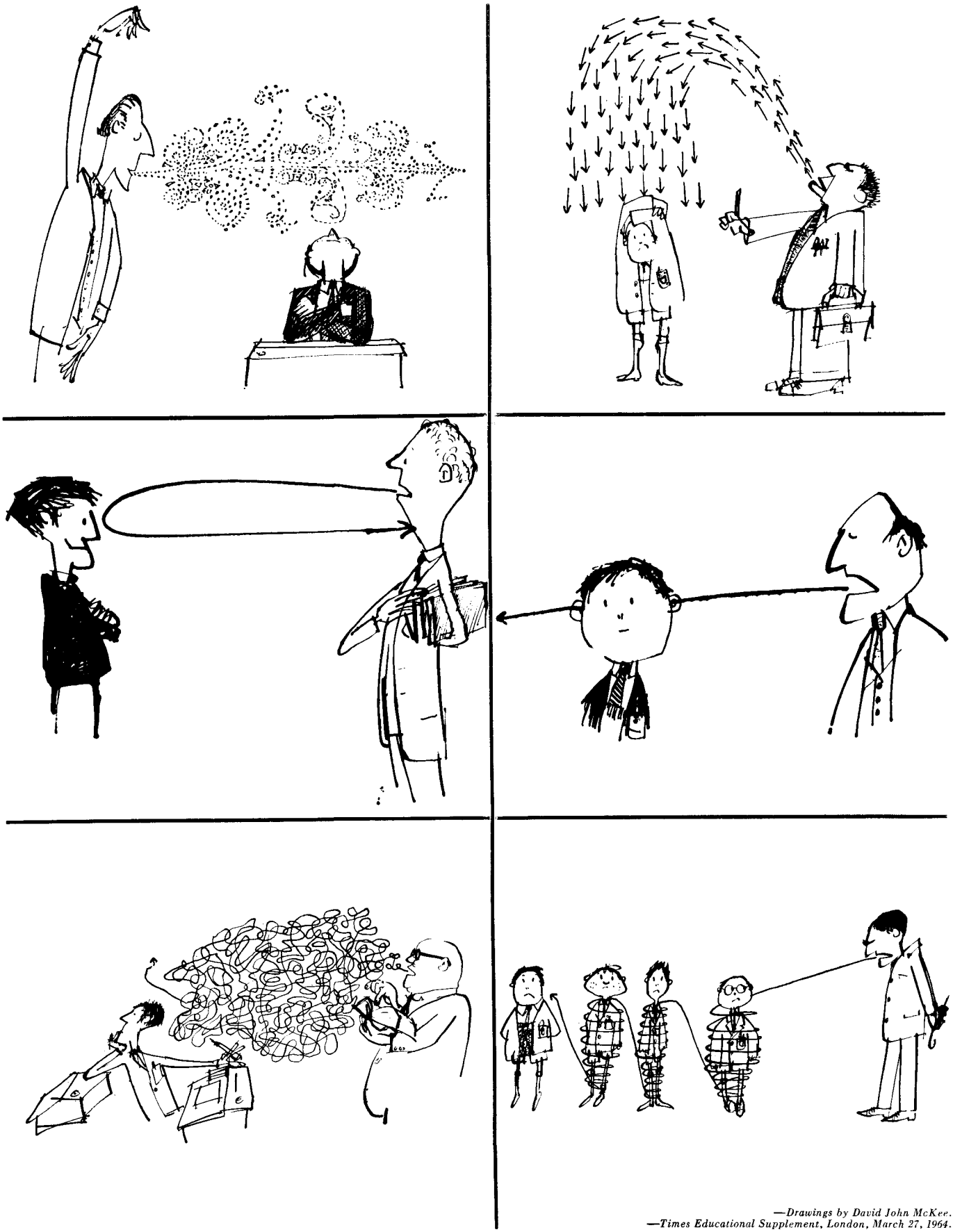
Making a Point . . .



—*Drawings by David John McKee.*
—*Times Educational Supplement, London, March 27, 1964.*

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Fruits of Automation

Man, Education and Work: Post Secondary Vocational and Technical Education, *by Grant Venn, assisted by Theodore Marchese, Jr. (American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 36, D.C., 184 pp., $1.50), warns of the expanding social problems created by automation, and recommends important changes in higher education to meet the challenge. The reviewer is principal of the Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn, one of the largest high schools in America.*

By ABRAHAM H. LASS

IT'S later than we think, says Dr. Venn, the director of the American Council on Education project that produced this study, *Man, Education, and Work*. We are in trouble—deep trouble—all of us:

► *The more than a million unemployed young people under twenty-two.* They are jobless now—and their employment prospects aren't too rosy.

► *The high school drop-outs.* Unemployed, unskilled, untrained, they are well on the road to becoming virtually unemployable.

► *Fifteen per cent of our non-college bound high school graduates.* Because they have no marketable skills, many are headed for the unemployment rolls or for some kind of marginal employment at best.

► *The college drop-outs.* About 40 per cent of the present college population, they are a relatively new and increasingly serious problem. Undereducated, underemployed, they will be entering the job market at a low level and will probably be marooned in dead-end jobs.

► *The more than a million skilled workers displaced by automation.* They are euphemistically called the "technologically unemployed." English translation: No jobs and pretty slim chances of getting any. The new jobs created by automation won't and can't be filled by these displaced workers unless they are re-trained and re-equipped with a set of wholly new skills. Right now, nobody has a meaningful, consistent program to put these fractured lives together again.

► *The World War II babies.* They will be coming into the labor market in greater numbers than ever before looking for jobs that will be scarcer than ever.

► *A significant number of students now in our four-year liberal arts colleges.* They aren't doing well. They shouldn't be in these colleges. Some never wanted to go in the first place. They were pushed, shamed, or just misguided. They are certain to drop out. Yet they would have done better for themselves and society if they had elected a program better suited to what they need and could master with profit to themselves and their community.

► *The Negro worker.* His plight is the worst. About one in every four Negro teen-agers is unemployed—twice as many as whites. And the rate of unemployment among Negroes is rising twice as fast as among whites. The unemployed Negro is, as we have recently discovered in Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Rochester, the "social dynamite," the "loose gunpowder" of our society.

► *The rest of us.* The gainfully employed, the trained, the self-sufficient, the well-adjusted, the managers, the thinkers, the creators, and the beneficiaries of our affluent society. Ours is the task of heading off the imminent crisis and disaster writ large and ominous in the human waste and frustration all around us.

How did we get here? And, if it's not too late, where do we go from here? We have been brought to our present pass, says Dr. Venn, by profound, rapidly accelerating, and not yet fully understood technical changes and by a failure of federal, state, local, public, and private agencies to fashion for our young and mature workers a comprehensive, realistic, preparatory training and retraining program.

We can make certain, Dr. Venn contends, that our young people will enter the world of work equipped to survive, contribute, and excel only if we understand and act upon these basic premises: (1) We must master or be mastered by the technological revolution we have conceived, fostered, and set in irreversible motion. (2) None of us can function or be fulfilled in today's world without the fullest, most appropriate education. Education is the best (though not the only) means for enabling us to meet our pressing needs. (3) Occupational education, as this study sees it, must be an integral, respectable, and respected part of general education, not the narrow, unrealistic, unattractive, under-financed, poorly staffed, and poorly conceived thing we now know as vocational edu-

Recommendations

"A continuing national research and planning body should be established with the sole purpose of translating available information into priorities for this nation's vocational and technical education effort."

* * *

"Every state education agency, in cooperation with institutions of higher education, should organize an occupational education planning and study body."

* * *

"Higher education should assume a greater responsibility for the education of youth and adults for occupational competence in the technical and highly skilled occupations at the less-than-baccalaureate level."

* * *

"The two-year colleges in America . . . should make vocational and technical educational programs a major part of their mission and a fundamental institutional objective."

* * *

"High schools should establish vocational education programs which offer all youth leaving high school marketable occupational skills or preparation for further occupational education."

* * *

"Occupational education should be an integral and essential part of the total become a major function of many more educational institutions, especially those with programs for highly skilled, technical, and professional occupations."

* * *

"Occupational education should be an integral and essential part of the total educational system."

* * *

"Colleges and high schools should assume responsibility for educational guidance and job placement for dropouts."

* * *

"Occupational guidance and counseling should begin in the intermediate grades and continue through all levels of education."

—From "Man, Education and Work."

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cation. (4) We must provide continuing education for all who need it, regardless of how much education they have had or how well or where they have worked or are working. (5) Higher education (the four-year and the two-year colleges) must assume responsibility for raising the educational level of all American youth—not only the talented, the academically gifted, the handful of college-bound—but the great "Average" as well.

DR. VENN's recommendations (see below) are directed "primarily to higher education and its role in vocational and technical education." They won't go down too easily with those colleges that have been backing away from the problem or with the junior colleges frenetically pushing for status. But ultimately, and we hope very soon, these institutions will come to the conclusion, as Dr. Venn and his colleagues have, that they are inextricably involved in our national destiny and aspirations, and that they must contribute, as only they can, to cushioning us against technological shock, promoting individual and social stability, and full and orderly development of our people and resources.

Dr. Venn's study has aroused and disturbed us more than any other study we have encountered in years. And not merely because it is so carefully documented, so solidly reasoned, but because underneath and informing these coolly detached analyses of our present discontent we sense a deep concern and compassion for our human condition—shaped (and destroyed) by the vast changes now under way and yet to be. It is this feeling for what is happening to people today, and what is sure to happen to them tomorrow, that gives this study its human, urgent quality. It calls to us deeply and convincingly to do something intelligent, to do it well, and to do it now.

If Dr. Venn doesn't have all the answers (who has?), he has at least a program that is coherent, possible, and workable. It makes sense—good hard sense. If you don't read another book on "education" this year, read *Man, Education, and Work*. It will rock you—or it should!

Beyond the Obvious

The Student and His Studies, *by Esther Raushenbush (Wesleyan University Press, 208 pp., $5), examines the college careers, from freshman year through graduation and beyond, of four "average" students who made their formal education an intellectual and personal experience. The reviewer is Education Consultant to The New World Foundation and Editor-at-Large, Saturday Review.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

GENERATIONS ago this country decided that the average millions and not only the talented, well-born hundreds should go to college. The consequences of that decision are at once our glory and our anguish. How are we to provide the "right education" for the bright and the gifted as well as for the ordinary?

Young instructors and professors, who were themselves at least in part educated in the more prestigious of our institutions of higher learning, often bring to their task attitudes of hyper-intellectual snobbism and deplore the crude facts of academic life that they are foredoomed to teach "middlebrows." Such teachers are not aware of the purpose of education as it is conceived in the United States, which is to encourage the ordinary, the average, the "middlebrow" youth to develop into effective and responsible citizens, to become people who will act humanely as individuals and tolerantly as members of groups, to become parents who will find joy in themselves and their children. At the same time this education seeks to be flexible enough to provide scope for great intelligence and bright talents, to nurture leadership and to encourage the adventurous spirit.

Esther Raushenbush, in *The Student and His Studies,* has sought to assess some of the aspects of this education. She offers some cogent suggestions for its improvement. Under a grant from the Hazen Foundation she visited eight campuses in different parts of the country, and talked to some 170 students, some more than once. She read their writing, talked with their friends and instructors and examined their scholastic records. She wanted to find out how these students used their college years. She was not interested in students who were on the dean's list, or who made Phi Beta Kappa in their junior year. As she put it: "I wanted to find students who pursued questions, who were not always asking for answers, whose education was not only the acquisition of knowledge, but a process of inquiry, whether about ideas or art or actions or about the prospects for the future—personal, national, religious or philosophical." She found such students and a large part of this book is devoted to the intellectual and emotional biographies of four of them.

The students of the classes of '62 and '63 were born into a world about to go to war. They entered their adolescence early in the turbulent and often terrifying Fifties when the very foundations of our education were being critically and often cruelly examined, when Senator Joseph McCarthy taught some academics the higher wisdom of keeping the mouth shut and signing no petitions. These students entered high school the year the Supreme Court declared that racial segregation in public schools was unconstitutional. These were the years too, of the "great disengagement," when there was a feeling of powerlessness on the campuses, when David Riesman described the "Lonely Crowd" and pension plans became important in the choice of one's first job.

The students Miss Raushenbush talked with were products of high schools that had responded to the demands for "excellence" (usually in science), that had beefed up their curricula to produce students who did well on college boards and on National Merit Scholarship examinations. Although she reports on many of these students, the ones she examines in depth (and incidentally, their colleges) were two girls from Sarah Lawrence and Macalaster Colleges and two boys from Harvard and the New College of Hofstra University. They are a most attractive quartet and very different from each other. The boy from Harvard came to Cambridge with stars in his eyes, a talent for mathematics and considerable confusion about who he was or where he should go in life. The girl from Macalaster was almost his mirror image. She knew what she wanted and how to get it. She quite literally, and in the best sense, "used" the college to establish her own curriculum. She wanted public service as a career, saw law as a carrier wave that would take her there and proceeded to acquire what she needed in the way of formal academic training and on-the-job experience with the state legislature. The boy at the New College at Hofstra was clearly a scholastic risk. His high school record was the least impressive of the four. He had to wrestle for his soul and his future between a chance at the Golden Gloves Boxing Championship and medical science. Chemistry and a great teacher saved him. The second girl came to Sarah Lawrence expecting to study the dance but also wanting a Master's degree "so I will be able to teach some day." She was a good student, a worker but not a drudge, but she needed to

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learn not to remain outside what she learned. She found herself and the meaning of commitment in teaching.

The stories of these four students make exciting reading, not only for the way in which the development of personalities is displayed, but more importantly, for what Miss Raushenbush makes of her material. Through these students' words about their intellectual and emotional experience and their lives at their schools, we are given a creative critique of the possibilities of the educational process in our colleges and a statement of educational purpose of such simple brilliance that it should make this book required reading for every college administrator, dean and counselor. But they are its captive audience. It should be on every high school library shelf for what it can tell the next generations of college students. For example, the excitement of discovering with the Sarah Lawrence girl John Keats's wisdom of "Negative Capability . . . when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." Then there is the quiet courage of the boy at Harvard discovering that "Things aren't solved, but they don't overwhelm me. I go two or three days at a time, and I just keep moving—not frantically, but just going . . . I've settled down. I know what my interests are. . . ."

What is most interesting about this book is its search for the inner shape of education, how students find freedom and accept responsibility, how they survive the first and crucial year at college, how they learn, as the boy at Hofstra did, to "stop memorizing and begin to think." These young people are not "disengaged." Their time at college was used to discover themselves, to learn who they are, where they might go and how to survive disappointment and frustration.

This is not to say that they were all served equally well at their colleges but there is something special about each of their schools. The Harvard boy began to find himself in that very special program, the Freshman Seminar, where young students are accorded intellectual respect. The boy at New College, Hofstra, met a community of scholars who invited him into their midst, teachers with a special quality of concern for the questing young mind and the time to exercise that concern. The girl at Macalaster found that below the surface of a rather formal college there was a flexibility which gave her guidance and freedom to follow her bent; while at Sarah Lawrence, where Esther Raushenbush has herself been active in maintaining an open and experimental attitude toward the educational experience, it is possible for a girl to go beyond "obvious

(*Continued on page* 75)

New Books

Economic Aspects of Higher Education. *Edited by Seymour E. Harris. Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (Chateau de la Muette, 2 rue André Pascal, Paris 16è).* 252 pp. $3.75. Analyzes higher education as an investment in economic growth.

Focus on Public School Adult Education. *Edited by Virginia B. Warren. National Association for Public School Adult Education* (1210 *Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 179 *pp. Free to members of NAPSAE;* $2 *to associate members;* $5 *to non-members.* Presents facts about and new ways of teaching America's millions of undereducated adults.

Individualizing Education. *Edited by Margaret Rasmussen. Association for Childhood Education International* (3615 *Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.*). 64 *pp. Paperback,* $1.25. A re-examination of the needs and problems of the individual student in the age of mass education.

The College and World Affairs. *Education and World Affairs* (522 *Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.*). 74 *pp. No charge.* A report concerned with the increasing need for awareness of cultured pluralism in a complex, changing world.

Improving the Teaching of World Affairs. *The Glenn Falls Story. By Harold M. Long and Robert N. King. National Council for the Social Studies* (1201 *Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C.*). 92 *pp. Paperback,* $2. Description of a "total school program" to improve the teaching of world affairs with definite goals in mind.

Juvenile Delinquency: *A problem for the modern world. By William C. Kvaraceus. UNESCO* (*Place de Fontenoy, Paris* 7è). 85 *pp. No charge.* A world look at the problem and the various ways of meeting it, with a view toward understanding and helping these youngsters.

Philosophy and Education. *By Adrian M. Dupuis and Robert B. Nordberg. The Bruce Publishing Company* (*Milwaukee*). 334 *pp.* $4.25. A "total view" of the educational implications of philosophy from Platonism to Existentialism.

The Development of the Career Teacher: Professional Responsibility for Continuing Education. *National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards* (1201 *Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington D.C.*). 110 *pp. Cloth,* $3. *Paperback,* $2. Report of the 1963-64 Regional TEPS Conferences.

The Mobility of College Faculties. *By Howard D. Marshall. Pageant Press.* 152 *pp.* $5. Discusses the economic, social, academic, and psychological motivations affecting the turnover of college staffs and the methods employed to recruit new members.

Cooperative Long-Range Planning in Liberal Arts Colleges. *Edited by Earl J. McGrath. Published for the Institute of Higher Education by the Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 108 *pp.* $3. Papers discussing basic ideas and useful procedures for attacking problems faced by the small liberal arts colleges.

Parochial School: A Sociological Study. *By Joseph H. Fichter. Doubleday.* 544 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. Report of a year-long study made by a team of sociologists in a Midwestern urban grade school in a "typical" Catholic parish.

The i.t.a. Reading Experiment. *By John A. Downing. Evans Brothers Limited* (*London*). 143 *pp.* $1.40. Three lectures on the research in infant schools with Sir James Pitman's Initial Teaching Alphabet.

African Universities and Western Tradition. *By Eric Ashby. Harvard University Press.* 113 *pp.* $2.95. Discusses the problems African universities face in adapting their European structure to the social and cultural needs of Africa.

John Locke on Education. *Edited by Peter Gay. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 177 *pp.* $1.50. No. 20 in the series Classics in Education.

Schools and Scholarship. *Edited by Edmund Fuller. Yale University Press.* 345 *pp. Cloth,* $6.50. *Paperback,* $1.95. Papers and discussions from the second Kent Seminar on The Christian Idea of Education, held at Kent School in Connecticut.

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Enlightened Debate

Continued from page 57

the academic world. I must confess to having come away with some doubts on the matter. In Chicago he was admittedly addressing the group most directly affected by his recommendations. The people before whom he spoke represented the education establishment in as full a sense as it is possible to conceive. Both the AACTE and the NSCTE supposedly represent the leadership elements in teacher education.

To this observer, the conduct of a large portion of these people in their approach to the Conant report thoroughly and unequivocally underscored a major justification of Conant's criticism of them. The nature of the critique was as scandalous as it was inexplicable. The extent to which Conant's report needled, indeed, threatened this professional group was obvious, and when attempts were gently made to point this out in conversation, dismissals were instantaneous and disdainful.

It was infrequent that the report itself came in for substantive analysis. The criticism that developed was continually and almost consistently *ad hominem*. It was as if the educators realized they could not attack the proposals in any more effective way than by attacking and discrediting the man who made them. Conant is, to these people, "incredibly naive." And where he is not incredibly naive he is simply "superficial." Furthermore, "most" of his proposals are "just plain unrealistic." After all, what can one expect from a "chemist" who spent "fifteen years in Cambridge" (*sic*—it was twenty) and "didn't discover slums until he began to look at the American high school and even then he only succeeded in producing a superficial little book [*Slums and Suburbs*] on the subject." But then, we must not be too severe on poor Mr. Conant since the root of the problem lies in the fact that "his staff misled him," not deliberately, mind you, but because of "the extreme degree to which they were guilty of hero-worshipping him." After all, Conant *is* an honorable man. Professor after dean, president after director felt compelled to continue this kind of "debate" until it finally reached such proportions that tempers flared and individuals abruptly stalked out of evaluative sessions. The exodus was, alas, limited, and worse still, not even noticed by the objects of the deserved disgust.

My own reaction to this chicanery and self-deception (the material in quotation marks in the above paragraph represents verbatim transcripts from one of the evaluation sessions) has prompted me to write this essay. The education of American teachers is a serious task that cannot be conducted by amateurs or charlatans. It must be conducted by men of quality according to the highest standards. It must be done with humility and understanding. The audience that Dr. Conant addressed, or at least the most vocal members of that audience, displayed these characteristics neither in depth nor with consistency.

Early in his report Conant remarks that he endeavored to look at the education of future teachers in terms of a free market of ideas. "But," he said, "I came to the conclusion that such an inquiry lacks reality." I submit that the conditions that forced Conant to his conclusion are the same ones that caused this sort of reaction to the Conant proposals. Conant made the fatal mistake of being an outsider and addressing his report to, among others, other outsiders like himself. The professional educators were not and, I suspect, are not willing to listen to voices outside their ranks, a curious situation indeed in light of the long American tradition of public responsibility for education. Conant committed the sin of non-membership; he intruded upon what up until now has been a private game preserve; and in the Anglo-Saxon world, of which surely we are a part, poaching has always been dealt with harshly. Nonetheless, I have come to the conclusion that if there is to be new motion in the field of teacher education, the force will have to be applied from outside the profession. It is precisely poachers that we need! As one member of an evaluation session succinctly but unwittingly put it: "I don't think the profession has to worry too much about the effect of this book as far as internal threats are concerned. What we do have to be careful of is the fact that the book is a best-seller, and it may bring an uncomfortable amount and kind of public pressure upon us."

IN summing up my understanding of what took place in Chicago, the most plausible explanation seems to me to be that what I was witnessing was the full, if unconscious, appreciation of the strengths and weaknesses of the Conant report. Its strength lies in the exposure and condemnation of a situation too long allowed to continue and in the presentation of a courageous set of proposals for reform: its weakness lies in expecting and asking a vested interest to voluntarily *divest* itself and proceed to the larger tasks that ought to be its purpose. It would probably not have been possible to go about it any other way. Perhaps only by showing just how wide the education-academic chasm really still is can it ever be effectively bridged or filled. Perhaps only by showing just how much teacher education is considered a private preserve can constructive action ultimately be taken.

Statesmanship

Continued from page 55

These small institutions, where yet a few Americans may realize their individuality, have an important role in a society where the human qualities of many citizens are stifled by huge organizations. A case in point: 3 per cent of the nation's public school systems, located in the cities, enroll 52 per cent of the pupils. Graduates of small schools may provide a valuable leaven in these urban masses grown to maturity in the concrete jungles, away from the realities and wisdom of nature. Rather than being destroyed, the influence of small institutions should be supported and broadened at every opportunity.

Psychologists Roger Barker and Herbert Wright call to our attention the specific values of small institutions in the educational process. In their study of the psychological ecology of a small town they named "Midwest," they discovered that because of the *smallness* of the community, each citizen had to participate in several organizations for community life to function effectively. The children of Midwest, in essential school and community activities, also participated in a wide variety of social situations and positions of trust, responsibility, power, and prestige. This rich, positive psycho-social experience resulted in the development of the qualities of leadership, respect for others, dependability, community service, and psychological security to a level felt to be much greater than that of the average child in large schools and communities. Human qualities such as these bring no profit except enhanced quality of living, and for this reason need special emphasis and nurture.

In my view, Dr. Conant's philosophy of education is also scientifically obsolete. This obsolescence rests partially upon the ancient dualism of intellect and emotion. He emphasizes the intellect and largely ignores the emotions when he insists that good teacher education must be primarily academic, and that higher intellectual standards involve more subject matter. In taking this position he seems unaware of what any competent school counselor knows from experience, that the emotions are the engine of action that direct and control learning. The role of the intellect in human behavior is to furnish the individual with knowledge of choices for action.

Alfred North Whitehead seems to have recognized this fact when he defined education as "the art of the *utilization* of knowledge." Before learning will occur, the individual's cultural value system, which has been socialized into his emotions, must place on specific knowledge a value high enough so he *desires to*

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learn and use it. If knowledge passes his cultural value screen, and the experience through which it is learned has sufficient emotional content, it will be internalized deeply enough into the individual's emotions so it is *available for use* at his command. Effective education must consciously include both intellectual and emotional content, and the primary focus must be on the latter as the controlling element in the educational process.

A major consequence of Dr. Conant's focus on the intellect in the education of teachers is his contention that the "classroom teacher can rely on his general education and experience in understanding" high school students. This is not true even in middle-class high schools under the best of conditions, or in working with the academically select group who attend college. A recent report by the Engineering Manpower Commission, concerned with the 50 per cent college dropout rate among students in engineering, stated that this serious student attrition was largely due to "haphazard, impersonal, and purposeless instruction of undergraduate engineering students." This clearly indicates that a major cause for engineering students leaving college was teacher incompetence, especially incompetence in student-teacher relationships.

The fallacy of the Conant position that all a teacher needs is common-sense knowledge of youth is dramatized by the failure of American schools to work effectively with pupils from the slums. The "common sense" of a white, middle class, emotionally mature and physically healthy teacher is not at all "common" to an undernourished, emotionally immature, lower class, Negro youth.

A second consequence of scientific obsolescence in Dr. Conant's philosophy of education is his use of yardsticks appropriate to the physical sciences to measure progress in the infinitely more complex human phenomena of education. Because of their intimate relation to wealth, success, national security, and the space race, the physical sciences have great prestige and power in American society. It is quite natural, therefore, for many Americans to believe that any phenomenon that cannot be abstracted and expressed in mathematical terms, yielding the same order of generalizations possible in the physical sciences, is not only unscientific but comprises a lower order of things.

While Dr. Conant exhibits this scien-

"just line up all these white faces and let me show you the one that hit my wife"

The Catholic Journal of Independent Opinion

Harlem Diary, The Untold Story of the American Nightmare, by Lez Edmond. A raging on-the-scene report on the Harlem race riots, told by Negroes in words few white men have ever heard.

Editorial: Tyranny in Los Angeles. A Catholic journal takes a hard look at Los Angeles' controversial Cardinal McIntyre, and finds him bigoted and tyrannical.

Music: The Poulenc Behind the Mask by John Howard Griffin. The last letters of the dying, despairing Poulenc to a noted novelist and musicologist.

Opinion: A Protestant on Religious Liberty by Robert McAfee Brown. A leading Protestant educator demands a clear statement in favor of full religious freedom from the Catholic Church.

Arabs and Jews by Judy Stone. A report on the little-publicized but extremely significant attempts being made to ease the tensions between Arabs and Jews.

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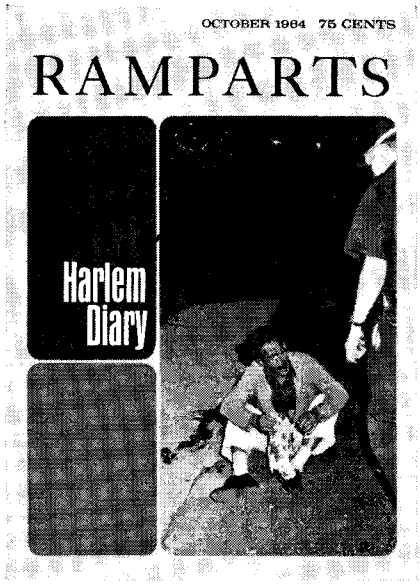
Poetry • Books • Reviews



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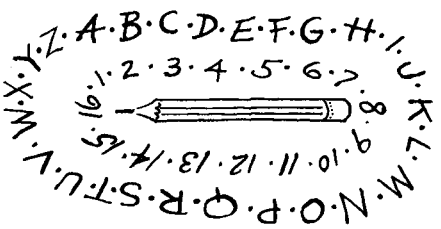
tism in several instances, it is very apparent in his treatment of the question "Is there a science of education?" that the basic premises underlying his position are faulty. This is evidenced by the question with which he begins his discussion. He asks "whether the social sciences are fundamentally different from the natural sciences". His answer: "there is no basic difference *provided* one limits the discussion to predictive generalizations, based on observation and experiment."

Bacon suggested, "In order to be commanded, nature must be obeyed." Following this dictum, had Dr. Conant's question been scientific, it would have been, "Is the phenomena dealt with in the human sciences different from that in the physical sciences?" The obvious but ignored answer is: "There are major differences between the inorganic, inanimate matter dealt with in the physical sciences, and man, an organic, living entity, subject not only to the laws of physics and chemistry, but also to the laws of biology, psyche, culture, and social relationships."

In working with man as the subject of education, the concepts and methods of the physical sciences should of course be used whenever they are appropriate. But certainly a phenomenon does not owe its importance to the facility with which the techniques of the physical sciences can be applied to it. The qualitative intangibles of life, mathematically unmeasurable, are no less true or important to the individual than material things. Moreover, the ideas of Gandhi and Freud may be more important to the course of human destiny than Einstein's formulae that enable missiles to destroy all human life in Moscow and Chicago.

Lack of fundamental progress in education is due in large part to a conception of man that comprehends neither reality nor truth. The growth of scientism in the academic world has emphasized analysis



rather than synthesis. As a consequence, the specialized disciplines have divided man into fragments. Dr. Conant's rejection of a "science of education" in favor of "educational sciences" is a beautiful example of this.

Man functions as an organic entity, not as fragments of psyche, culture, social behavior, biological, chemical, or physical character. Because of this fact, the narrow and incomplete view of man held by the specialist alone is not valid. Dr. Alexis Carrel, a Nobel prize-winning scientist, has suggested that "Man, as known to the specialists . . . is nothing but a schema, consisting of other schemata built up by the techniques of each science."

As an indivisible whole of extreme complexity, man is both unity and multiplicity. Specialists are needed to analyze areas of man's existence in depth, but if their work is to be useful rather than dangerous in a science of education, it must be integrated into a workable synthesis that portrays man in his functional wholeness. With synthesis as his major task, the educator must be a specialist in man as unity, for only in this unity lies reality and truth in working with human phenomena.

Resting firmly on a valid science of man, a science of education must be built from concepts, techniques, and generalizations specifically appropriate to the phenomena with which it deals. It seeks to determine how to organize educational experience to maximize learning achievement.

Dr. Conant's discussion of the role of values in the educational process raises the question whether he is aware of the current stage of development in the human sciences, the contribution they can make, and where they fit into a science of education. Anthropology, for example, distinguishes between the study of human values as a directive for individual behavior and the evaluation of values themselves, the judgment of what is good or bad.

Fundamental to a science of education is the discovery, without passing judgment upon them, of the cultural value assumptions that direct both the learner's and the teacher's behavior as an integral part of the learning process. These cultural values must be the beginning point for the scientific organization of educational experience, if it is to result in maximum positive learning for the individual.

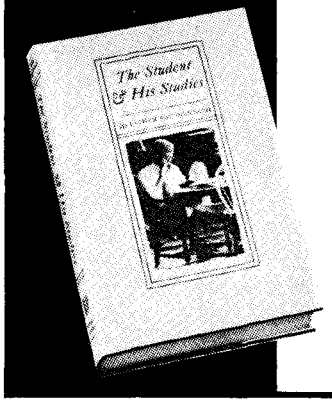
In the choice of curricular content, however, value judgments are made, as for example, when three years of natural science are required and the fine arts are made electives. While both functions of human values are related in the educational process, their roles are quite distinct. A science of education involves knowing *how* to achieve maximum learning, and knowing *where* and knowing *when* to begin educational experience. The judgment of values in curricular choice involves knowing *what* knowledge is of most worth and knowing *why* the choices are valid.

Dr. Conant suggests that "the width of the scientific predictive generalization is a measure of the advance of the science in question." Inanimate matter has universal characteristics that make width of generalization appropriate as the criterion for advancement in the physical sciences. The human beings with which a science of education works, however, have unique as well as common characteristics. This scientific fact, buttressed by a cultural value emphasizing the dignity and worth of the individual, makes width of generalization, in a major sense, scientifically unsound as a criterion for the advancement of education.

In the education of mankind, generalizations are valuable that predict only a segment of critical behavior for one child, a single value assumption for members of one family, or a specific behavior pattern for a social stratum, ethnic or racial group.

It is true that a science of education is yet to be developed. It awaits a major synthesis that is needed for a valid science of man. Materials are available to construct both sciences, but unless the academic world can emancipate itself from scientism and a nineteenth-century philosophy of education, neither task is likely to be accomplished in the near future.

STUDENTS WHO USED THEIR EDUCATIONS TO GROW UP



THE STUDENT & HIS STUDIES

By *Esther M. Raushenbush*

The author, long-time dean of Sarah Lawrence College, shows the interrelationship of two different ways of thinking about the college experience — the intellectual and the personal. She presents case studies of four students "who used their educations as a means of growing up." The institutions attended by the four were Harvard, Macalester, New College at Hofstra, and Sarah Lawrence. None was an exceptional student. These sketches show the ways that academic studies and associations actually contributed in crucial ways in their lives.

208 pages. $5.00

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Division and Dialogue

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sive. Foreign language in the elementary grades would quickly cost well over a million dollars per year; reducing English classes to twenty-five pupils would cost over $200,000; even extending the high school day by fifteen minutes to permit eight class periods would cost $602,700.

THE changes that San Francisco's Board of Education authorized were sound. But I was disturbed at how little was really made of a forthright and perceptive analysis. The aims were to insure greater development of the intellectual resources of the city's pupils and to take more careful note of the differences in their abilities. The proposals that would have gone farthest toward these goals were mostly turned down unless they were fairly routine or cheap. Even the "major capital outlay" items actually approved were not very brave: re-defining academic courses should be done rather often anyhow, lay readers in English are orthodox by now in big cities, and salary increases are an annual habit. As one of the professors on the survey team wrote to me "The superintendent's emphasis was on the expense of implementing our recommendations, and very little on the virtue of the recommendations in themselves, even though at times [he seemed] favorably disposed toward them."

I believe that San Francisco did not persevere enough in keeping scholars and schoolmen together. The team of professors did its work for very little: $12,000 for a year of lengthy visits, conferences, and draft-writing. Their report was what a knowledgeable person could predict from scholars: a call for more attention to academic learning. Increasing rigor and paying more attention to pupils will cost money in any major city: this, too, everybody knows. I am sorry that a potentially important collaboration came to a discouraging halt over price tags rather than principles.

More, not less, collaboration is needed, because the problems in America's schools are mounting at an accelerating pace as the post-war generation moves through the grades. It is a cliché that to survive we need all the intellectual resources we have. So it is foolish to tolerate the divisions that still hamper the schools. It is unfortunate that so many scholars and educators have lost touch; it will be a tragedy without sense if they remain obstinately apart.

Of course, these two groups have significant and inescapable differences. Veteran schoolmen are absolutely right to point out that superior college work does not guarantee superior teaching, that a college major cannot be transferred into the seventh grade, that college is but one goal. On their side, renowned professors are merely telling the truth when they report that many freshmen enroll whose earlier instructors apparently knew too little of what they were teaching to inspire interest or progress. Both sides can properly argue over which study is liberal or professional, or over how much the schools must heed the non-academic forces in pupils' lives. But every profession has its internal disagreements. It is the adamant refusal to meet and discuss them that magnifies confusion and mistrust. There are enough examples of successful collaboration to demonstrate that bitter discord is waste. Unilateral pronouncements by antagonists ought to be recognized by now as rude and willful. Discord blocks growing cooperation.

I BELIEVE that the responsibility for this cooperation could properly start with the education departments on university or college campuses. Theirs is the clearest identification nowadays with the training of teachers; they should know their colleagues on the campus, and they work regularly with schoolmen in the field. To be successful, they would have to raise their own standards, by bringing onto their staffs persons who command respect among academicians. Fortunately, here and there a new breed of scholars is preparing for service: acquiring sound training as philosophers, historians, psychologists, and sociologists, and intending to do their work in the setting of the schools. The best of these people can work wonders in bringing educators and academicians together. An education department could have a catalytic effect upon a campus, taking the whole educational enterprise for its concern by bringing academic departments to view each other's problems and to examine the teaching they do in common. Teachers coming out of such an atmosphere would extend this influence into untold classrooms and communities. Against this possibility, I find division anachronistic. It is time that hesitation and suspicion gave greater place to dialogue.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. fraught. 2. abundant. 3. ecumenical. 4. sedulous. 5. hermeneutic. 6. refulgent. 7. iguana. 8. churlish. 9. compendium. 10. jejune. 11. skulk. 12. calumny. 13. bemuse. 14. enunciate. 15. joust. 16. reputed. 17. acquit. 18. cerulean. 19. caesura. 20. contumely. 21. residuum. 22. divulge. 23. swung. 24. exuberant. 25. cayuse. 26. seizure.

Beyond the Obvious

Continued from page 71

acquisitive accomplishment" and find an internal design in education that leads to a significant choice of a career.

Some students come to college already committed to the intellectual life, ready to work toward a goal they have chosen. This was true of the girl at Macalaster and partly true for the girl at Sarah Lawrence. It was not true for the boys at Harvard or at the New College, Hofstra. The special care they received in their programs helped them to find themselves. But there are a great many students who drift into and out of college life and never become involved in a meaningful pursuit. Miss Raushenbush comments on this state of affairs:

> The most comfortable response for educators to make to this picture of the college student, detached, or lonely, without serious involvement in work, is that he is a casualty of a dislocated world in which he sees no hope for himself; it is in this context he is most often described. This abdication comes easy; and the trouble may indeed go beyond the reach of education. But the evidence is that we do not often try.

Esther Raushenbush is sharply critical of much that is found in our colleges, the lack of genuine close contact between instructor and student, the tendency for early specialization, especially in the sciences, which leaves the student bereft of experience with the arts and humanities, and the absence of the experimental attitude, as exemplified in a few colleges she notes. Her strictures are not harsh, but they cut deeply. We are committed to the education of both the average millions and the gifted few. We need to educate them together so that they will be able, as active citizens, to deal with the world as it is, and reshape it, as they come to know it can be reshaped.

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Human Rights

Continued from page 25

personal capacities as individuals known to be interested in the city's progress. Nevertheless, fears were immediately expressed that they would concentrate on adverse aspects of race problems with a view to discrediting the United States in the U.N. Further objections were voiced when it was found that the visit would coincide with renewed demonstrations by local student organizations against restaurants that had not yet desegregated.

All these fears proved groundless. The visitors toured all sections of Atlanta and talked freely with citizen and protest groups as well as city officials and the press. All were favorably impressed, not only with the city's determination to achieve racial equality but, even more, with the concern of the police for free speech and a fair hearing for all involved in controversy, whatever their views might be.

THERE are many different ways, of course, of promoting human rights. The United States has a powerful lever in its bilateral diplomacy. Increasing opportunities for action on human-rights questions are becoming available in regional forums. In some cases, quiet representations to a government or an informal and *ad hoc* process of conciliation may produce the best results. But the experience of recent years also suggests the utility of exposing human-rights problems to world attention in the global forums of the United Nations where they can be looked at by the community of nations as a whole.

The American interest in promoting the human-rights activities of the United Nations has already been expressed through vigorous leadership in a number of areas. The United States played the leading role, through the person of Mrs. Roosevelt, in the preparation of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It sponsored the "action" program to strengthen human rights through national reporting, research, and advisory services. It has left no doubt about its position when violations of human rights from South Africa to Tibet have been brought before United Nations forums.

Yet the United States is now being challenged to take further leadership in United Nations activity in human rights. The Administration has reaffirmed support for ratification of the Genocide Convention. And, in July of 1963, President Kennedy submitted to the Senate for advice and consent to ratification the conventions dealing with slavery, forced labor, and the political rights of women. Although the legal standards established by these conventions are already reflected in our Constitution and statutes, and have long been deeply rooted in our legal and moral heritage, the United States has so far not ratified them, or any other human rights convention drafted under U.N. auspices – a fact that many find hard to understand.

Obviously, words on paper are not enough. Nobody believes that the signing of a human-rights convention in and of itself brings automatic improvement in the condition of people around the world. But United States participation in the great effort, under United Nations auspices, to define and clarify basic human rights can make a practical contribution to the national interest in promoting human rights in at least three ways:

First, United States ratification can stimulate other nations to adhere to these conventions and can augment their impact among countries already parties to them. The United States will thus be encouraging the implementation of these basic human rights standards within foreign countries.

Second, ratification will put the United States in a better legal and moral position to protest infringement of these human rights in countries that have ratified the conventions but failed to implement them in practice.

Third, ratification will increase United States influence in the continuing United Nations process of the drafting of legal norms in the field of human rights. So long as the United States fails to ratify any human-rights conventions, its views will carry less weight than they deserve.

BEYOND ratification of human rights treaties, more can be done with the existing resources of the United Nations—particularly through the opportunities for influencing international opinion in the General Assembly and the Human Rights Commission. The potentiality of the United Nations in this connection has been graphically illustrated on many occasions—most recently when the United States brought the issue of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union to the attention of the Human Rights Commission last March.

Existing U.N. procedures, however, may not be sufficient. In the words of Harlan Cleveland: "The problem we need to consider is how sharp beams of international light can be effectively poked into the world's darkest recesses of reaction—and how those beams once inside can be focused and intensified until, like the laser ray, they burn out the malignancy of man's inhumanity to man."

At the present time the beams of international light are not sharp and fully focussed. The only comprehensive information received by the Commission on Human Rights is a survey every three years, based on reports submitted by member governments. These reports are generally bland and incomplete; many countries fail to report at all. Moreover, the incoming material is not made available in original form; the document prepared for the Commission is merely a summary of what has been received, so that governments are spared direct exposure of self-serving omissions and interpretations. The *Human Rights Yearbook,* published regularly three years after date, consists only of legislation, court decisions, and official documents. Discussion in the Human Rights Commission is further inhibited by the tradition that reference should not be made to a specific situation or a specific country.

THE result of all this is that the Human Rights Commission regularly bypasses discussions of current problems in specific countries. In the vacuum thus created, the General Assembly has tended to involve itself in political and emotional discussions of a few human-rights problems without the benefit of a broad and analytical review of the entire subject. And the United Nations as a whole lacks an up-to-date, comprehensive, and professional analysis of the measures taken by member states in fulfilment of their obligations to promote human rights for all their citizens.

In the months ahead, the U.S. and other U.N. members will be considering possible ways to strengthen the work of the United Nations in the field of human rights—in defining standards, in clarifying experience, in reviewing government performance against Charter principles, and in exposing to the conscience of the world the denial of those rights that should be the heritage of all human beings.

Thus new opportunities may be available in the international promotion of human rights—particularly through a process of publicity and persuasion. But such a process can work successfully only if the nations participating in it are genuinely devoted to the national pursuit of human rights—not the national pursuit of self-righteousness. In this field we might well benefit from the application of the familiar legal doctrine of "clean hands"; those who would call in question the practices of others should at least be making every effort to put their own house in order. For the real test of a nation's commitment to human rights is not what it says in the United Nations for all the world to hear, but what it does at home for all the world to see. As Mrs. Roosevelt put it some years ago: "It is not just a question of getting the [Human Rights] Covenants written and accepted . . . it is a question of actually living and working in our countries for freedom and justice for each human being."

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Saul Bellow

Continued from page 39

his own building and patching.) Art critic Harold Rosenberg recalls that Bellow recently picked him up at the Chicago airport, brought him to his home, then drove him back—a total of 120 miles in one evening. His circle includes old boyhood friends who barely know he is a writer. (This is one way the author keeps his sense of experience alive.) His loyalty extends also to his Jewish identity. Bellow takes pleasure in his Jewish background, speaks Yiddish superbly, and has a knowledge of Hebrew. Moreover, as *Herzog* attests, he is in vivid contact with his own roots, his childhood in a poor Jewish family in Canada, and his growing up—but not absurd—in Chicago.

Nevertheless, he is pre-eminently a dedicated professional. One of the more erudite of contemporary writers—virtually in the European tradition—Bellow reads voraciously in a variety of fields. "He has magnificent equipment as a novelist," a writer friend observed: "a great memory, an extraordinary capacity for noting things, and a knack of turning ideas into fiction. If you have any creative ambitions yourself, you have to huff and puff even to begin to catch up." —David Boroff.

Modernisation

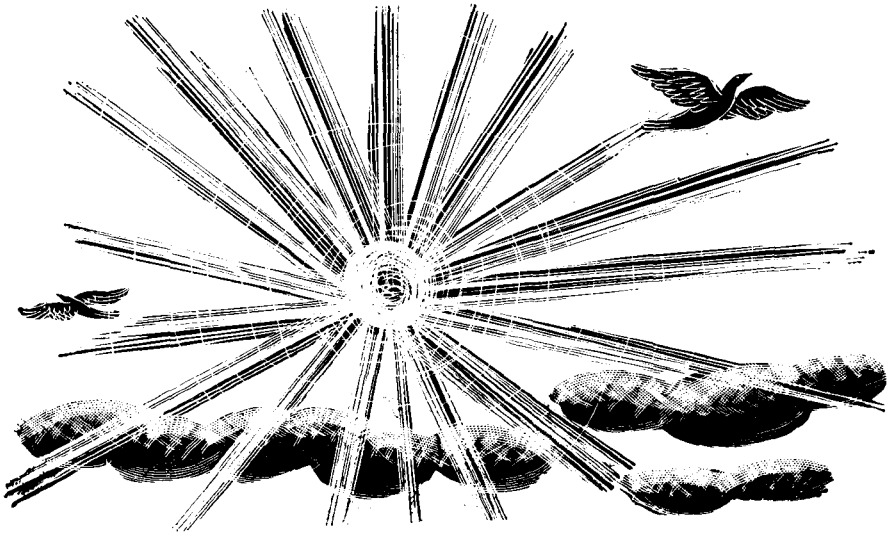
Continued from page 42

the dictatorial regimes, he maintains, do not know what to do with their power), the West should abandon its naïve, self-denigrating efforts to help these nations modernize, and meet its own contemporary challenges by further advances in Western living standards and by forging a politically unified Atlantic community.

While few of the new nations have given evidence of sufficient determination or maximum self-help, they *have* embarked on the quest for development, and it is just not realistic to demand, as Mr. Sinai does, too much of them too soon. To write off the serviceability of political democracy for these nations is, I believe, a rather more serious error. Democracy did not fail postwar, independent Burma, as Mr. Sinai seems to think that it did. Even under U Nu and the AFPFL government it never had a fair chance to prove itself there. And Ne Win's dictatorial and fanatic government, which meets so many of Mr. Sinai's stated criteria, is taking that unhappy country backwards to the ignorant, cruel, isolated despotism of the Burmese kings, not forward into modernity.

What Mr. Sinai fails most seriously to perceive is that only political democracy, itself a creature of the Renaissance, Reformation, and Enlightenment, can breach the dam of tradition and release the pent-up aspirations, talents, and drives of countless individuals so essential to modernization in the backward societies. Rather than mock their democratic leaderships, as Mr Sinai contemptuously does, we should seek to effect the release of democratic leaders like U Nu and Koirala from the prisons in which they are detained, and assist the Nyereres, the Kaundas, the Kenyattas, and the Mboyas who show genuine democratic, modernizing drives.

The Challenge of Modernisation is thus better on diagnosis than on prescription, better on style than on statesmanship. Nevertheless, although its failings are large, so are its merits. They are sufficiently invigorating and provocative to require us seriously to reappraise our attitudes, understandings, and policies with respect to the new nations.



Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 18

appear. For one can no more demand them than he can demand the sequences of a dream. One of the blindnesses of the man of insistent sense follows directly from the fact that what he insists on is that full rational-cognitive stare. Instantly, then, his side vision is lost.

The poet knows better. He knows that language, rhyme, image, rhythm, and form are means of knowledge and that they are the means of a knowledge that cannot be acquired scientifically, or mechanically, or, in general, "sensibly" as the insistently sensible man means the word.

The human race has been shaping language from its earliest beginning, and language has been shaping the human race. Whatever else a man is, he is bound to be a product of his own use of language. By some process at least remotely related to natural evolution, moreover, language has adapted itself to man's needs. Let a man teach himself, not to make statements, but to hearken to his own fullest language, and the language will infallibly inform him as he works to bring it to form. How can he know what the language will say next?—he has to wait for the language to say it to him.

What he is waiting for is his act of language. Like the dream that most tells *him* who he is, it does not say things; it takes place. The important difference between the dream and the poem is that he has no control over the dream. He has to let it happen. And the poem he must *make* happen.

But what he makes happen is itself. There is, finally, no question of making sense, but only of making happen. The poem, like any work of art, must be made to happen not to anyone's notion of logic, sense, reality, practicality, or moral resolution. It must be made to happen in answer to itself. Only so can it be a means of knowledge.

Of what sort of knowledge? Imagine yourself as having stood by Shakespeare's deathbed watching his eyes. You might then find yourself in the context that might answer: it is the knowledge of everything that went out when those eyes closed.

It is the sort of knowledge no man can take by assault. It is the sum of what he learns by living his life in his mind's fullest waking. And that order of living, as I believe I have learned, can be won to only when the poet—or any other artist—has given himself in trust to his medium, because he knows his medium is a sentient and an active thing, and that wherever it takes him will be toward life. —John Ciardi.

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ANTIQUES: Choice, but cheap. 35 minutes from Manhattan. Catalogue 10¢. "13 Boulders," 370 South Mountain Road, New City, N.Y.

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PUT YOUR SILENT PARTNER to work. "The Complete Resume Handbook" includes samples, worksheets, interview guidance and complete instructions. Send $1.95 to The Treasure Hunt, Box 265, West Orange, N.J.

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GOLDWATER voting record. Selections. 50¢. In The Idler Magazine, 125 Fifth Street, N.E., Washington 2, D.C.

SMITH '63, M.A. Columbia, craves research, writing, teaching position in Paris. Box J-739.

ART TEACHER, 23, female, just returned from year teaching in Italy. Four years Fine Arts education (Europe, U.S.A.). Italian language. Resume, references available. P.O. Box 738, Upper Montclair, N.J. 201-744-3134.

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FIELD DIRECTOR for United World Federalists, organization working for world law and stronger United Nations. Territory: four Midwest states. Duties: organizing and guiding local chapters, speaking for world law, fund-raising. A difficult challenging job which requires a dedicated person. Write Richard Stanley, Stanley Building, Muscatine, Iowa.

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SOUTHERN VERMONT—Country homes and acreage. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. Telephone 802-824-5457.

ANYWHERE—In prime school and resale areas across the country—through the homefinding service which works only for the discriminating buyer. No charge to you. Homerica, Inc., New York, 200 Park Avenue—Chicago, Marina City—Los Angeles, 3460 Wilshire Boulevard.

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(Continued on page 80)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 79)

NEW HOPE, PENNSYLVANIA—living and income. Newly renovated duplex. Asking $25,500 — reasonable offers considered. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

ATTRACTIVE 10 ROOM HOUSE and 20 acres land near Hardwick, Vermont. Scenic, accessible and private. Needs modernizing. Price $4,500. Mario Corti, Walden, Vermont.

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LAKE TAHOE, Nevada. Near Stateline, shopping and entertainment. Large, all-season house, Elkpoint lakefront. Beautiful sweeping view. Beach, boat-harbor. $100,000. Box J-520.

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ALSO NEW Tahitian style cottage — bedroom, bath, living room, kitchen and large lanai. $250 per month. Victor Martin, 1340 Balmoral Drive, Detroit, Michigan 48203.

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SAG HARBOR, L.I. 10 rooms, $180 monthly. 212-MU 9-7363, Box J-746.

HANDSOME 15 ROOM Vermont farmhouse. October-June. Reasonable. Box J-759.

HOUSE WANTED

FAMILY WISHES reasonably priced 3 bedroom house ski season—Bromley-Stratton area. Van Stirum, Millbrook, N.Y.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

CLUB OR SERVICE PLAN. Vacex, P.O. Box 2836, Washington, D.C. 20013.

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BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

GOVERNMENT LAND now available in more than 25 states. Millions of acres as low as $1.25 per acre. For complete report send $1.00. United States Real Estate, Dept. 34, Post Office #377, Fort Lee, N.J.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp based on the concept of freedom through self-regulation. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

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ADD MORE LIFE to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalajara. Free information. Write Box J-578.

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RELAX AND RECREATE!!! Mountains, trails, streams, fiery foliage. Quiet, secluded, private baths, heated. American Plan. Rainbow Lodge, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Brochure.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

THE FLYING CLOUD—Close all cultural attractions. Swimming, championship tennis. New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? . . . Over one thousand Americans last year enjoyed hobbyist, professional classes in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, history at famed Instituto Allende. Sunshine, field trips, fiestas, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

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VACATIONS

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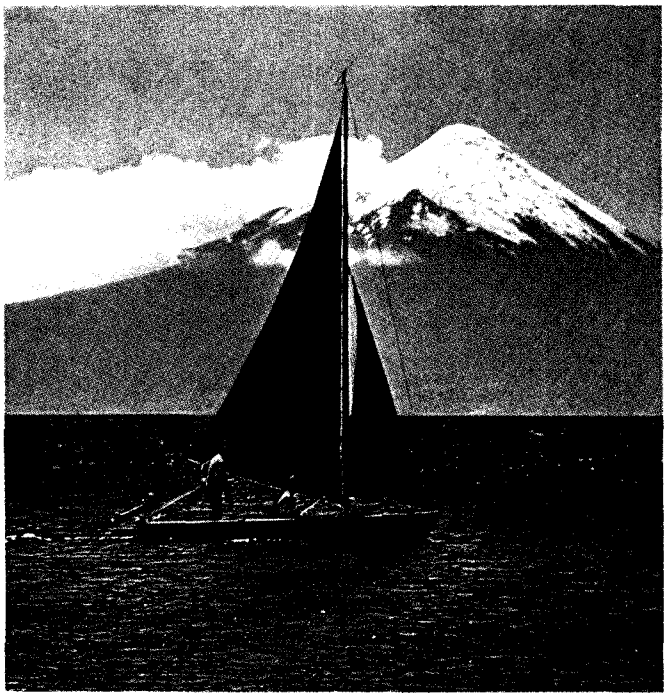

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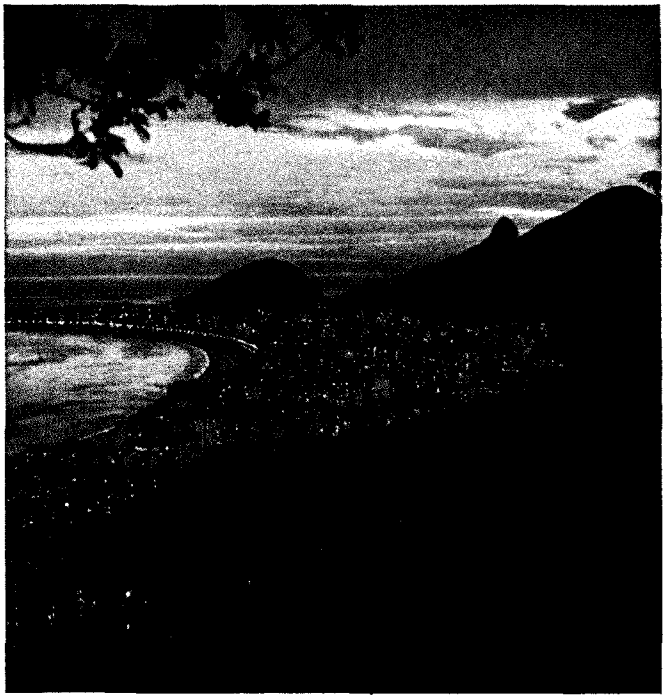

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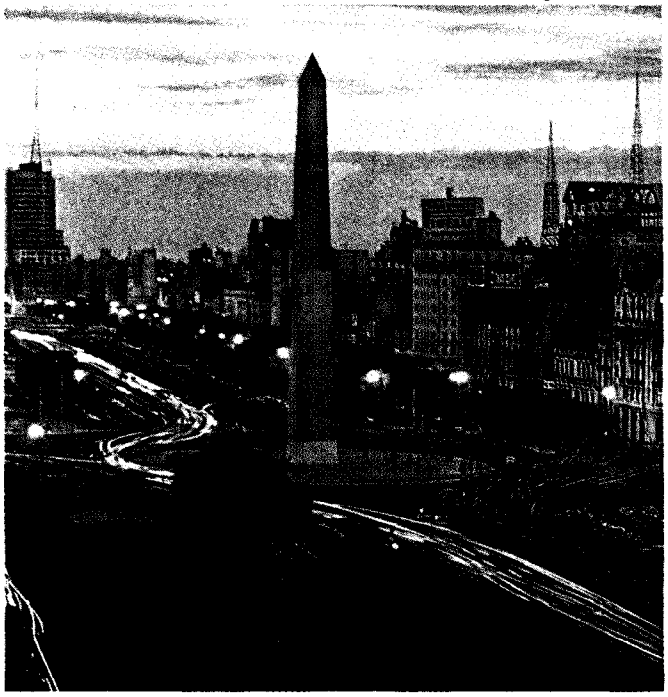

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Old Spanish charm. Lima, for example, dates back to 1535.

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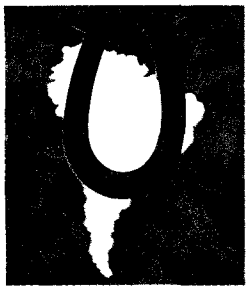

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